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THE PRINCE IN INDIA

A Record of the Indian Tour
of His Royal Highness
The Prince of Wales—
Nov. 1921 to March 1922

BY
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To

His Royal Highness

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PREFACE.

It is more than fourteen months since His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales landed in India and nearly a year since he departed from India. During that time three accounts of his journeyings have been published. The first to appear was a Memorial Number, written by the present author and published by Messrs. Bennett Coleman and Company early last year. Towards the end of the year Sir Herbert Russell's "With the Prince of Wales to the East" appeared and a little later "The Prince of Wales' Tour to India" written by Sir Percival Phillips and published in aid of St. Dunstan's Hospital was issued. The first of these was a compressed and rather sketchy summary of the whole of the Indian tour. Each of the other books dealt with the whole of the Prince's Eastern tour, from the time he left Portsmouth till the day when he returned to England in June last. Sir Herbert Russell's book devoted rather more than half its space to India and was only a little less summary than Messrs. Bennett Coleman's publication. The St. Dunstan's Book is mostly pictures, with a narrative compressed into the briefest possible compass, and dealing with the other with the whole of the Eastern tour.

To anyone living in India the most interesting part of the Prince's Eastern journeying must be his tour of India. This fact alone claims for it its isolated and detailed treatment and the claim is reinforced by the importance of the tour itself. Its chief object was that the Prince, on behalf of the Royal House, should thank the princes and peoples of India for the great services they gave to the Empire during the War. In spite of a situation in India which, though partial, was menacing, in spite of active opposition and hidden intrigue, the Prince fulfilled that object with a conscientious thoroughness and a happy courtesy which earned for him the admiration and affection of all with whom he came in contact.

The record of what he did while in India will be found fairly fully set forth in the following pages. The record is founded on the material which were contributed by the writer to the *Times of India* while he was acting as special correspondent of that newspaper during the Prince's presence in India. Much that was written then has been translated verbatim and bodily. Some of it has been adapted to the requirements of a different form of publication. Still more, for the same reason, has had to be amplified. The record is, as will be seen, fully illustrated with photographs. These were for the most part taken by the *Times of India*.

special photographer with the Prince. I am, however, indebted for several pictures to the Director of Information with the Government of India. Notable among these are the excellent pictures of the Mysore Kheddah, the Durbar of Ruling Princes and Legislature at Delhi and the photographs of the Shan Chiefs' pantomime.

The speeches which the Prince delivered are published in an appendix. A few telegraphic mutilations crept into the newspaper reports of them, but these have been corrected as far as possible. For any literal mistakes in the text the author is alone responsible; his unaided vigilance was employed in the reading of the proofs and he is far from infallible. But he has learned how heartfelt must be those thanks which authors in their prefaces express to kind friends who have relieved them of not the least irksome task of authorship.

D. W.

FEBRUARY, 1923.



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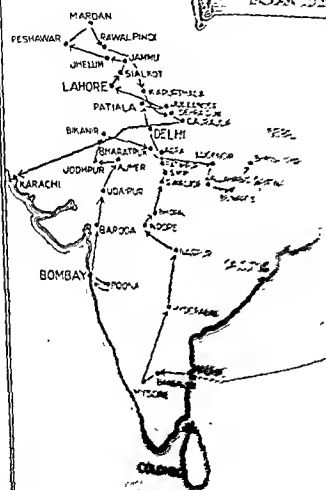
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MAD of
H R H
The PRINCE of WALES'S
INDIAN TOUR



Map of
 H. R. S.
 THE PRINCE OF WAJAH
 MOHAMMAD



CHAPTER I.

THE PRINCE ARRIVES IN BOMBAY—A PEOPLE'S WELCOME—FESTIVITIES AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE—MUNICIPAL CORPORATION'S GARDEN PARTY—BOMBAY PRINCES RECEIVED BY THE PRINCE.



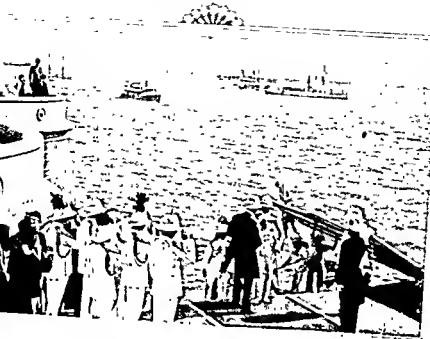
IS MAJESTY'S ship *RENOWN* left Portsmouth on October 27, 1921. On board was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales who was setting forth upon his embassy to the East. Nearly nine months were to elapse before the Prince was to see his native shores again and in that time he was to visit much of the Empire and see many men and cities. But chiefly he was to see the men and cities of India and it is with his visit to India that this narrative deals.

The *RENOWN* arrived in Bombay roadstead at dawn on November 17. To any traveller the first glimpse of India is full of charm. On his right he sees the hills and islands which have made Bombay Harbour famous among the world's beautiful roadsteads. On his left, shadowed by a canopy of mist and smoke, is the city—glittering white walls, lofty domes, cupolas, minarets. But to the Prince's eyes, the natural beauties of the approach were enhanced by the trappings worn by a city rejoicing.

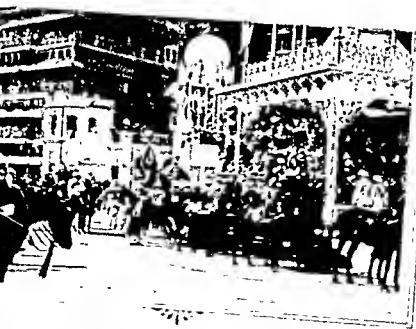
In the harbour's midst were set the grey hulls of the ships of the East India Squadron and the darker masses of merchant and passenger steamers. The men-o'-war were manned and all were dressed with flags. On shore, beside the half-finished colossal Gateway of India, had been erected a white pavilion, pinnacled and domed, which gleamed in the sun like alabaster. Beyond, waved flags and streamers from Venetian masts and the first of the triumphal arches and painted pylons, which were the main feature of the Bombay scheme of decorations in honour of the Prince's visit, could be discerned.

As the *RENOWN* neared its anchorage, the first guns of a Royal Salute came thudding from the battery at Middle Ground. Immediately the waters became active with small craft. Fussy launches purred and droned their way from shore to ship and from ship to shore. These bore the first visitors to the Prince—H. E. the Viceroy, H. E. the Naval Commander-in-Chief, H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, H. E. the Governor and several other high dignitaries of Bombay who gave him welcome on behalf of India.

By ten o'clock all the visitors had left the *RENOWN* and the stage was



The Landing on Apollo Bunder: Lord Reading, the Viceroy, welcomes the Prince to India.



The Procession to Government House about to start.

sentiments. That which the city of Bombay presented to the Prince was no exception. It was a model to all corporations. It told the history of the city in brief. It dwelt on the problems it was now faced with. It bade the Prince welcome and it offered the city's homage and devotion. It could have done no more. The Prince's reply was dominated by one note—the note he struck in the sentence "I want you to know me and I want to know you." It was the happiest possible speech and at once assured for him that the sympathy for India to which his speech gave expression would be met with sympathy, and that understanding would go out to him and bring him to the knowledge he sought. After the reading of the address—which was placed in a silver casket—and of the reply thereto, the members of the Corporation were presented to the Prince who thereafter, amid renewed storms of cheering, left in a State procession for Government House.

It was during the procession that His Royal Highness first met the full force of a people's welcome, and particularly when the procession came to pass along Esplanade Road. The curve formed by the junction of this with Hornby Road and the width of the street offer exceptional advantages to the sightseer, and soon after eight o'clock, the shady side of the road from Bori Bunder down to the Elphinstone College was filling with a continuous and ever-growing stream of spectators. By ten o'clock, when the cavalry regiment forming the first part of the Prince's escort took up its position near the Flora Fountain, the crowd had grown uncomfortably dense. Every point of vantage was occupied—the plentiful balconies on either side of the road, the roofs of the buildings, the scaffolding of buildings under construction. Temporary stands run up near the Paper Currency Office and elsewhere creaked and groaned under the weight of humanity they supported.

One seething mass of people stood patiently and in good humour, defying the heat and inevitable discomfort of a crowd, waiting eagerly for a sight of the Prince. Beyond the hurried passage just before ten o'clock of a Hindu funeral party and, later, the comic appearance of a gentleman advertising his own eccentricity and his employers' wares, there was no discordant note in the symphony of joy and expectation.

The first sign of the procession beginning to signal for a rustle of expectation among the moment, was joined by many late-comers who and sought in vain for vantage points whence of the earlier arrivals. When the fortunately, no difficulty in detecting Prince was recognisable at once held above him, and he was

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" chhatra
echoed

among the neighbouring buildings just as the salutes of the guns had done earlier in the morning.

The same scenes prevailed all along the route to Government House and everywhere vast crowds gave their welcome to the Prince outward manifestation. At places there was the traditional solemn silence and enlaming peculiar to orientals; again, there were applause and waving of handkerchiefs; and lastly there were shouting and cheering in the western manner.

A word here of *hartal* and boycott. Before the Prince came to India the non-co-operators decided to boycott him, and all the ceremonies and functions held in his honour. The plea was offered that the Prince was the guest of the bureaucracy only and was being used by them in an attempt to bolster a tottering regime. So at every place, or nearly every place, in British India visited by the Prince *hartal* was declared on the day of his arrival and the people were invited to participate in a boycott. The response varied in different places. Usually somewhere about fifty or sixty per cent. of the people in the cities observed the boycott. In Bombay and Madras the figure was far lower, but in both these places the boycott issued in violence, murder and arson to which one at least of the contributory causes was the attempt made by the non-co-operators to compel people who desired to go and see the Prince to stay at home. In one or two places the *hartal* and the boycott were complete—notably in Allahabad. But in the majority of places the Prince—when the political situation of the country is considered—received a remarkably and unexpectedly enthusiastic welcome. Where, therefore, in this narrative no specific mention is made of the behaviour of the crowd, it should be understood as being "remarkably and unexpectedly enthusiastic."

After the ceremonies associated with his arrival, pleasant and gratifying, no doubt, but none the less trying, the Prince was able to snatch a few hours of welcome rest. The only other public function was a reception at night at Government House. Of past receptions at Malabar Point many have the pleasantest memories, but on none will the memory linger with greater pleasure than this, which gave to many thousands of the citizens of Bombay an opportunity of coming into closer contact with the Heir to the Throne than was possible at the necessarily formal ceremony at the Gateway of India. At any time the grounds of Government House make the most charming of retreats from the noise and bustle of a busy city. But on this occasion the electrician had waved over them a fairy-wand. Coloured lights peeped coquettishly from the trees and lit the pathways, and as if to bestow a benediction on the gathering and smile her encouragement to His Royal Highness at the commencement of a tour which was to prove ardu-



ous and exacting, the moon, serene in the fullness of her majesty, sent down her rays to add to the beauty of the surroundings and, incidentally, to lighten the lot of those who, departing late at night, went to seek their cars among the hundreds of waiting vehicles. It was not expected of the Prince that he should meet personally all the guests. No arrangements, indeed, for formal individual presentation were made. But when the Prince meets people he meets them, and hurriedly arrangements were made for a levee. Between two and three thousand guests filed past His Royal Highness. With each he shook hands and he had a few words for nearly all the ex-officers who passed. How heroic was this courtesy can be estimated only by those who have stood, outside the range of a punkah, for a space of two hours and more within a crowded room during a warm evening in Bombay.

Quickly falling into Indian custom, the Prince was up betimes on the following morning and took exercise. The form which the exercise took was a game of polo which, one learns, is his favourite recreation. About an hour in all was spent at the Willingdon Club Polo Ground after which His Royal Highness returned to Government House where he breakfasted. After breakfast the Prince received in audience a number of the ruling chiefs of the Presidency then in the city. He gave private interviews to the following ruling Princes at Government House during the morning: H. H. the Maharaja of Kolhapur, H. H. the Maharaja of Idar, H. H. the Mir of Khairpur, H. H. the Nawab of Junagad, H. H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanganar, H. H. the Maharaja of Bhavnagar, H. H. the Maharaja of Rajpipla, H. H. the Nawab of Radhanpur, H. H. the Nawab of Cambay (minor), H. H. the Thakor Sahib of Morvi, H. H. the Thakor Sahib of Gondal and H. H. the Nawab of Janjira.

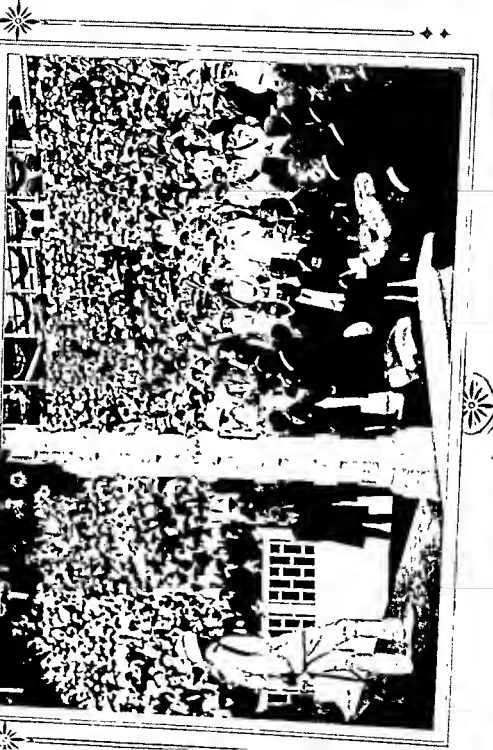
Subsequently His Royal Highness, accompanied by H. E. the Governor, received the following Princes in the drawing room: H. H. the Sultan of Sher and Mokalla, H. H. Sar Desai of Savantvadi, the Raja of Dharampur, the Raja of Bansda, the Raja of Chhota Udepur, H. H. the Raja of Baria, the Nawab of Balasinor, the Raja of Sunth, H. H. the Nawab of Sachin, H. H. the Raja Sahib of Vankaner, the Thakor Sahib of Palitana, the Thakor Sahib of Limbdi, the Thakor Sahib of Rajkot, the Thakor Sahib of Wadhwan, the Chief of Sangli, the Raja of Jawhar, H. H. the Pant Sachiv of Bhor, the Chief of Jamkhandi, the Chief of Aundh, the Raj Sahib of Akalkot, the Chief of Phaltan, the Chief of Jath, the Nawab of Savanur, the Chief of Miraj (senior), the Chief of Miraj (junior), the Chief of Ramdurg, Meherban Nana Sahib Patwardhan, Chief of Kurundwad (junior), the Chief of Surgana, the Thakor Sahib of Sayla, the Thakor of

Chuda (minor), the Chief of Jasdan (minor), the Chief of Maaawadar (minor), the Thakor of Kadana, the Chief of Lathi (minor), the Chief of Bajana (minor), Vala Mulu Surag of Jetpur, Vela Kanthad Naja of Bikhna, the Chief of Patdi, Vela Shri Ram Mulu, and Vala Shri Ram Harsua.

A gathering of Indian Princes is invariably an interesting function. The princely states of India are an important part of Indian polity. They are the survival of the age before the British connection when prince and people were the natural political relation. In that age, the age of the dissolution of the Moghul Empire, many of the states which are now in close relationship with the British Raj took their origin. It was an age of fission. The Moghuls, letting slip their grip on the farther confines of the land as their sway extended and their power became more centralised, appointed viceroys for great tracts of the Imperial territory. These viceroys, waxing powerful, flouted the authority of their imperial master and set up for themselves in the business of imperialism, conquering the territories of their neighbours, assuming the imperial diadem and themselves in turn appointed viceroys. And so the process went on, till the vast mirror of Moghul power was shattered into a hundred pieces which reflected each the vanities, the pomps and the powers of lesser potentates. Many a captain of the horse and soldier of fortune found his opportunity in these times, laying the foundations of settled prosperity for himself and his house and acquiring territorial power.

Among the ruling Princes who met the Prince of Wales at Bombay, there were many who were the inheritors of traditions founded in the last phases of Moghul power. But others, whose ancestors had fought the Emperor in Delhi and had maintained a perilous quasi-independence throughout the imperial period, were the heirs of older traditions still. But all count illustrious men among their ancestors and seek, each in his manner, to translate into the terms of modern policies, the chivalry and gallantry of these old times.

His Highness Maharaja Raj Saheb Shree Ghanshyamsinhji of Dhrangadhra, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., ascended the gadi of his illustrious ancestors in 1911. He has proved himself to be an able and benevolent ruler of his people. Since his accession to the gadi, His Highness has won honour for himself and his Order by the ability with which he has directed the complicated affairs of the State, rescuing them from severe financial confusion and establishing them on a firm basis whilst improving the administration in every particular. The history of his success has been written in successive administration reports, and it is a narrative unsurpassed in the records of the Indian States. To these attributes of the successful administrator His Highness adds personal qualities of the most



engaging character. He makes friends wherever he goes and carries with him an atmosphere of invincible kindliness and cheeriness which makes him a thrice welcome guest in every part of India. He is fortunate in possessing a Dewan who is his kinsman and is regarded as one of the ablest administrators in the Western Presidency. Recently the Maharaja received the proud distinction of the G.C.I.E. It is an honour which was universally acclaimed in Kathiawar. His Highness, who is the premier Jhalla Rajput Prince, is a man of enlightened and liberal ideas and the bestowal on him of the honour of G.C.I.E., was recently made the occasion of a historic Durbar at Dhrangadhra where several Jhalla chiefs met to extend their cordial congratulations to the Maharaja, who is the first among the Jhalla rulers to receive the distinction of G.C.I.E. The Jhalla chiefs regard this as an epoch-making event. They decided to present an address of congratulation, and also to commemorate the event by raising a permanent memorial of a utilitarian nature and the form the memorial is to take will be announced later on by the Thakore Sahab of Limbdi. The address bore testimony to the high character of the Maharaja and the great personal esteem in which he is held by his brother Princes. It was read by the Thakore Sahab of Limbdi, who is himself a ruler of enlightened views.

His Highness and Dewan Mansinhji, C.I.E., have upheld the fine traditions of the Jhalla Rajputs and have contributed brilliant pages to the modern history of the Province, their patriotic services during the war being particularly valued. The prosperity of the State never stood higher than it does to-day. The State remains unaffected by the campaign of the non-co-operators owing to the vigorous measures adopted by the Dewan Sahab to nip in the bud the troubles created by outside agitators.

Lt.-Col. His Highness Maharaja Jam Sahab Ranjitsinhji, K.C.S.I., G.B.E., is one of the most enlightened Indian Princes. He is a direct descendant of the famous Chief, Jam Raisinhji, who ruled in Jamnagar more than 250 years ago and after a brief, but brilliant rule, met a soldier's death in a battle with Kutbudin at Sheakhut in 1664. Ever since those remote times the branch of the Jadeja clan to which the Maharaja Jam Sahab belongs—the Sarodad house descended from the gallant Falji of Bhanvad—have been distinguished for their personal courage and through many troublous times have played a prominent part in the history of the State and the shaping of its fortunes. His grandfather Jalamsinhji was renowned for his gallantry while his father Jivansinhji was esteemed as the beau ideal of a Rajput gentleman. The whole aspect of his position and station in life was changed from that of a son of a Bhayad to that of the heir to the gadi when he was adopted by Jam Vibhaji. After completing a course of study in the Rajkumar College, Rajkot, he was sent to England

for education to suit him for the high responsibilities of the future rule of Jamnagar. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge.

As a ruler, His Highness has played his innings as brilliantly as he has played cricket. Since his accession to the gadi, he has embarked upon several ambitious schemes for the better development and administration of the State tending to the health and prosperity of his people. Reforms in the revenue system, extension of railways, a water scheme for irrigation as well as for domestic use in Jamnagar, the improvement of agriculture, urban and village sanitation, and educational reforms—all these have claimed his attention. By the inauguration of a liberal policy in administration, he has contributed a great deal to the moral and material progress of his State, which he continues to regard with ever-increasing interest. He lately brought into being an Advisory Assembly, consisting of a non-official majority, with the object of increasing the association of popular opinion with the administrative machinery in a well-defined manner. His Highness's labours in the interest of his Order as a member of the Conference of Princes and Chiefs, annually held at Delhi under the presidency of His Excellency the Viceroy, have earned for His Highness a prominent place in the Conference, and he was one of the four princes appointed by that body to formulate a scheme of reforms, which was accepted by the Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford, and forms an important chapter in the well-known Montagu-Chelmsford Report.

His Highness's services during the war were as splendid and distinguished as they were useful. Besides contributing in money and materials, His Highness personally served at the Western Front for over a year and is mentioned in despatches for services performed first on the staff of General Cookson commanding the 9th Cavalry Division of the Indian Expeditionary Force A; and afterwards as A.D.-C. to the Commander-in-Chief Field-Marshal Lord French. His Highness was asked after his return to India to serve on Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's Staff, but owing to the exigencies of his State work, could not, much to his regret, accept the offer. His Highness's three nephews served in the war. Lt. K. S. Savaisinhji served in the African campaign for two years and was once wounded in action; Lt. K. S. Dajiraj served in France for a year and a half and was killed in action in September, 1917; Lt. K. S. Himatsinhji served in Mesopotamia. The Nawanagar Imperial Service Lancers performed garrison duty at Karachi throughout the war. Lately, half the squadron was sent to Jacobabad on military duties. A signalling party of the Imperial Service Lancers was in Egypt with Expeditionary Force E. These units were specially mentioned for their services. The deputation of the Imperial Service Lancers has cost the State about Rs. 1,15,000 over



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and above normal peace charges. The Government of India have recently expressed an intention to bear these extra charges but His Highness, in his proposals for distributing the amount that may be found due to Nawanagar among various funds connected with the War. These proposals have been accepted and the amount has been distributed among the undermentioned funds :

- Rs. 75,000 to be given over to the Silver Wedding Fund raised by His Excellency Lady Chelmsford to commemorate the Silver Wedding of Their Imperial Majesties.
- Rs. 35,218 to be given as Nawanagar's contribution to the Imperial India Relief Fund.

His Highness the Thakore Saheb Daulatsinhji of Limbdi was better known as Colonel Dadba from his long connection with the Imperial Service troops before he came to the gadi. Whilst serving in a military capacity, he attracted the notice of the late Thakore Saheb Jaswatsinhji who was seeking an able successor, and it was owing to his proved capacity that Government welcomed the opportunity of sanctioning his accession to the gadi, though there was another claimant for it. Thakore Saheb Daulatsinhji is a cadet of the Limbdi family, is a near relative of His Highness the Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, and is closely connected with the House of Gondal. Born in 1869, he received his early education at Jamnagar under the eye of the late Jam Vibhaji, his first cousin, who, recognising his ability, used his influence with the Government of India to secure for his kinsman a good military education. This the young Prince received at several military centres in India, being from time to time attached to various cavalry and infantry regiments, both British and Indian for the necessary training. He made excellent use of his opportunities. He was given employment by his cousin at Jamnagar where he practically raised, organised and trained the Jamnagar Imperial Service Lancers, which regiment he commanded for 13 years. Whilst serving with this corps he was selected to form one of the Indian contingents sent to Australia to participate in the opening ceremony of the Federal Union of the Australian Colonies in 1901. There he made many friends and travelled all over the Dominions and New Zealand. On the death of his cousin the late Jam Saheb, he severed his connection with Jamnagar and took service with His Highness the late Rana of Porbunder, where his services are still remembered with affection and gratitude. Porbunder and Limbdi are now connected by ties of marriage, for a daughter of the Thakore Saheb of Limbdi is married to His Highness the Maharana of Porbunder. The Thakore Saheb has discharged his great responsibilities with wisdom. He has proved to be a just and liberal ruler and the people of the State

enjoy to the full all the benefits of an enlightened and progressive administration.

His Highness Nawab Saheb Muhabat Khanji of Junagad is the only surviving son of his late Highness Nawab Saheb Rasulkhanji. When his late Highness Nawab Saheb Rasulkhanji died in January, 1911, the present Nawab Saheb was a minor. His education was looked after by a British officer and Mr. M. A. Turkhud, who served as Vice-Principal of the Rajkumar College at Rajkot for over 21 years, was appointed tutor and guardian. The young Nawab has already endeared himself to his people by his sympathy with the poor and the afflicted no less than by his just and liberal administration. On the auspicious occasion of the birth of the Heir-Apparent in July last, he was presented with a congratulatory address by the public of Junagad. His Highness expressed his satisfaction at the display of steadfast loyalty and elation which the happy event had evoked among all classes of his subjects. While conveying his warmest acknowledgments of the loyal sentiments in the address His Highness could not refrain from remarking on the singularly complete immunity from ill-advised political agitation which it was their happy privilege to enjoy, in marked contrast to their compatriots in some parts of the country. Such a happy consummation was the outward and visible sign of the deep-seated loyalty and progressive prosperity of Junagad State subjects, and he expressed the confident hope that their devotion to the constituted authority would ever remain as constant as his own devotion to the British Raj.

Junagad is the premier State in Kathiawar and His Highness is the head of the Babi dynasty which had linked their fortunes with those of the Mughals when the Emperor Humayun reconquered India. His Highness's ancestors administered large tracts of Gujarat under Akbar and Jehangir and, in the reign of Shah Jahan, Bahadur Khan Babi rose to a position of great influence. Jaffar Khan, his grandson, was one of the greatest soldier-statesmen of his time and the Viceroy of India. Mahmud Babi Khan established himself as the first Babi ruler of Sorath and His Highness Nawab Muhabat Khanji is the ninth Nawab of Junagad and seventh in descent from Bahadur Khan. His Highness attained his majority only a short time ago and there lies before him great scope for advancing the State on sound lines of progress and enlightenment.

His Highness Maharaja Ranjitsinhji of Devgad Baria, K.C.S.I. was appointed A.-D.-C. to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He received his education at the Rajkumar College where his diligence in studies earned for him the high opinion of Mr. Waddington and Mr. Mayne. He is a good horseman and a keen sportsman, and excels in the



(14)



H. E. SIR GEORGE AMBROSE LLOYD, C.B.

sport of pigsticking. His powers as a hunter of big game may be judged from the fact that he has already shot about a hundred tigers. He keeps a first rate stud of horses. Since his installation on the gadi in 1908 he has done his best to promote the prosperity and well-being of his people. He has declared his chief aim to be to secure even-handed justice for his people. He placed all the resources of the State at the disposal of the paramount power during the great war and his personal services were utilised. He was sent to France where he was in the firing line. He distinguished himself on the battlefield by his conspicuous bravery and was mentioned in despatches. Recently he was created a K.C.S.I. He is fortunate in having secured for his Dewan Mr. Motilal Parekh, who has shown great ability and devotion to the State and its ruler. His Highness takes a keen interest in the Boy Scout Movement and he is an enthusiast over the subject.

His Highness Nawab Saheb Taley Muhammed Khanji of Palanpur was appointed A.-D.-C. to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Initiated into the duties of a ruler during the life-time of his venerable father, the late Nawab Saheb Sher Mahmud Khanji, he has since then reorganised every department of the State and his rule, like that of his revered father, has proved beneficial to his people. His Highness is well-informed. An assiduous reader, he devotes much of his time to historical works, and has, at great pains, collected all the available chronicles of the bards which have a bearing on the old history of the State. He is a well-known Persian scholar and has written an elaborate history of his State in Gujarati. As an officer in the Imperial Cadet Corps during 1902-3, he won the highest opinions from the Officer Commanding. A keen sportsman, a good rider and a fine polo player, all the European officers and Indian Princes who have come in contact with him find him a charming host and companion. Recently he was made a K.C.V.O.

His Highness Maharaja Vijaysinghji of Rajpipla guides the destinies of a considerable principality. He is one of those who finds the work to which he has been called a keen pleasure. His main interests are in politics and, when he visited England and the chief capitals of Europe, he devoted much time and care to the study of the political and social conditions of the countries of the West. The knowledge which he gathered there is reflected in the administration of his state. The administrative machinery was overhauled and has been organised on the soundest lines, particular attention having been given to the initiation of public important to the full development of the state's resources. "the soundness of the axiom that a country's chief : " people and not its goods, the Maharaja has not sto.

ment. Education is far advanced in his State and schemes for its still wider diffusion only await a suitable opportunity for their fulfilment. Sanitary and healthy conditions of life are assured to the State's citizens by the large sums which have been laid out, and effectively laid out, on the provision of medical relief and public health facilities, while the fullest security from molestation and aggression are assured to all citizens in their peaceful avocations by an admirable police force and courts of justice which are expeditions and modern in their methods. This last may seem a commonplace. But, to those who are acquainted with the conditions which prevailed, which indeed still prevail, in some others of the princely states of India, it is no small achievement.

His Highness Maharaja Dowlatsinhji of Idar is the adopted son of H. H. Maharaja Pertapsinhji, who abdicated the gadi of Idar in his favour in 1911 to assume charge as Regent of Jodhpur consequent upon the minority which followed the untimely death of his nephew Maharaja Sardasinhji of Jodhpur. The Maharaja received his early training at the Nobles' school founded by Sir Pertap at Jodhpur and the finishing touches to his education were given at the Mayo College, Ajmer. At the time of the Afghan scare during the Viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin, Jodhpur furnished a well-equipped cavalry force, 1,200 strong, which later saw active service in the Tirah and China campaigns. It was then that the Maharaja, who was at the time 18 years of age, was given his military training, serving as Squadron Commandant and Adjutant for some years. He co-operated with his father in remodelling and reorganising the state of Idar, and his administrative capacity during the reign of his father attracted the notice of Government. The Maharaja accompanied his father Sir Pertapsinhji to England to be present at the Coronation of His late Majesty King Edward VII., and was made an A.D.C. to the present King-Emperor, then H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. He again visited England as the Maharaja of Idar some years later and was present at the Coronation of His Majesty King George V. During the war he went to Egypt on active service and his work in connection with the war was highly spoken of in the official despatches.

His Highness the Maharana of Porbandar, who recently returned from an extensive tour in Europe, has been taking an active interest in the affairs of his State. Since he assumed charge of the affairs of the State from the Administrator he has devoted his time and energy to introducing various reforms in the State, a task in which he is ably assisted by his Dewan Durbar K. S. Virawalla. Known as great friend of his people, he takes the keenest interest in their welfare. He is married to a daughter of Thakore Sahib Daulatsinhji of Limbdi and the Maharani accompanied him on his tour in Europe.



H. H. the Maharaja of Dhrangadra, G.C.I.E.



H. H. the Nawab of Radanpur.



The Thakore Saheb of Palitana was a minor at the time of the demise of the late ruler, and the affairs of his State were managed by an Administrator. The Thakore Saheb has received an excellent training under capable tutors and the benefits of the education received by him are being imparted to his subjects. Palitana is noted for the possession of famous Jain temples which are situated on the Shatrunjaya Hill.

The Nawab Saheb of Janjira was a popular figure for many years in Bombay. He succeeded in introducing many reforms in the State. He was well known as an enlightened and liberal ruler and his sad death, which took place in May last, is deeply regretted by his subjects and numerous friends in Bombay.

His Highness the Raj Saheb of Wankaner was educated in the Rajkumar College. A fine sportsman and an excellent rider, he is a man of very enlightened and liberal views and has recently introduced many schemes in his State for the benefit of the people.

In the afternoon the Prince attended at the Willingdon Club to witness the semi-final games in the Commemoration polo tournament.

The teams were those of Rutlam, Jodhpur, Patiala and a team of English officers who rejoiced in the name of the Enthusiasts. They played in the order named.

The Willingdon Club enjoys an ideal situation. Although it is within easy reach of the City and is only half a mile from the very centre of the mill district it has all the aspect of an English country club. Its spreading lawns, its spacious polo ground, its roomy terraces, the ground occupied by the golf course and its outlook towards the sea give it an airiness and a wideness of prospect enjoyed by few clubs in the East. Always it is a pleasant resort, especially during the sunset hour and the hour before dinner.

Although the hour chosen for the start of polo was rather early from the point of view of club habitués, and although the afternoon sun still retained much of its hot weather fierceness, by the time the games were due to commence a large number of club members and their friends had arrived. They found that the club committee had been not unmindful of their comfort. A temporary stand had been erected on the south side of the polo ground and comfortable chairs set thereon. Lest the guests might find the declining sun too hot upon their backs, a screen in the mauve and white colours of the club ran the whole length of the stand providing grateful shade, the effect of which was enhanced by a cool breeze which blew in from the sea. One guesses that the array of guests—there were at least as many ladies as men present—was not produced without some sacrifice. Those beautiful gowns, those elegant coiffures, those hats adjusted to the ultimate degree of coquettishness must have been the occupation of the

hours usually dedicated to post-prandial siesta. Let us hope that they did not fail to produce their desired effect. Even the club servants, always spick and span, betrayed by the unusual elegance of their apparel the festive occasion which they served. The waiters in waist-coats of purple and white and the chokras, who like all people of their age, generally prefer comfort to elegance, were resplendent for the occasion in spotless shorts and shirts of the Willingdon mauve and white.

The Prince arrived shortly after four o'clock, dressed in a grey lounge suit with a white topi. He was received with enthusiastic applause which he acknowledged. He was just in time to witness the concluding chukker of an excellent game in which Rutlam, conceding a six goals start to Jodhpur, and playing with magnificent dash and precision, won by eleven goals to nine. His Royal Highness stayed to see the opening chukker of the second game, (which ended, by the way, in an easy victory for the Enthusiasts) and left the ground about a quarter past five to attend the Garden Party given in his honour by the President of the Municipal Corporation in the Sir Pherozeshah Mehta Gardens.

The sun had lost its fierceness and was casting long shadows across the green sward when His Royal Highness arrived at the Gardens. A cool breeze which blew straight from the sea fanned the cheeks, and the thousand or more of the residents of Bombay, who accepted the invitation of Sir Sassoon David to join the members of the Corporation in meeting the Prince, found an ideal setting for passing a pleasant hour or two.

Under ordinary circumstances these gardens, which immortalise a man whose memory will ever be held dear because of what he did for his city and his country, form a delightful rendezvous for a gathering such as that of Friday afternoon; but when the art of the gardener had been enhanced by the art of the electrician and the decorator, when appropriate devices had been wrought in flowers and foliage and outlined with tiny electric lights which, as dusk fell, twinkled in the twilight, when the pennons of the bannerettes caught the breeze, and military bands were playing soft music to the tinkling of the tea cups, then it really seemed that this could not be Bombay, but must be Arcadia.

Half an hour the Prince stayed in these sylvan surroundings. He was received by Sir Sassoon David and the members of the Corporation, with whom he shook hands warmly, but not before he had been presented with a charming bouquet by Miss Florence David. Flowers may appeal less to the masculine mind than to the feminine, but His Royal Highness appeared very loath to part with his, and there was a moment's hesitation before he could be induced to hand them over to a member of his staff. The warmth of his reception demonstrated once more how deeply he had won the affec-



H. H. Sir Ahmudkhan, G.C.I.E., late
Nawab of Janjira.



H. H. the Minor Nawab of Janjira.



In Rightness the Maharajah of Bhavnagar (centre) and
Kumarsinh (left) and H. H. the Minor Nawab of Janjira (right).

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H. H. the Minor Nawab of Janjira.



His Highness the Maharajah of Bhavnagar.

tion of those with whom he had come in contact, and his anxiety to learn everything there is to learn about the country to which he had come was evidenced by the eager converse which he entered into with the Corporation President as he passed to the dais where, in the shade of luxuriant foliage, he was to have tea with a few distinguished guests who included His Excellency the Governor and the Hon. Lady Lloyd, Sir Narayen Chandavarkar, Lady Mehta, Sir Dinshaw Wacha, the Municipal Commissioner and Mrs. Clayton, Sir Ibrahim Rahimtulla and Mr. Mahomedbhoy Currimbhoy.

The remainder of the guests partook of tea at tiny tables dotted about the lawns, and afterwards the Prince strolled round the grounds in company with Sir Sassoon David and conversed with a number of those present, eventually leaving with His Excellency the Governor and the Hon. Lady Lloyd to ringing cheers which were led by Mr. V. A. Dabholkar, an ex-President of the Corporation. Many of the other guests lingered longer in the pleasant grounds to watch a gorgeous Indian sunset over the sea and to appreciate to the full the illuminations of the gardens. Not easy was it for them to tear themselves away from such surroundings, with a glorious expanse of sea on the one side and the beautiful bay on the other, but the homeward drive in the gloaming had its compensations, for there was still the city of light to be seen and Bombay illuminations can scarcely look more beautiful than from the heights of Malabar Hill.

In the evening a ball was given at Government House. There was a large and brilliant assemblage and the floor space of the two ball-rooms at Government House, extensive though it be, was hard put to it to accommodate the hundreds of dancing couples. When a dance was in the height of its progress a brilliant scene was enacted before the eyes of the observer. Costly and beautiful ball gowns worn by even more beautiful women passed in dazzling succession before his eyes. And even the men, usually black-coated and dingy when present at the gayest and most joyful festivity which the wit of man has evolved, added a brilliant note of colour. For in this they had the help of the Services. The British Army has many notable things to its credit. Full justice has been done to many of them. But we think there still lacks a pen to describe the real artistic merit of the evolution of ceremonial military uniforms. For when the weary warrior takes his recreation in the ballroom he outdoes the best of nature's plumage.

At Government House very many regiments and many branches of the Service were represented, which is to say that there was an unending succession of brilliant uniforms. His Royal Highness, heralded by the playing of "God Save the King," joined the throng at about ten o'clock. An enthusiast of the ballroom, he danced in the first available dance. The Prince, who by the way likes his partners, "not too tall but otherwise the

prettiest girls in the room will do" is a graceful and accomplished dancer. Evidently his taste in partners was fully met, and it appeared that as far as he was concerned the ball was a success. There were few dances which His Royal Highness failed to dance before the necessity of travelling to Poona overnight compelled him Cinderella-like to leave Government House at midnight.





H. H. the Rajah Sahib Sir Amarsinhji of
Wankaner, K.C.I.E.




H. H. the Maharana Shri Vijaysinhji of
Rajpipla.



CHAPTER II.

A DAY IN POONA—GATHERING OF THE CLANS OF THE DECCAN—THE SHIVAJI TRADITION—WARRIOR COMMEMORATED BY THE ARTS OF PEACE—MAHARATTAS AND THE WAR; MEMORIAL TO GALLANT TROOPS—STIRRING SCENES AT THE RACE COURSE.

 HE good people of Poona evidently believe in the validity of those mottoes which inculcate the need of making hay while the sun shines, improving the shining hour, and being *fortiter in re*. On Saturday, November 20, they had His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales among them for exactly nine and a half hours. Into that time they contrived to pack five events all of considerable magnitude. These were the presentation of the suburban municipality's address at the Poona District Court, the laying of the foundation-stone of the War Memorial to be erected to the memory of the Mahratta soldiers who gave their lives for the Empire in the War, a similar ceremony in connection with the Shivaji Memorial, an inspection of War Pensioners, and an attendance in State at the Race Course. Surely a full day enough. But His Royal Highness went through it and finished the day apparently as fresh and unfatigued as he began it.

One of the perhaps apocryphal stories concerning His Royal Highness which is current relates how he was once out with a friend in a two-seater car. A tyre punctured. As the Prince and his companion were engaged in the pleasant task of jacking up and fixing the spare tyre, they were passed by two pedestrians of evidently communistic tendencies. "There," sneered one of them, "goes one of the idle rich." He was overheard "Rich perhaps," said the Prince; "idle be damned." And if the day spent at Poona is a typical leaf from the book of a Royal life, none will disagree with his retort. For, from the hour of arrival at Poona Station till half an hour before luncheon—three hours in all—the Prince traversed Poona from end to end and was never idle.

To an observer, the events passed with such rapidity and there was such a multitude of varying impressions, that something like confusion of mind was the result. Moreover, the swift sequence in which the events followed each other had the further disadvantage that by the greater number of Poona's inhabitants a choice between them had to be made.

They would willingly have attended all. But the inability of the human body to be in more places than one at the same time and the impossibility, except to officials of immense altitude, of *arranging transport* sufficiently rapid to annihilate space and time, prevented them from attending more than two. Naturally, they chose the most spectacular events. Hence few were present to hear His Royal Highness's first words to a Poona audience, spoken in reply to the municipal address.

On the conclusion of the speech His Royal Highness's procession drove to the Shanwar Wada on the outskirts of Poona City. The passage of years has done little to impair the massive strength of the old walls of Poona. They still frown in majestic grimness upon the passer-by and speak to the understanding ear of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." But of the Shanwar Wada itself, once the noble palace-fortalice of the Peshwas, little remains. First fire, and then the corroding hand of time working upon the ruins, have reduced it to a few heaps of stones and debris, several acres of wilderness. But restoration has been busy during the last few years, and the future will see something, if not of the palace itself, at least of its surroundings. Some such gardens as those which once sheltered the meditations of ancient rulers will bloom again, such fountains as made the air musical with the splash of falling water will refresh the eye and the ear, and there will be the same terraced courtyard. And dominating these revitalised scenes will tower the memorial raised to the memory of the gallant soldiers of Mahratta regiments who gave their lives in the War. This memorial, which will be erected by the Mahratta regiments and Ruling Chiefs will take the form of a plain obelisk. The Prince, with simple but fitting military ceremonial, laid the foundation-stone. A benediction was read over the foundation-stone by the Swami of Chafal, a picturesque old figure who is a lineal descendant of Ram Das, the *guru* of the great Shivaji. If the good wishes contained in that benediction materialise, fortunate indeed will be the Prince, the War Memorial and all connected with it.

The Royal Procession was then re-formed and retraced its steps over the Moola river which is at present spanned by a narrow wooden bridge but which will soon be crossed by a fine stone bridge, the piers of which are built. A few minutes' journey from the site of the Mahratta War Memorial was the venue of the next and perhaps the most impressive, certainly the most popular, ceremony of Saturday's functions, namely, the laying of the foundation-stone of the Shivaji Memorial.

Shivaji, the warrior chieftain who in his day humbled to the dust the power of the Mahomedan invaders of Hindustan, is the great national hero of Maharashtra. He is to the Maharattas what William Tell is to the



H. H. the Maharaja of Dargad Baria.



The Thakore Sahib of Wadhwan.



The Thakore Sahib of Rajkot.



H. H. the Maharani of Dharampur.

Miss and Wallace to the Scots. And legends of his prowess linger throughout the Deccan highlands where the battlemented strongholds which he built still crown many a precipitous crag. Not always, indeed, have the Maharattas, in outward seeming at least, been mindful of their hero. For they allowed his tomb to fall into a ruinous state. Now, however, they mean to perpetuate his memory in material as enduring as bronze and raise to his honour a memorial worthy of his fame. And it is in keeping with modern sentiment that tradition has been deserted in this memorial. For, in modern days, it is not the warlike prowess of a ruler that brings him fame, but his accomplishments in the arts of peace. Doubtless had Shivaji lived in more peaceable times, had he not been compelled to live by the sword and to be ever vigilant against the aggression of fierce enemies, he would have handed down the ages a name famed for the encouragement of the humanities and all the arts. Now that war is not the chief occupation of men and is a calamity the possibility of which recedes ever into the background, the Maharattas have determined to associate the name of their hero with widespread educational schemes and projects of social uplift.

The memorial inaugurated by the Prince is part of this wider scheme. And it was inaugurated with all the pomp and circumstance fitting to the greatness of the occasion. The route from the Shanwar Wada to the site of the memorial, which will indeed be separated only by the breadth of the river from the Shanwar Wada, was lined with cheering crowds and was profusely decorated. Visions of old India were recalled by the irregular cavalry of Gwalior, who lined part of the route and who still wear the uniform of a former day when breastplates were proof against the missiles of the enemy and hauberks and helms warded off death. Even to-day their aspect is as fierce as it was in the centuries of turbulence, their martial ardour cooled only by disuse, the magnificence of their blue and gold and red and yellow uniforms dimmed not a whit, and their ponies still as hardy and enduring. Strange mutation that has brought it about that the deadly striking force of a hundred years ago should be at the mercy of a few men with a couple of machine-guns. Even more reminiscent of India's days of chivalry were the immense elephants, gigantic among beasts as the sons of manak among men, which lined the road, drowsily swaying, and swinging their trunks in equable rhythm.

Through such scenes the Prince drove to the enclosed square where the ceremony was to be enacted. On three sides of the square had been built stands fit to accommodate a multitude. In the middle stood the basic structure on which the foundation-stone was to rest. Fronting it was a canopy beneath which were set three golden thrones. Within the stands ten thousand of Poona's inhabitants had gathered. Outside, taking advantage

ed him as only soldiers can when he departed for a well
ch.

were similar scenes of enthusiasm at the race course in the
The Stewards of the Western India Turf Club had organised
ace programme in honour of His Royal Highness' visit. There
aces on the card, one of them, the premier race of the day, being
presented by the Prince. Poona turned out in its thousands and
many again came from Bombay in special trains run by the
railway. Before the first race was run, the stands and the lawns of
Club were full, while the second enclosure was a seething mass of
manity. Nor was this all. Many thousands who either would
ld not pay for admission thronged the rails on the inner side of
, all eager to get a glimpse, even a distant microscopic glimpse,
yal Highness.

atter arrived after the first race, driving in State up the course,
rance was the signal for such an outburst of cheering and tumult
uts as comes only from full hearts and out of sincere joyfulness.
e was plainly moved by the warmth of the reception. And he
ole return for it. He was not content to stay in the Royal Box.
e he witnessed the second race, but when it had been run he left
nd made a tour of inspection of all the race course buildings. But
t stop there. Along with His Excellency the Governor and their
crossed the race course and walked along the whole length of the
vd behind the inner rails. It was a humble crowd. Among these
ere was no purple nor fine linen. Their lot in life compelled them
ard for a meagre pittance and the day's *tamasha* was of incom-
gnificance in the toilsome monotony of their lives. But none could
omed the Prince with more generosity of feeling. Every step of
ey was accompanied by a running crowd which cheered and
until every throat must have been hoarse. And the culminating
he when His Royal Highness recrossed the race course and entered
nd Enclosure, which rose as one man to do him honour, almost
ming him with their plaudits and pressing in their eagerness so
on him that it was with difficulty that a road was cleared for his
the Royal Box. While out on the course His Royal Highness
d with a number of veteran officers and ex-service men who had
wounds in the War.

chief race was run at half past four. All the eighteen Arabs which
n entered lined up at the mile and a half starting post. The
s of the grandstands witnessed an excellent start and for the first
e the horses kept well together. Soon, however, four began to

assert themselves and, making a very hot pace, neared the winning post abreast. A quadruple dead heat seemed inevitable. But Mr. Wahab's Lamington got its head in front of the others and won a thrilling race. Mr. Heath's Dilawar ran second, while Mr. Goculdass' Tyrant dead heated with the Uvaraja of Kholapur's Kusra for third place.

The other important race of the day the Prince of Wales' Steeplechase, for a cup presented by His Highness the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior was won by Mr. Heath's O. C. Honeymoon, only four of the nine starters getting safely over the sticks and passing the winning post. At the conclusion of the fifth race His Royal Highness presented the cups to the successful owners and congratulated the trainers and jockeys. He won the hearts of the latter by visiting their quarters and talking informally to them for a few moments.

After the presentation of the cups His Royal Highness left the race course and drove to Kirkee where he boarded the Royal Train. The train departed at seven o'clock and arrived in Bombay at nine on Sunday morning.





The Shivaji Memorial at Poona: Just before the foundation-stone ceremony. On the Prince's right is the late Maharaja of Kolhapur.



The Shivaji Memorial: The...

CHAPTER III.

LAST DAYS IN BOMBAY—THE PRINCE AND THE LEGISLATURE—ADDRESS FROM THE PARSIS—THE UNIVERSITY'S GREETING—WITH SOLDIERS AND EX-SERVICEMEN—AVE ATQUE VALE.



RETURNING to Bombay early on Sunday morning, the Prince spent a nominally quiet day. But during no period of it was he idle. He lunched with the president and members of the Orient Club, the first club of its kind founded in Bombay as a social meeting place for Europeans and Indians. In the afternoon he paid a short visit to the Seamen's Institute, whose new building was recently opened and which does such good work among seamen by providing them with amusement and recreation when they are ashore. Thence he went on to the Yacht Club where he was the guest of the president and members at tea, and later attended divine service at the Cathedral.

Had the Prince come to India at the end of 1920, as was originally intended, he would have opened the newly established reformed councils. For several reasons it was found impossible to undertake the tour then and the close association of the Royal House with political development in India was marked by the Duke of Connaught. Although there was no political object in the Prince's visit to India, it was well that he should make acquaintance with those institutions which he himself would have inaugurated had fortune so willed it. An opportunity was given him on the Monday morning after the return from Poona when he received the Bombay Legislative Council in the Durbar Hall, Government House, and accepted from them an address of welcome. The ceremony took place at noon. The Prince was accompanied by H. E. the Governor and as soon as he was conducted to his seat, the Hon. Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, President of the Legislative Council, proceeded to read the address. In this, after extending a loyal welcome to the Prince, the Council assured him that he did not come amongst them as a stranger as he had already made his name a household word amongst the people of India by the personal part he had played in the Great War and by his visits to the different parts of the Empire. References were then made to the unceasing interest that had been taken by His Royal Highness

great-grandmother Queen Victoria the Good, and His Gracious Majesty the King-Emperor George V in the happiness and advancement of the people of India.

The address concluded as follows: In the speech which His Majesty the King-Emperor addressed to both Houses of the British Parliament on the 15th of February last, His Majesty, referring to India, was graciously pleased to say:—"The Duke of Connaught has inaugurated the new Councils in India and I pray that the assumption by my subjects in India of new political responsibilities may secure progress in administration and an early appeasement of political strife." In joining in and repeating that prayer of His Majesty, while offering our humble and loyal welcome to Your Royal Highness, we assure You, Sir, that we are deeply conscious of our responsibilities as members of the new Parliament of this our Presidency. We recognize that a new spirit is abroad in the country and that it should be wisely directed by laws enacted to secure the progressive objects of sound and stable Government, removing all barriers of racial or political distinctions. Towards that end we realize the force of what Milton, one of the most unflinching supporters of civic liberty in England, said nearly three hundred years ago: "Freedom is the only safeguard of Government. So are order and moderation necessary to preserve freedom." In striving to discharge our responsibilities towards that end we hope to derive inspiration from your own princely example of selfless service for the good of the Empire, and from His Majesty's and Your royal affection for the people of India. It is our humble and devoted prayer that Your Highness' visit to India may prove both a source of happiness to You, Sir, and a lasting blessing to the people—the harbinger of peace towards all and of progress towards the realization of India's status as a self-governing member of the British Commonwealth.

About fifty leading members of the Parsi community, headed by Sir Jamsetji Jejeebhoy and including representatives of the Parsi residents of Karachi, Surat and other parts of Gujarat, then presented an address to His Royal Highness on behalf of the Parsi community. Sir Jamsetji read the address, which after bidding a hearty welcome to the Prince, stated: "Our community is a small portion of the vast population of India, but it has shared with India's people, to its utmost, the blessings and benefits of British Rule. In the words of the requisition addressed to us on our community's behalf:—"Under the King-Emperor's just, benign and righteous sway and that of his renowned ancestors for these two hundred years and more, the Parsis in India in every direction and in every walk of life, have lived and flourished and are this day so prosperous, so advanced and so well-conditioned, in the fullest enjoyment of all civic and

other just rights, of perfect protection of life, freedom and property and of their sacred religion." We beg to express our profound conviction which we believe is shared by the large majority of India's people, that perfect loyalty and devotion to the King-Emperor is not only consistent with, but absolutely necessary in the best, the highest and the lasting interest of the land which has been our home for the last twelve hundred years. We trust Your Royal Highness's visit to this country will still the voice of discord and dispel the forces of unrest and succeed in conveying even to those sections of the people who have taken up an irreconcilable attitude that British Rule in India stands firmly and irrevocably for even-handed justice, and for a due realisation of the nation's aspirations for such a measure of self-government as His Majesty's other dominions enjoy." The address concluded with a quotation from the Zend-Avesta, the translation in English being as follows: "We pray 'May you live long, may you live happy to help the righteous and punish the unrighteous.' Amen."

In the afternoon the Prince went to the Bombay Gymkhana for an hour to witness the final of the quadrangular cricket tournament between the Englishmen and the Parsis. His Royal Highness was received by the President and Committee of the Gymkhana who were introduced to him by His Excellency the Governor. It was not long before His Royal Highness made manifest that quality of camaraderie which has earned for him the soubriquet among others of the "People's Prince." For he not only during a pause in the play visited all the stands and mixed with the spectators, but he crossed to the wicket to converse with the players. Then occurred one of those unrehearsed effects which have so endeared the Prince to all hearts. At the time, Hirst and Rhodes were batting. The former, after the Prince had shaken hands with him, offered his bat. The Prince shaped for the ball and the Parsee bowler sent down a couple of balls. The Prince missed the first, but he despatched the second neatly past cover point, to the vast delight of the spectators. The Prince stayed for an hour in all watching the cricket, leaving the Gymkhana amidst tumultuous cheers to go to the military display near by.

Few people have observed how indispensable is the Army in India to affairs of pomp and circumstance. By the provision of the escorts it confers on ceremonial processions much of their pageantry. By lining the streets it ensures clear passage to the procession and order and safety to the spectators. And in virtue of its being able to do almost anything at very short notice it does many of those innumerable odd jobs behind the scenes at the magnitude of which one only guesses from the excellence of their effects. Important and too little appreciated as are these things, they

are yet only subsidiary to the main display. And they are far from exhausting the capabilities of the Army to contribute to the general enjoyment at a time like the present. But on Monday afternoon the Army was raised from its hitherto subsidiary capacity into the chief role. And who, of the many thousands who were present in the Maidan Stadium, can doubt that the role of protagonist was admirably filled? It is true that the Army had the help of the Senior Service. But that was to a minor extent and amounted only to the provision of one item in the programme. The whole of the show was predominantly the show of the Army. It was from beginning to end a thorough and admirable performance.

His Royal Highness arrived in state at a quarter to five and at once took up his position on a large dais covered with a canopy. His arrival was the signal for the commencement of the tournament. All the troops who were to take part in the display paraded before His Royal Highness and saluted him. When they had marched out of the arena the 93rd Battery R. F. A. drove in and performed marvels of horsemanship. They drove in figure eights. They crossed and re-crossed their own tracks. Each gun to each, they provided alternate thread and needle's eye and, with a timely judgment and a physical hardihood which were almost lost sight of in the success of the manoeuvre, they threaded the eye with wonderful accuracy. A single mistiming, a single hesitation would have involved the whole manoeuvre in inextricable confusion. But it went from beginning to end in as perfect rhythm as the music with which it was accompanied.

As an example of judgment, long training and accurate driving it was admirable. But it was just a little eclipsed by the horsemanship of the cavalry who followed. The men taking part in the second display were picked men from the 2nd Lancers, 20-29th Royal Deccan Horse and the 33-34th Cavalry. All sit a horse as if they had sat on horses from babyhood. Some such riders were the original Centaurs. And they made it appear that a horse at full gallop is the most natural place in the world from which to pick up unconsidered trifles. Ordinary tent-pegging they dismissed with contemptuous ease. Again, with an almost equal facility, they stoop from their saddles and seize scarves lying on the ground. Not content with this, they ride three or four abreast and support a horizontal bar on which a comrade whirls himself in gymnastic ecstasy. At another time they convert a few horses into a dancing floor upon which they jazz heartily if a little gingerly. But their finest feat of all is that in which the men, while going at full gallop, stoop low from their horses, seize a lance upon the ground and with it transfix a peg fixed not ten yards



...the Board commonly in the Durbar Hall. Government House, Bombay.

Highness was arriving. He was received at the main entrance of the Hall by His Excellency the Governor as Chancellor and by the Vice-Chancellor the Hon. Sir Chimanlal Setalvad. By them, and accompanied by his staff, he was conducted to his seat in the apse. The Prince, in view of the later functions, wore the service uniform of the Welsh Guards and made a trim soldierly figure.

A curious tribute to his powers of evoking enthusiasm was paid by the spectators. They were an assemblage among whom intellectual attainments predominated, not easily prompted to enthusiasm, staid and decorous. Yet, when the slim figure of the Prince appeared at the doorway, they surged forward towards the central aisle and, heaped up in close masses, bestriding some of them the chairs which wilted beneath the strain, they gave the Prince a rousing reception, cheer upon cheer smiting the roof and spreading downwards from there in stentorian echo. And they continued until the Prince had reached his seat behind the lectern in the apse.

The Hon. the Vice-Chancellor then advanced from his place in front of the fellows and, after a low obeisance, read the address.

His Royal Highness Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, K.G., G.C.S.I. G.M.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.M.B.E., M.C. Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, Prince of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland.

May it please Your Royal Highness,—We the Members of the University of Bombay beg humbly to offer to Your Royal Highness our loyal and cordial welcome to these shores with our homage to our Most Gracious Sovereign, His Majesty the King-Emperor.

Your Royal Highness's visit to India has at this moment a special significance when viewed from the standpoint of the Indian Universities. In the first place, those Universities are bound by an enduring bond of attachment to the British Throne because, shortly after the Mutiny of 1857 and just before the transfer of the Government of India from the East India Company to the Crown, the establishment of these Universities was the first fruit of the far-seeing statesmanship, and of the policy declared in the Proclamation of Your Royal Highness's illustrious ancestor, Her late Majesty Victoria the Good. The beneficent effects of that Proclamation, which India's people cherish as their Great Charter, have been visible in no direction more than in the work of the Universities, inspiring our countrymen of all classes and creeds with a fervent desire to make the Universities increasingly the vehicle of their highest national culture and noblest aspirations. The realisation of these aspirations has been facilitated by the transfer of

triumph in that picturesque country, No On Nosware.

A torchlightattoo brought to a conclusion an excellent programme which His Royal Highness as heartily enjoyed as the other spectators.

At night a ball was given at the Byculla Club.

Beneath the groined ceiling and overshadowed by the lofty Gothic arches of the University Convocation Hall, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales received on Tuesday morning a fitting welcome from Bombay's academic dignitaries. However Bombay may pride itself upon its industrial eminence, however it may rejoice that in civic enterprise the city is second to none in the East, it should never be forgotten that these things but embody the material side of existence and minister to the elementary needs of man. They are the antithesis of that maxim of Ruskin's which says that a nation's true wealth is her men and women, not her goods. And for the production of this true wealth, for its cultivation up to the point of its finest flowering, there is none of a country's institutions so responsible as its universities. It was, therefore, true wisdom on the part of His Royal Highness, when he came to reply to the address of welcome which was read to him on behalf of the Bombay University, which prompted him to emphasise the supreme importance of the work being done by the University, and to press home to the students assembled the advantages which they enjoyed in having access to the fountain of knowledge.

The presentation of the address itself was carried through with stately dignity. To such an occasion there are few places in Bombay more suitable than the Convocation Hall. The noble Gothic structure and the dim religious light filtered through the stained glass windows from the glaring day outside, speak eloquently of the cloistral peace of tranquil study and intellectual detachment. And when, as on Tuesday, the Hall is filled with the learned professors, the pundits and the fellows who each in his way and according to his capacity minister to the intellectual needs of the youth of Bombay, one realises how far wrong was Carlyle when he declared that the true university of these days was a library of books.

The ceremony was appointed to begin at a quarter to eleven. At least half an hour before that time the floor space of the Hall had been overtaxed, and many of the graduates and the general public had to be content with standing room along the side aisles. In the apex of the Hall were placed two massive chairs of teak in front of which was a lectern. From these radiated on either side a quadruple row of seats which were occupied during the ceremony by the University fellows. These entered the Hall soon after half past ten. A brief time elapsed and then the noise of distant cheering announced that His Royal



At the Bombay Police Inspection: Widows of policemen who lost their lives in the performance of their duty.



The Presidency Cricket Tournament: The Prince about to "have a knock."

education to Indian Ministers responsible to the Legislative Councils under the scheme of reforms inaugurated by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, whom this Presidency of Bombay was proud to welcome as an old and devoted friend.

Thus the Universities of India have formed a bond of union between the East and the West, earnestly pursuing a great common ideal under the *aegis* of the British Empire, overcoming racial and religious differences and promoting the cause of brotherhood and humanity among the people.

The great war has devastated the world, but it has left behind it one bright spot as a beacon of light to that world's future. The spirit of humanity and patriotism of the young men of the Empire, who readily gave their lives in its cause for the world's freedom has furnished an inspiring illustration of the truth of what Lord Morley has said:—"An age touched by the spirit of Hope inevitably turns to the young, for with the young lies fulfilment." You, Sir, stand now as a personification of that spirit. The courage, tact, good temper, self-restraint and industry which have marked your youthful career have brought you wherever you have been the love and respect of all classes of His Majesty's subjects. You have lived and are living true to the letter and spirit of the classic and ancient motto of Your Royal rank as the Prince of Wales embodied in the simple words "I serve." In this you are following the living example of your Royal Highness's august father and mother—our Sovereign and his Gracious Consort of whom it was rightly said in the House of Commons, when that House adopted an humble address of congratulations to His Majesty on the conclusion of the Armistice, that Their Majesties "have always felt and shown by their life and their conduct that they are there not to be ministered unto but to minister" rejoicing with the joys and sympathising with the sorrows of their people. To the Youth of India, the future hope of this country, your example cannot but be a worthy inspiration and model. India's re-awakened life, though it be no less chequered than that of all Nations striving for greatness, is manifest in the enthusiasm of service to the Motherland which now animates her youth. They only crave for ampler opportunities, a free and fair field for that service. Our Universities are among the higher Agencies fitting them for the pursuit of that ideal and its realisation. Our youth look upon you, Sir, as their Royal brother, brought home to their hearts by your strenuous life with its practical ends and high ideals. Nothing has touched them more than your desire to meet them and make friends of them during your tour in India. That enhances the value of the visit and in bidding you welcome we pray, Sir, that the Almighty may, in His Grace, make your presence among us fruitful of blessings to you and blessings to the Empire at large.

We beg Your Royal Highness to be graciously pleased to convey to

Their Majesties, Your august father and mother, the devoted loyalty and affection of the University of Bombay.

On the conclusion of the address, the first of two students chosen for the duty by their comrades stepped forward and read specially composed Sanskrit Shlokas welcoming His Royal Highness, and he was followed by the second who read a Persian poem to the same effect. To the majority of the audience what issued from the readers' lips was only a flow of musical sounds. But, from the translations of the panegyrics thoughtfully supplied by the University, one was able to realise to what dizzy altitudes of rhetoric, to what magnificence of poetic hyperbole, the East can attain when it determines to do a guest honour. "O Glorious Prince" was a commonplace, "Will not the pond of lotuses rejoice at the sight of the lord of full moon night" was a mild apostrophe; But the climax came in a comparison of His Royal Highness to a lotus, and of those assembled to do him honour to lines of bees clinging stupefied to the flower. After that, it was pedestrian prose which proclaimed that "the drum of your virtues and fame is everywhere heard."

Before going on to the Oval, the venue of the rest of the morning's functions, His Royal Highness went among the students in the Hall and also spent some time with many students who, unable to find a place within the hall itself, had been accommodated in a shamiana adjacent to its side entrances. The same scenes of spontaneous enthusiasm marked the Prince's departure as his arrival.

The blending of the cheers of the students with those of the huge number of spectators lining Mayo Road from the Bandstand to Churchgate Street, signalled the passage of H. R. H. from the University to where Major-Generals W. B. James, commanding the Bombay District, and Sir Henry Freeland were awaiting him on the Oval. Ex-service men, forming three sides of a square, were drawn up according to units on the grass opposite the University. Farther across the green, on the sea side, the girl guides and boy scouts were assembled. Then came two rows of wounded Indian soldiers, then the police, European and Indian, mounted and dismounted, all drawn up on three sides of a square in double file, then the King's Police medalists, then a pathetic little group, the widows and children of policemen who had lost their lives in the execution of their duty, and finally, the 7th Battalion (Duke of Connaught's Own) Rajputs, with their new colours, resplendent in red and gold, glittering in the late morning sun.

After preliminary greetings and the playing of the National Anthem the Prince proceeded to inspect the ex-service men. It was not a formal inspection; each man filed past H. R. H. and was shaken by the hand.

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There were five hundred one-time military men on parade and nearly every one of them possessed three or more medals or ribbons. The Prince scanned the decorations with obvious interest and chatted for a second or two with very many of the men. He had quite a long conversation with some of them, particularly one ancient warrior of about eighty years of age who, after passing H. R. H., proudly held in front of himself a large handkerchief bearing the axiom which is almost a truism to the effect that "Old soldiers never die; they only fade away." The old fellow faded off the parade with his banner aloft amidst general laughter. H. R. H. then congratulated the assembled ex-soldiers upon the splendid records many of them possessed and the parts played by all of them in the great war and stood at the salute whilst three resounding cheers were given him.

The wounded and disabled Indian soldiers then engaged the Prince's attention, after which he proceeded to where the boy scouts and girl guides were drawn up on three sides of a square under the command of Captain Todd. There were 800 scouts with 33 officers, 600 guides with 32 officers, and 90 wolf cubs and bluebirds on the parade, and H. R. H. inspected them all. H. E. the Governor introduced Capt. Todd to the Prince who, in a short speech, complimented the organiser on the rally and expressed the hope that the new organisation of the scout movement in India would prove of increased value to all concerned. With hats on staves the lads echoed the Royal visitor's sentiments to the tune of their famous howl.

The party then passed on to where Mr. F. G. Griffith, the Inspector-General of Police, and Mr. W. C. Holman, the Commissioner of Police, Bombay, were awaiting them. H. R. H. walked along both of the ranks and then paused to speak to most of the small party of King's medalists who were standing in single file to the left of the unarmed police. The medalists in the main possessed other decorations, and H. R. H. took pains to ascertain how they had been obtained. The inspection of a group of women and children, the relatives of policemen who had lost their lives whilst on duty, terminated the proceedings on the Mayo Road side of the Oval, and the Royal party then made its way to where the Rajputs were drawn up, the huge crowd from alongside the road following.

The 7th Rajputs to whom His Royal Highness presented their new colours have a notable history. Founded in 1804, the regiment served for twenty years but suffered vicissitudes for in 1824 it was disbanded. It was almost immediately resurrected as the 69th Native Infantry and after several other changes of name became the 7th (Duke of Connaught's Own Rajput) Regiment of Bengal Infantry. It assumed its present designation in 1903. The new colours were to have been presented to the regiment in 1921 by its colonel-in-chief, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. The col-

ours, however, were still in the hands of the makers when the Duke was in India and the ceremony was postponed. It has now been the regiment's good fortune to have the colours presented to it by the Heir to the Throne.

On Tuesday the regiment paraded at full strength. The regimental officers and with them the senior jemadars bearing the regiment's old colours stood out in front of the ranks. Before them were the new colours piled on drums. The approach of His Royal Highness was announced by the playing of the National Anthem. Immediately His Royal Highness took up a position fronting the regiment and the impressive ceremony began. The colour party of four advanced to the drums, slowly goose-stepping. They saluted the Prince who then presented, first the King's Colour and then the regimental colour to the kneeling jemadars. The colour party turned about and marched, still at a slow pace, to a point half-way between the drums and the ranks. To the music of "Auld Lang Syne", the old colours were marched to the rear of the regiment and encased. The band then broke into more sprightly strains and the colour party marched the new colours to their place in front of the regiment. The Prince addressed the troops, his words being translated and read out to them in Urdu. Three hearty cheers were given by the troops as the Prince departed and the cheering was taken up by the spectators, many of whom broke from the containing lines of police and troops and ran alongside the Prince's car, waving handkerchiefs and head-dresses and cheering wildly.

At night, in anticipation of the Prince's departure, deserted streets became alive with humanity. Nearly the whole of the residents of Bombay appeared to be converging on the main streets of the Fort. Surging crowds choked the principal thoroughfares so that there was scarcely room for a vehicle to pass. At Apollo Bunder and near Victoria Terminus a sea of eager faces stretched as far as the eye could reach. When the Prince, driving circuitously to the railway station to see the illuminations, reached the Bunder there were demonstrations of enthusiasm which made the theory of the impassive Oriental look silly. The police were almost helpless. They could not keep back the crowds, which thrust themselves relentlessly forward to get a closer glimpse of the Prince as he stood in his motor car waving his hat, infected perhaps a little by the excitement of those enthusiastic thousands and by the warmth of the send-off. Traffic regulations went by the board. The crowds had one intention—to get to the car and cheer. And simply, forcefully and purposively they fulfilled it. Hats, *pugris*, Gandhi caps, all came off to be waved wildly, deliriously in the air. Men and women of all classes and all communities helped in this wonderful send-off. The rich man in his car, the poor man in his rags, Hindus, Moslems, Parsis, Europeans—all joined in the final demonstrations of

loyalty and affection. Slowly at a foot pace the car moved on. It stopped. It started again and it did the last hundred yards in the magnificent time of ten minutes.

A few farewells inside the station, the locomotives of the Royal train whistled, a final wave of the hand, and the slender boyish figure on which the life of Bombay had centred for five memorable days had disappeared from view, leaving behind him many thousands of new friends and carrying with him their good wishes for the arduous days he had before him.





H. H. THE MAHARAJA GUJARAT OF BARODA. C.C.C.C. C.C.C.C.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT TO BARODA—THE PIONEER OF COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN INDIA—
THE TRIALS OF A CHEETAH HUNT—AN OLD-WORLD RAJPUT STATE—
THE BEAUTIES OF UDAIPUR—A DAY ON THE LAKES—THE ETON OF
INDIA: THE PRINCE AT THE MAYO COLLEGE, AJMERE.—(Nov. 23—
Nov. 28).



AN uneventful journey from Bombay brought His Royal Highness to Baroda at nine o'clock on the morning of November 23. The morning was delightfully cool and fresh, promising ideal conditions for the initial ceremonial of the Prince's short visit. This was not heavy and comprised merely a formal reception at the station and an exchange of civilities between H. R. H. and H. H. the Gackwar.

But on occasions like this, it is less the event than its setting that is significant. And in respect of the setting it was immediately evident to the observer that Baroda had resolved to prove itself worthy of the honour of being the first of the Native States to welcome His Royal Highness. The wealth of colour, the profuse display, the touch of barbaric splendour which one associates with the Orient—all these were exhibited in the setting for the reception of the Prince. Not that the formal decorations of the route struck any individual note. These, apart from the slender trellis work which support the myriad fairy lamps providing the illuminations at night, repeated the scheme familiar to the inhabitants of Presidency cities.

Where a new departure appeared was in the aspect of the troops forming the bodyguard and lining the routes. Here was no service khaki redolent of grim and heroic memories. Instead, there was the colour and pageantry of an army at peace. Inevitably the mind was carried back to an earlier age when battles were affairs of honour between armies that saw each other, and when uniforms were borne as a challenge and a crest not as an aid to concealment.

Naturally, too, one wondered which of Baroda's dead and gone rulers sought inspiration from the Napoleonic era for the clothing of his army. For those braided tunics, those resplendent breeches, those snowy white dolmans fringed with fur, were such as charged and shattered the enemy's ranks at Austerlitz and Jena. And the glittered infantry with the pipe-clayed crossed belts and the tall head dresses were such as wearily dragged

the burden of their equipment across the plains of Russia in flight before the elusive Muscovite.

But if these were echoes of another time and a country stranger to India, the real authentic note of the East was struck by the paraded elephants, those survivals of an epoch when brainless magnificence of body walked the earth in lordly autocracy. Useless cumberers of the soil they are mostly; for, before the power of machinery, their great physical strength pales to insignificance. But when they are painted and bedizened, as were the Baroda elephants on this day; when they are marvellously tricked out in cloth of gold with sparkling anklets of silver round the great girth of their limbs; when they are surmounted with howdahs gilded like the most magnificent royal throne, and are controlled by mahouts who are all beard and glittering ornament; then one realises that the elephant was created in the jungle expressly to adorn an Eastern triumph.

Before the splendour of the elephants, the glitter of the silver and gold guns,—who but an Eastern potentate would have thought of moulding his guns in the metals of display and commerce?—and the gaudy caparison of the *jilibs* shrank into the background.

The rest of the setting for His Royal Highness' visit was filled in by the populace of the city. It is a city of great distances, for much of the old town is being rapidly replaced by buildings and streets planned on scientific principles. They are spaced, these buildings, at wide intervals, to allow for the maximum of light and air and intervening garden spaces. The streets are long, but their length is made pleasant by the plenteous verdure and the open squares. They have, however, the disadvantage on occasions of a great *lamasha* that the close congregation of a big crowd is not obtained, and there is absent also the mass enthusiasm which such congregation begets within itself.

Not that the welcome accorded to the Prince was inadequate. It was entirely adequate. But except for a few distinctive points of vantage, where either better opportunities of seeing what was toward or formal stage management had collected considerable crowds which reacted enthusiastically to the Prince's passing, there was an absence of that tumultuous cheering and applause which accompanied the Prince's journeyings to and fro' in Poona and Bombay. I was fortunate in being stationed at a point where such a crowd was assembled, and among the deeper-throated welcome shouted by the adults, one noted the shrill hurrahs of a school of girls, which in massed formation made a brave show in its gala clothes. Indeed, the contribution made by the school children of the State to the welcome of the Prince was altogether notable.

That this should be so was altogether fit and proper. The Maharaja



The end of the journey: The procession to the palace across Bouda.

of Baroda is credited with being among the most enlightened rulers of Indian States. Among the fruits of his enlightenment he must count with pride his education policy. It is many years now since he followed the example of Western countries and made primary education free and compulsory within the boundaries of his State. Caste and poverty are no bar to the acquisition of an ability to read and write, and what was, and still is in many corners of India, a privilege enjoyed by a separate class, is now a commonplace in Baroda.

Naturally, they are proud in Baroda of their achievement in this respect. The visitor to the Capital does not dwell there long before he is visited by some official of the Education Department with reports, with books, with statistics and with a voluble tongue willing and eager to lay all his knowledge—and it is considerable—of Baroda education before him and anxious to hear him sing its praises. You are, indeed, unimpressible if you do not react to his enthusiasm. And you marvel still more when acquaintance shows you how far education has departed from the beaten paths of academic ideas. It does not stop at lesson books and the mechanical imparting of facts. For it lays under contribution the resources of modern investigation. The cinema is used abundantly. Not only is it used in the Capital, but it goes abroad into the districts and, through it, vocational knowledge is imparted to the agriculturists. A copiously stocked library is at the disposal of the Gaekwad's subjects and, cheek by jowl with it, there is an admirably equipped children's play-room to which the children are encouraged to resort and where their education is continued in the amusements that are offered them. The Prince's time was too fully occupied to enable him thoroughly to become acquainted with this aspect of Baroda's activities. But he was long enough in Baroda to form some idea of the excellence of the work that is being done.

At a short interval after His Royal Highness' arrival at the Laxmi Vilas Palace there began the first of those ceremonies which still endure in the Native States of India, and forgotten or ignored now in the hustle of the democratic West, yet still speak of the times when even there the lives of the ruler and his entourage passed amidst a ceremonial formality which never ceased, even in slumber. The first ceremony was that known as *Misaf Puri*, which prescribed that four of His Highness' officers should call at His Royal Highness' residence and enquire after his health. An elaborate exchange of courtesies occurs, concluding with the distribution of attar and pan and the eustomary garlanding.

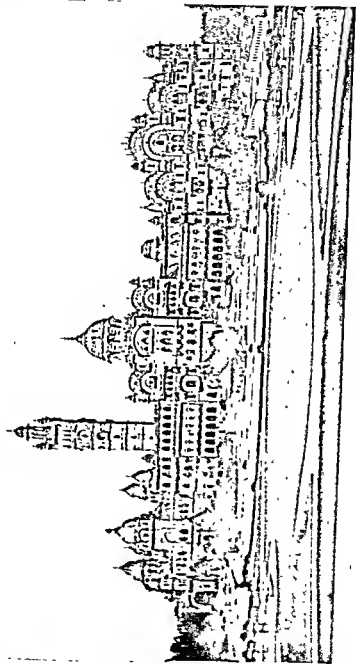
Even more elaborate was the State reception of His Highness by the Prince at the Laxmi Vilas Palace. But the summit of pageantry was attained when His Royal Highness went to return the call at the old Palace

of Nazar Bagh. The pathway to the Palace was lined with the stalwart figures of His Royal Highness' guardsmen. Dismounted troopers, immobile as bronze statues, guarded the stairways and marked a passage through the ante-rooms leading to the Durbar chamber.

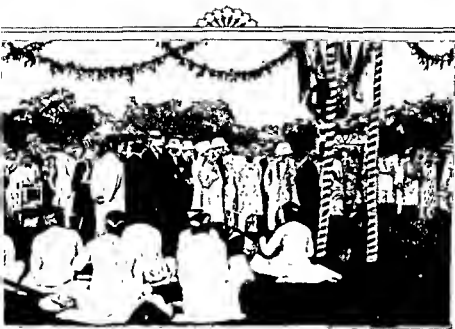
Therein all is magnificence. The delicate pink of the walls is repeated in the costly curtains and draperies. The headgear of the sardars and officers glows in splendid contrast. Cloth of gold covers carpets richly soft, massive furniture is ranged in order round the room, and behind the couch on which His Royal Highness is to sit chobdars and huzuras stand impassively holding aloft a gold chhatra and gilded morchals and chowries.

The Prince, who arrived at half past eleven, was received by His Highness. After a brief conversation the ceremony of presentation and remittance of Nazars was performed, shortly after which His Royal Highness took his leave. But before departing, the Prince inspected the State jewels, which were displayed in an ante-room. These contain some of the world's most priceless stones, and there is scarcely a jewelled ornament amongst them which is not worth a king's ransom. Nor is this all. For almost every stone has a history more romantic than the heroic tales of the old epics and sagas.

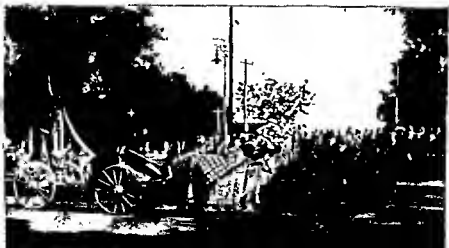
In the afternoon His Royal Highness attended a garden party in the gardens of the Moti Bagh. The Prince drove there in a motor and on his arrival had his attention fixed first on the giant elephants, which had paraded on one of the spacious lawns of the gardens. He watched with amusement some of his staff and other guests, greatly daring, have their first ride on an elephant, but soon left them to the enjoyment of their novel sensations, proceeding himself to inspect three hundred Boy Scouts on parade. To a round dozen of these who have now become super-Scouts by achieving every badge within the competence of any scout in Baroda, he presented a badge summing up the eminence of their achievements. There was then leisure to inspect the entertainments which were to be found in ordered profusion on the lawns. They included some excellent tumbling and balancing feats by a troupe of the State acrobats, Indian music and Indian dancing, the peculiar and intimate fascinations of which must be entirely novel to His Royal Highness, and a vocal display which must, at least, have commanded the respect if it did not engage the aesthetic appreciations of western ears. But the longest pause was made at the booth where a troupe of green parrots and Australian paroquets, in whom the Prince was happy to recognise old friends, did a variety of things usually presumed to be the monopoly of the human species. So efficiently did they start and drive motor cars, take photographs, operate a cinematograph machine and fire cannon, that one began seriously to envisage the time



The Lalit Vilas Palace at Baroda.



The Prince listening to a Concert given by Indian Musicians at the Baroda Garden Party.



aim and miraculous virtuosity with the rifle are legendary beyond the bounds of his State.

It is natural that failing strength and advancing years should have loosened the Maharaja's grip on affairs of State. The supreme essential of autocratic rule is that the man on the pinnacle should be endowed with energy and a sustained interest in all that goes on within the bounds of his realm. Feeling his grip on affairs slackening, the Maharaja has wisely delegated much of his authority and power to his son, the Maharaj Kumar. He, it is said,—and the impression is confirmed after an hour's conversation with him—is of the moderns modern. Already he has sought to introduce reforms, in consonance with modern ideas, in the administration of the State and, when in the fulness of time he ascends the *gadi*, there can be no doubt that he will bring the State into line with the most advanced politics in India.

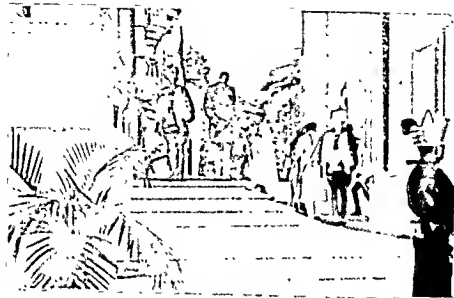
It was this State, where the first faint footprints of modern constitutionalism are discernible on the age-long paths of picturesque pageantry and autocratic feudalism, that the Prince visited from November 25 to November 27. On the journey thither from Baroda the Prince stopped for an hour or two at the capital of the Maharaja of Rutlam's State. Keenest of polo players and one of the finest exponents of the game in the world, His Highness gave his Royal visitor a worthy welcome. He had little time at his disposal. When the programme of the tour was arranged, it was found impossible to include a prolonged and formal visit to Rutlam. Nevertheless, the Maharaja did what he could with the time at his disposal for the entertainment of the Prince. He decorated the railway station; his people turned out to accord a voluble welcome; he lavishly illumined the city; and he entertained the Prince at an informal banquet.

News that His Highness the Maharaja of Udaipur was ill in bed met the Prince at Rutlam. His indisposition prevented the Maharaja from welcoming in person his visitor, meant also the cancellation of those customary grave and picturesque ceremonies which enhance the greeting given to a Royal visitor. The Maharaj Kumar welcomed the Prince on behalf of the ruler and the welcome lacked nothing of the pomp and circumstance proper to the occasion. The little station was gay with bunting, a Guard of Honour of picked men from the Maharajah's infantry, stood to attention behind their colours and near the station exit was grouped a number of the Rajput nobles of the State, bearing some of them bucklers on which was blazoned a golden sun, proclaiming descent from the Suriyabansi (sun stock), the royal dynasty of Oudh. Outside the station the Royal carriage waited and over against it were paraded the State Cavalry, which formed the escort.

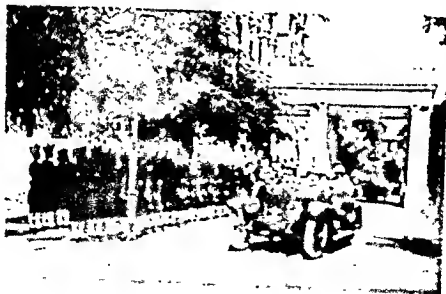
But far more attractive as a spectacle were the mounted escorts of the nobles, which formed picturesque groups at intervals on the roads. Wild looking fellows they were, their arms and their accoutrements the same as those wielded by the clansmen who repelled the invaders centuries ago. And they had music with them—sedy flutes which skirled incessantly and *jiliba* from which came the peculiar throbbing roll of the Rajput salute. Elephants and camels contributed their quota to a picture which was completed by the wiry Bhil infantry, who bore their ill-fitting red coats and their ammunition boots as if they were an intolerable burden and displayed the meagrest possible interest in the angle at which a musket ought to be held in the salute.

His Royal Highness arrived at ten o'clock and, after a few formalities, moved off in procession towards the Residency. The railway station is some miles from the city. The route passes through typical Mewar country. Steep and rugged hills, the nakedness of whose sandstone is barely covered by a scanty scrub, enclose the view. Beneath them is broken, very broken, ground. Its face is scarred with pits and nullahs. Clumps of prickly pear and cactus appear in profusion. At capricious intervals the ground heaves uneasily and is piled up in miniature kopjes. On viewing such a terrain, we realise one, at least, of the reasons why the might of the Moghul Emperors failed to subdue the clansmen of Udaipur, and dimly we seem to see the vast army blundering without direction about these rocky fastnesses, the ready prey of the hordes of light armed troops propelling missiles from indistinguishable ambushes and inaccessible crags.

Some two miles of such country are traversed before we arrive at the city walls. The use for these and the day when they repelled assault is gone, but though in many places they have crumbled ruinously, they for the most part still stand to mark the city boundary and to recall a vanished age of strife. Within them may be glimpsed wide and beautiful gardens, of which the soil, poor though it be, can nourish blooms of a delicate beauty. And from among the trees, which within the bastions, as if in appreciation of their shelter, grow plentifully, there peep the white walls and roofs of what at that distance appear to be attractive villas. On entering the city itself one seems to have attained the usual agglomeration of miserable houses and narrow streets, the air reeking with the mingled smells of koprous fuel and joss sticks. But when one has progressed a little farther and is beyond the forum and the market place, crowded in the Prince's honour by the whole of the city's populace, the route rises sharply and shakes off the mean foulness of poverty-stricken habitation. From a narrow hill-encompassed road one passes into a valley, and as one drives along it one of the most charming pros-



The Prime with the Maharaja entering the Old Palace in Daroda where the picturesque formal reception was held.



The French Emperor from the water tower.

pects that the whole of India has to offer is unfolded before the eyes.

At a lower level there stretches to the bases of the far hills a beautiful verdant valley. Its freshness appeals with greater force from the wild and arid land we have just left. On top of a distant hill, rising steep and rugged from the plateau of Udaipur, there gleams in the sun a white building, which enquiry reveals as the Fort of Eklingarh. Opposite and beneath this may be discerned the Residency, while to the north there stands out the massive pile of the Maharaja's Palace. But it is not the hills, nor the trees; it is not the undulating valleys, nor the historic and beautiful buildings which confer on Udaipur its chief and abiding charm. It is the great sheets of water, the lakes wherein art has magnified and beautified nature, blue and sparkling in the sun, studded with islands, and bordered with rows of gardens. Almost unique in the country, these lakes are an object of pilgrimage to every traveller visiting India. They must abide in his memory, among his visions of a sun parched land, with the same associations of beauty and freshness as Elam held for the weary Israelites travelling through the wilderness out of their bondage.

The beauties of the lakes and their surroundings were fully explored. For after His Highness the Maharaja somewhat restored had paid a call on the Prince, the latter went out on the Pichola lake on a water picnic. He travelled by motor boat from its northern extremity to the island known as the Jagmandar, where tea was served. The journey thither was one of incomparable loveliness. The lake's eastern side is fringed with buildings, which, however they may look at closer quarters, gain from the distance and the bright sun at least the semblance of beauty. In unbroken line they rise gradually above the level of the lake and culminate in the vast and imposing pile of the Maharaja's palace.

Built of granite and marble, the palace stands upon the crest of the ridge running along the margin of the lake and towers at least a hundred feet above the ground. From the lake, one may discern the terraces which lead one to another by flights of steps up to the palace court yard. Beyond the palace, the buildings are few and finally give way altogether before the jungle. At intervals, the lake narrows almost to a meeting point. At such places, it is spanned by the pretty arches of ornamental bridges. And every now and again, there occur little islands, each a beautiful sylvan retreat crowded with palace or pavilion of glittering white stone.

It was to one of these, historically the most famous if not the most beautiful, to which the boats of the picnickers were steered. How many of these as they landed at the edge of the pavilion court yard and paced its worn and stained flagstones recalled that it was this domed pavilion which

sheltered Prince Khurram, later the Emperor Shah Jehan, when he fled to revolt against his father, Jehangir? Or, to come to a later century, was it remembered that when the regiment at Neemuch revolted during the Mutiny, the European ladies found refuge and hospitality within the precincts of this same pavilion?

By the time that tea was finished, the sun was near its setting. There was still one thing to do before the light failed. So no time was lost in crossing the lake to its southern end where stands high upon the tree-covered banks Odi-khas, built by the late Maharaja to serve as a shooting box. Here was seen a strange sight. Hundreds of wild pigs, attracted by the peculiar call of a shikari, came rushing from the depths of the jungle right to the foot of the rocky scarp on which Odi-khas stands. Bags and baskets full of grain were emptied upon the rocks. With grunts and squeals, savagely opposing any neighbour which seemed to be making for a particularly succulent spot, the hogs greedily made their evening meal. In the spectacle, some of the guests detected an epitome of the world of man. For, among the hogs, the large, the powerful and the cunning had the fairest meal at the most plentiful deposits of grain, their weaker brethren having to be content with foraging on the outskirts.

In the evening a banquet was given at the palace. To this the Prince came in the old, the noble, the princely way of Udaipur. Down the lake in a barge, so to the postern gate of the palace by the water's edge, then into a beautifully upholstered palanquin in which, escorted by the nobles of the State, with flaming torches before, behind, on either side, he was borne up the steep winding stairways of stone, threaded the arching gateways and came at last to the inner courtyard of the palace. The sequel, one felt, ought to have been a repast such as the Saxon Thanes loved—boar's head, barons of beef, monster capons, flagons of ale and great stoups of mulled wine, with cressets blazing raggedly on the walls, the barking of the hounds without and the hungry waiting, scullions within. But the repast was urbane, Parisian, right from the turtle soup to the ice pudding, from sherry to port.

The Maharaja welcomed the guests but did not appear at dinner. On the conclusion of the repast he came into the banquet hall attended by his ministers and the chief sirdars in time for "The King" and to propose the health of His Royal Highness. This he did—he speaks no English—by proxy of his Chief Minister, who read a simple and dignified speech. After dinner, the Prince and the other guests all repaired to one of the wide balconies of the palace and therefrom watched a display of fireworks and illuminations. Illuminations savour of the commonplace—Earls Court and Broadway. But not at Udaipur. The Lakes save them



Arrival at Udaipur: The Prince is met by the Maharaja



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Arrival at Udaipur: The Prince is met by the Maharaj Kumar.





from the banal. Each one of the buildings on the islands was limned in light. Every dome, every cupola, every tower, every projecting wall and buttress was picked out in flaming outline against the violet, star-gemmed sky. Nor was it the fixed glare of electricity which lit the sky, but the soft twinkling glow of oil-burning fairy lamps. The reflected glow of the lamps stabbed deep into the Lake's inky depths, lighting up the ripples and the tiny waves and were drawn out in refraction, till the outline of the building above, grotesquely lengthened, faded softly in dancing points of light. Above it all the fire-works blazed and stuttered, and it was with reluctance that the guests, after the last rocket had rent the skies and the last giant Catherine wheels had swung themselves to fiery extinction, took their leave of this glowing fairyland to exchange it for mundane sleeping quarters.

The programme for Saturday was mute. So the Prince rode in the early morning and after breakfast went out after snipe. With a gun and four others similarly equipped he tramped miles over the rugged Mewar country. But there seemed to be an entire and inexplicable lack of the nourishing bird—he must be a wily fellow with a beak like that. Still, the tenacity and endurance of the shooting party did not go unrewarded. There were five guns; the "bag" was two couple.

Among other things to be found at Udaipur, one could obtain material for an essay on the proselytising energy of the Christian Churches. For missionary zeal has penetrated even into these fastnesses and "on this rock" has built a church. Hither the Prince went on Sunday to attend a short service. In the evening he departed. But before the hour of leaving, the Maharaja, in accordance with the time-honoured custom of Udaipur, sent the Prince Mahadershah—puja offering. It is a pretty custom and the Prince was delighted to receive the presents.

Some two thousand feet above sea level is Ajmere, the tiny enclave of British territory set in the midst of the princely States of Rajputana. There it was that the Prince arrived on the morning of November 25. There it was that he learned that the cold weather of the tropics may be something more robust and biting than a tepid air bath. So chilly was the morning to the blood of travellers fresh from the heat of the plains and the warm coolness of Udaipur that overcoats were a grateful accessory and the complete glory of British uniform, seen for the first time, seemed the reasonable and comfortable dress.

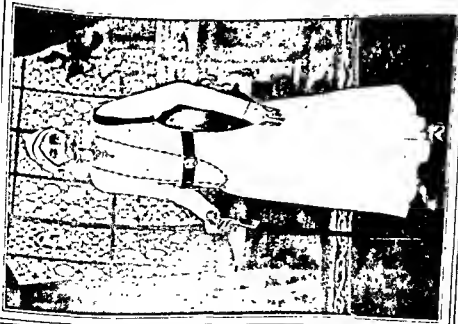
As a city, Ajmere repays exploration and provides objects of interest enough to fill several days of inspection. As it happened, however, the Prince had little enough time to spare, and the day being filled with functions, there remained opportunity only for a fleeting glimpse of the city

where modern industrialism impinges upon the spectacular leisureliness handed down by the Moghals. Still, there was time to note the admirable situation of the city nestling in a cup of the hills, whose outlying escarpments, well wooded for the most part, afford excellent sites for hungalows, the orderly plan on which the city is built, and the plentiful verdure of trees and shrubs.

As at most places in British India, which the Prince visited, so at Ajmere the Non-co-operators had declared a *hartal*. But the main object of the *hartal*, obviously to prevent people attending the ceremonies, certainly was not achieved, for there were considerable crowds along the route from the station to the Bara Dari.

Here it was that the chief function of the day took place, namely, the reception of the Ruling Princes of Rajputana by His Royal Highness and the presentation of the Municipal address. No more fitting place for these ceremonies could have been chosen. The Bara Dari is a relic of the heroic period of Indian History. Built by Jehangir as a summer house, it stands upon the embankment of the famous Ana Sagar. A glorious prospect across the waters of this lake to the brown hills beyond must have been afforded; but now its waters are dry, and on the alluvial soil the husbandman pursues his laborious task with placid oxen and reaps a plentiful harvest. The Bara Dari itself is a fine marble structure. It comprises a wide marble terrace on which are four elegant pavilions, all marble pillars and cupolas. Beneath one of these was gathered the flower of the Rajput Chiefs, gorgeous in their princely costumes, and in a farther pavilion, the city's representatives. Significant, if inadvertent, contrast; the descendants of an autocratic feudalism fronted by the pioneers of India's democratic era! His Royal Highness drove up in State shortly after nine o'clock, and having inspected, to the pianissimo strains of "Land of Hope and Glory," the Guard of Honour, he proceeded to the first of the occupied pavilions, where the Chiefs were presented to him. The Prince spent some time in conversation with them before traversing the terrace to the farther pavilion, where he listened to the reading of the Municipal address.

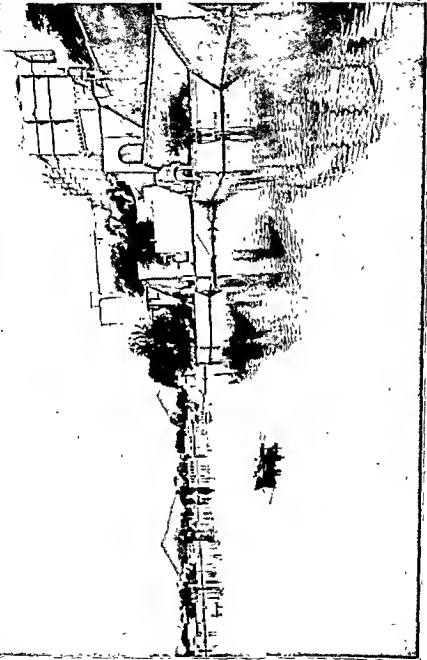
As at all former receptions of the Prince, so at this the Boy Scouts played their part. Here they functioned not so much as Scouts as welcoming chorus. For, on the conclusion of the Prince's speech, they burst into a song of welcome, the strange intervals of the Indian melody emphasising their sentiment more than could a hackneyed Western triumph song. Although there was no reason to doubt the warmth of the sentiments with which the people of Ajmere regarded the Prince's visit, more hearty demonstration thereof might have been given at the Bara Dari. There was little cheering when he arrived. There was none when he left. Perhaps



H. H. the Maharaja of Udaipur, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O.



The Maharaja Kumar of Udaipur



The Lake at Udaipur with the Maharaja's palace on the right.

this absence of unrehearsed joyful noise was due to the chilliness of the morning. Certainly, quarter of an hour in the shade of the trees near the pavilion brought shivers to the spine. Those who had been waiting from eight o'clock must have had the enthusiasm frozen in their blood.

A couple of hours before lunch were devoted by His Royal Highness to lawn tennis, which, in view of a fairly well occupied afternoon, must be regarded as a considerable tribute to his energy. Barely an hour had elapsed after lunch before the Prince was up and doing again. He motored to the camp of the pensioners and ex-service men of Ajmere, who had paraded for inspection. Some 500 drawn up in double line were on parade, exclusive of 32 officers. All were veterans and bore on their persons every mark of long and arduous service, not a few were disabled, and most bore tributes to their gallantry in the medals and decorations which covered their breasts.

The majority of the men wore khaki service dress, but one or two, whose retirement from the army is already ancient history, had it not, and paraded in their work-a-day clothes. And there were still others who had from some carefully guarded cupboard dug out the ceremonial clothes of sepoy regiments of the time of the Queen-Empress Victoria. As is the way with His Royal Highness, the inspection was complete in every detail. Not only did the Prince meet and chat with all the ex-officers, but he went down the whole line of men, stopping at every other of them to enquire as to the length of service and the manner in which the decorations were won. He had his reward in the ovation he received from the pensioners before he left the camp for the Mayo College.

Aptly styled the Eton of India, the Mayo College imparts education to the sons and relatives of the princely and noble families of Rajputana. Although, as schools and colleges go, its age is young, it has yet in the half century of its existence built up a tradition of which many older schools might be envious. Manners, said John of Wykeham, makyth man, and it has ever been the aim of the College to translate that aphorism into practice; with what excellent success, its products bear witness in many places in India. On this afternoon the ceremony of the presentation of prizes took place, His Royal Highness presenting the class and special prizes to the successful pupils. The ceremony had a notable setting. The College itself, with its minars and cupolae, and its lofty buildings in the old Hindu style, is perhaps the most beautiful of the educational institutions in India. The surrounding trees, the spreading lawns and the attractive gardens all enhance the architectural beauties. Inside the school hall there is the same chaste elegance, and to the beauty of the finely proportioned room, there is added the distinction of portraits of

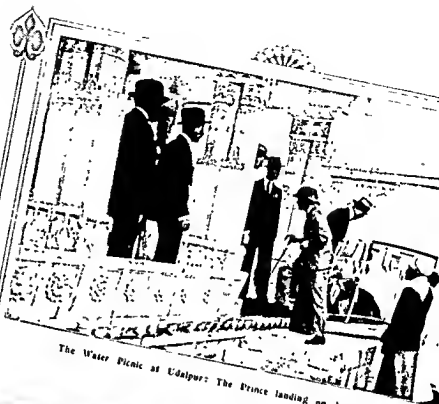
illustrious men who played their part, either as pupils, as founders, or as sponsors, in the career of the College.

The Prince, on arriving by car at the gates, was met by a mounted escort of the Kumara in the uniform of the Imperial Service Cadets. Dismounting from his car, he was received by the Principal and the College staff, by whom he was conducted to his seat, a silver arm-chair posed on a platform at the end of the hall and surrounded by the seated Kumara. The Principal, in a short address, outlined the history of the College, reviewed the work of the past year, expressed the hopes of the College for the future, and concluded by tendering to Their Majesties the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress, the devoted loyalty and homage of the staff and the students. The prizes were then presented, the students filing past the Prince, each as his name was called, and receiving their prizes with a military salute.

An inspection of the buildings followed, after which the whole of the guests made their way into the delightful gardens, where a garden party was held. Before tea was served the Prince, with heroic courtesy, shook hands with all the guests. Many of these were interested, as was the Prince himself, in an antiquated railway carriage which was on exhibition. It was the carriage in which the Prince's grand-father, Edward, the Peacemaker, travelled in India during his tour of the country in 1876. Accustomed as we are to electric fans and lights and comfortable floor space, even on the narrow gauge lines, we do not realise how many hardships our forebears had to contend with on their travels. If a Royal Prince could command no better luxury than that provided by this ancient carriage, one shudders to think of the conditions which the second and third class passengers of half a century ago had to suffer and endure.

In the evening there was a dinner party at the Residency, the Prince departing for Jodhpur at eleven o'clock.





The Water Picnic at Udaipur: The Prince landing on Jagmander.



CHAPTER V.

THE STATES OF RAJPUTANA—SPORT IN JODHPUR—THE PRINCE GOES PIG-STICKING—THE LORD OF THE DESERT—CAMELS IN THE BIKANER PAGEANTRY—FIRE AND SWORD DANCES—SHOOTING EXCURSION TO GUJNER—BHARATPUR: ITS TURBULENT HISTORY—HUMOUR ON THE POLO GROUND—A REMARKABLE PAGEANT.—(NOV. 29—DEC. 8).

IT is perhaps an exaggeration to say that Jodhpur owes its fame to a pair of nether-garments. And yet, for every one who has heard of the Jodhpur Fort, the Jodhpur Lancers, or the bristly Jodhpur hog, at least a score have heard of, even if they have never seen or worn, the Jodhpur breeches. But, like most short cuts in advertisement, the breeches' wide fame does not do justice to the real merits of Jodhpur, tends, indeed, to obscure them. Originally endowed with no greater advantages than the other States of Rajputana, industry, foresight and imagination have developed its waste tracts and its poor soil, have sown the outskirts of the capital with fine buildings and have given it excellent public works, to such good effect that the State's revenue within the century has been more than doubled. A casual visitor to the capital cannot fail to note signs of evident prosperity in the solid stone buildings of the city, the wide, well kept roads and the clean, healthy and contented appearance of the majority of the townsfolk. Nor could he fail to observe that the sanitary engineer need not destroy picturesqueness, a boon which nature gives lightly but which may as lightly go.

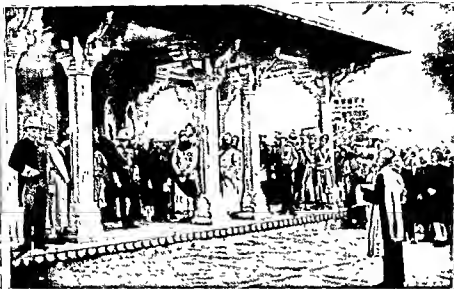
And Jodhpur is certainly one of the most picturesque towns in India. It stands upon a plain flanked by a rocky ridge of sandstone, from which is dug the warmly coloured stone of which the town is built. Surrounded by a strong wall with seven gates, it contains a number of beautiful tanks, one at least of which has the appearance of a natural lake. To many of them access is obtained by flights of steps hewn from the stone, and glittering temples mark their borders. But all these are noted secondarily. What primarily and inevitably strikes the observer and chains his imagination is the Fort, which stands in great magnificence on an isolated rock and dominates the city. Like many another stronghold in this country, the Fort has a grim and enthralling history. But the gallant exploits which

its bastions have witnessed shrink before the initial sacrificial scene at its birth, when a man was interred alive in its foundations to invoke good fortune on its defenders and ensure its impregnability. They did things in the grand manner these old Rajputs. Nowadays we content ourselves with immuring a few coins and a bottle.

The present Maharaja of Jodhpur, His Highness Raj Rajeshwar Maharajadheraja Umed Singh Bahadur is a minor. At the time of the Prince's visit he had not succeeded to the *gadi*, the State being administered by a Regency Council. Thus far, the Maharajah has had no opportunity of winning his spurs. But he gives every promise of worthily carrying on the fine traditions of Jodhpur. There is a proverb which says, in effect, that if a man is a good horseman and loves horses he is the right stuff to the marrow. Certainly, this obligation is fulfilled by the Maharaja. He is, above all, a horseman. It would, indeed, be counted shame by his clan were he not. In all equestrian sports he is a worthy representative of his State's tradition and during his tenure of the *gadi* the polo team of the State is likely to keep, and retain, the leadership in India from which it had lately been in a measure deposed by Rutlam and Patiala. The more serious affairs of life still await the Maharaja. But all that careful training and education, all that a fine tradition, above all, the whole life and example of his uncle, the Maharaja-Regent Sir Pertab Singh, who has devoted his talents and all his energy to the interests of Jodhpur, stand to support him firm in well-doing.

Sir Pertab Singh, the Maharaja-Regent, himself played a considerable part in all the functions arranged to honour the Prince. Beyond doubt, he is one of the pre-eminent figures in the Indian princely States. The granite of his character is overlaid by a delightful geniality. His abounding frankness wins for him and keeps friendships. He seeks for the man beneath titles and his speech is not measured to greatness conferred by birth or accident. The stories told of him are legion. All have this in common—they show him to be possessed of a remarkable and original sense of humour. His ideas on politics may not be such as find expression in the Reform Club and some of the methods he employs to deal with recalcitrance might give an old-fashioned Gladstonian Liberal pause. But he can point to his achievement in refutation of all criticism. He has succeeded in government. He has been firm and has become popular—a rare combination. And he is a living example of the aphorism that *nothing succeeds like success*.

The Prince reached Jodhpur early in the morning of November 28 amid the acclamations of all the people of the capital and many from the surrounding districts. Ample opportunity was given to those assembled



At the Barsdari, Ajmere: A Municipal address read in an old Moghul Summer Pavilion



The Prince conversing with some of the Ruling Princes and Chiefs who took part in the Ajmere welcome.

to see their Royal visitor. For the processional route from the railway station to the Ratanada Palace, where the Prince stayed during his visit, is several miles long and goes for most of its distance by a wide open road flanked by fields and the dwellings of peasants on either side. Indeed, parts of the city itself differ little from the rural parts of the State. The sharp cleavage between fields and factories and workshops characteristic of the cities of the West and the big industrial centres of India is not in evidence in Jodhpur. One's impressions of it are of a garden city, albeit a city set in a rather dusty garden whose blooms have little of the proud freshness belonging to those nourished in a kindlier country. For, be it never forgotten, these Rajput States are set in the midst of a desert. They are oases in which the niggard bounty of Nature has needed the cunning of man's hand to make anything of it and artifice must constantly struggle against adverse circumstance if the victories thus far won are to be maintained.

A period of brief repose was given to the Prince on arriving at the Palace, soon broken by the customary interchange of ceremonial visits. The number and intricacy of these were increased by the fact of the Maharaja's minority. The Maharaja himself and the Regent each had to send deputations to His Royal Highness, each paid a call on him in person, and to each the call was returned. But to observers they were not wearisome formalities. The magnificence of the pageantry with which they were attended outweighed the tediousness of the intervening waits. One was at liberty to feast the eyes upon the glorious hues of the ruling family's ceremonial clothes and those of their attendant nobles, upon coats of gold brocade, the purples, the pinks, the blues of the scarves and the pagris and the gem-encrusted swords, some in green, others in orange, and others in crimson scabbards. And, again, one could note the ingenuity with which the transitory nature of the vast Durbar tent was masked. Surely such magnificence, such coarseness of apparatus, such evident immutability of furnishing could belong only to a hall encompassed by walls of stone!

The grave dignity of the ceremonies themselves were in keeping with the surroundings. No vehicles were used. Solemnly, by each in turn, the distance between the Durbar tent and the Palace was paced in stately procession. Like clockwork the Guard of Honour moved from the Palace to the Durbar tent and back again. More comfortable duty this than it was performing four years ago when, as part of the Jodhpur Imperial Service Lancers lost "somewhere in Palestine," it hurled itself in headlong charge against a fortified town, captured it, put hundreds of the enemy to the sword and took prisoner a thousand more. And with it went the land, which

never failed to mark each arrival and departure with the anthem appropriate to it. By midday the last call had been paid, the band had played "God Save the King" for the last time, and an hour was left in which to contemplate the pleasant prospect of lunch.

Yet, memorably brilliant and striking as these ceremonies were, one soon came back to the initial impression of Jodhpur as summed up in the Jodhpur breeches. Jodhpur is equestrian. The horse is as much part and parcel of the Jodhpur Rajput's life as is "parritch" of a Scotsman's. It must, one feels, have been in Jodhpur that the legend of the Centaurs arose in the beginning of things; for the Jodhpuri sits a horse as if he had been born with the bit in his mouth. Even the peasant, returning from the day's work in the fields, is astride a wiry pony and furnishes a picture of easy dignity and grace. Of a piece with this equestrianism, an extension of it, indeed, is the sport of pig-sticking. In Jodhpur it flourishes as nowhere else in India and, on the second morning of his visit to the State the Prince had his first taste of the sport. One might have guessed on the first night that something of transcending significance was to happen on the morrow. One by one the inhabitants of the camp stole off to bed at an hour when most of them are just settling down to the second rubber. And early on the following morning, long before the dawn, the rumble of cars in motion and the "honk" of motor horns broke into one's slumbers. It was a timely signal. There was a general rubbing of sleep from the eyes, hasty toilets and as hurried meals, and before six o'clock all who had decided either to participate in the sport or to witness it had left the camp.

It was still dark when we arrived at the starting point. With hesitation we groped our way—those of us, that is, who were not to kill but were merely to be accessories before the fact—to the shikar *kotris*, the square, flat-topped towers assigned to the onlookers, serving the double purpose of affording an excellent view and security against any wandering pig with a toothache. The spears, in five parties of four, moved off just as the first blush of the sky proclaimed the rising sun. In the half light there was revealed in front of the towers undulating broken ground, covered with sparse scrub, great boulders, and trees widely scattered. The whole terrain was scarred with nullahs deep and shallow and patches of it were pitted with holes.

For the greater part of the time the party of horsemen were not visible to the onlookers, being concealed by the trees or plunged in the nullahs. But the rhythmic "clip-clop" of the trotting horses borne on the early morning breeze was easily audible. Soon it changed to the quicker rhythm of a gallop. A party appeared. They plunged into a nullah and were



H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF JODHPUR.

lost to view. But a minute or two later there was borne back to us a piercing and long drawn squeal, telling that a pig had been ridden down and speared. This, we later learned, was the Prince's first.

Other parties appeared from time to time, galloping hard, and once we distinctly saw the pig half a mile off running with terror-stricken speed before the hunters. But we got no more clues to a kill, though there were several, and the Prince's second kill was accomplished out of the view and the hearing of the spectators. Nor did any other pig have the good sense to choose the carefully cleared ground in front of the kotris for his death bed. "Those about to die" did not salute us. And not even the charmingly expressed intentions of a young lady to catch a pig and lead it on a string to the Prince for killing drew one forth from the jungle.

In the same equestrian tradition was the review of troops in the afternoon. "Troops" in Jodhpur means lancers. And the lancers know not only how to ride but also how to fight. They served greatly in France, pluckily contending against the rigours of an unaccustomed climate and the strangeness of a method of warfare foreign to their training and traditions. But their military prowess reached its zenith in the early months of 1918, when they took part in Allenby's victorious campaign, which set the whole edifice of the Germanic Alliance tottering to its fall. During the operations in the Jordan Valley the Turks with one Brigade and several guns attacked that part of the line held by the Jodhpur Lancers. The line held and the Turks were harassed until noon, when the temperature was 110 degrees in the shade. The two squadrons of the Lancers held in the reserve then crossed the River Jordan, fell on the southern flanks of the Turks, and completely rolled them up absolutely destroying one Turkish Cavalry Regiment, capturing the Commanding Officer and several machine-guns besides killing 150 of the enemy with the lance. But their greatest exploit was performed at Haifa, which they captured at the gallop taking nine guns, a large number of machine-guns and 1,200 men as prisoners. It was a feat as madly gallant, but far more fruitful than the immortal charge of the Light Brigade.

Twelve hundred strong, these men or those who have filled the gaps caused by the war, paraded at evening on the Jodhpur parade ground. They were commanded by His Highness the Maharaja. At five o'clock the Prince rode on to the ground accompanied by his staff. At once he proceeded to inspect the Troops. When the inspection was over, he took up his position at the saluting base in front of the flagstaff from which flew the Royal Standard. The Regiment in review order paraded before the Prince at a walk. Wheeling at the top of the parade ground it came past again at the trot and then reforming, it thundered past, almost indis-

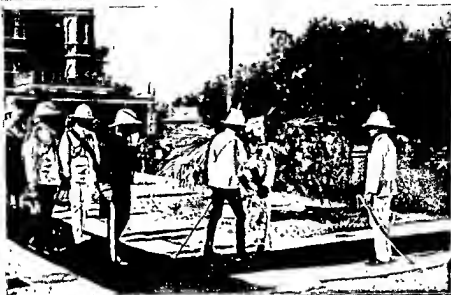
tinguishable among the rising clouds of dust stirred up by the horses' hooves, a magnificent cavalry charge. From the splendid and reckless dash of the Regiment one understood the significance of the retort made by Sir Pertap when asked once by a lady in London whether he could ride. "Madam," replied the veteran, "I am a Rajput."

The parade concluded with a rally at the gallop of the whole Regiment to a point just short of where the Prince sat on his horse. His Royal Highness rode forward and complimented the Maharajah on the fine appearance of the Regiment and thanked it for its magnificent services during the war. Thereafter, before leaving the parade ground, the Prince presented a number of decorations won by Officers of the Regiment in the war.

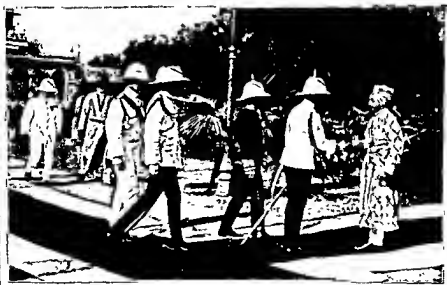
In all the Native States visited by the Prince there were State banquets. That at Jodhpur was held in a gigantic canvas pavilion which needs several hundred men and some days to pitch. It is a historic pavilion. It is, like so much in India where "thine" to-day was "thy neighbours" to-morrow, loot, Jodhpur having achieved its possession at the sack of Ahmedabad. It is a noble relic, nobly preserved and nobly adorned. Few formal banquetting halls could have bettered it as a setting for a meal.

Much enamoured of the sport of pig-sticking the Prince went out again after pig on the morning of the last day of the visit. There were a good many likeminded with himself. Other haunts of the wild hog than those attempted the previous day were explored, haunts which usually yield a rich harvest to the hunter. On the second occasion, however, in spite of religiously early rising, thorough preparation and assiduous beating, the bag was a thin one, only three pigs being killed. None of them fell to the Prince's spear. Throughout a strenuous three hours he was dogged by ill luck.

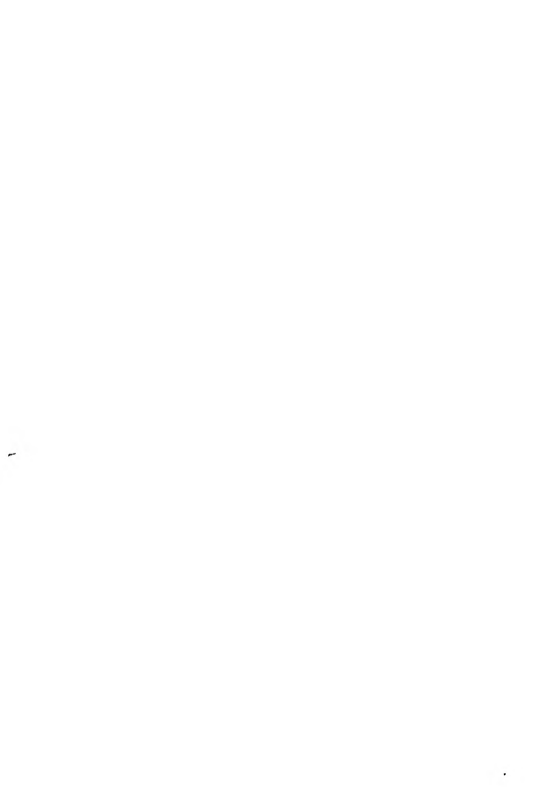
To be a distant witness of pig-sticking, which always takes place round the corner, is an experience to be welcomed like all experiences. But it does not invite repetition. To those who took no part in the pig-sticking, there was open a variety of amusements. The delights to be got from chartering a camel and trapezing hither and yon about the countryside appealed to some. But they were balked in their rash endeavour by a project to visit the Fort. It was a project as thoroughly welcomed as it was completely carried out. The journey to the Fort is delightful. A long and winding road climbs tortuously up the side of the hill on which the Fort is raised. Halfway to the destination one is at least a couple of hundred feet above the City of Jodhpur, which is laid bare to the view. Far beyond the lines of its streets and the even quadrangles of its public squares and tanks the open country rolls flat to the horizon. A thin haze hung over the city and



In Jodhpur: The Prince greeting the late Sir Perlab Singh.



The beginning of a picturesque ceremony: Prince and Maharaja meet.



the country beyond, giving one the illusion for all the world of looking out across a town to a wide and open sea. Anything—tree, hill or ravine—which might have broken the dead flatness of the prospect, was blotted out by the mist and the illusion remained unmarred.

The engines of the cars throbbed uneasily as the ascent grew steeper. But there was no humiliation of breakdown and the outer gate of the Fort was safely passed by all. The rest of the ascent, too steep for cars, had to be climbed on foot. Alternatively one could entrust oneself to a *dholly* and the stout shoulders of four coolies. But all the party, except one, chose shank'a mare. This one, although he was sneered at by the others exulting in their pride and their fleetness of foot, had his reward. Along the several glacis which had to be scaled ere the inner court-yard of the Fort was gained, soldiers were posted at intervals. These had been warned that the Maharaj Uvaraj might that day be paying a visit to the Fort. Seeing a motley crowd of pedestrians ascending the pathway, seeing also a solitary figure close behind, raised high in a nobly painted palanquin, they came to the logical, if erroneous conclusion, that here was the Prince Sahib. Solemnly and stiffly, one after the other without a break, they presented arms to the occupant of the palanquin, who, with the most beautiful of *beaux gestes*, returned their salute.

The massive battlements of the Fort, four hundred feet sheer above the plain below, are furnished with innumerable cannon, ancient, smooth bored weapons which threw roundshot probably a few hundred yards. Some of the pieces are historie, particularly the monstrous guns captured at Ahmedabad, whose weight, poised for a century upon stout wooden carriages, had broken the backs of their support. Free from any sacred sense of history the members of the party seized each a couple of the round shot and engaged in an impromptu game of bowls. But they soon forsook this athletic exercise for an exploration of the armouries, jewel chambers, durbar halls and drawing rooms of the Palace which the Fort encircles. Herein they found a wealth of material for inspection, notably in the ancient carved and gilded flintlocks, the bows, the arrows and the spears and all the implements and equipment of war of a bygone age of chivalry.

The Prince played polo in the afternoon, the Maharaja being "At Home" on the polo ground to numerous guests. After a quiet dinner His Royal Highness left Jodhpur at eleven o'clock with many regrets which were reciprocated by the Ruler and the people of the State, who were, as elsewhere, captured by his charming and informal graciousness.

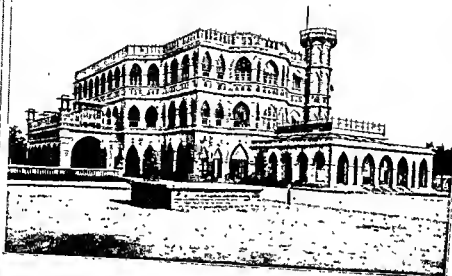
The railway from Jodhpur to Bikaner traverses an inhospitable desert region. Sand and scrub, with occasional stunted trees, form the landscape. It is a region where no man would choose to linger had he the choice, and in which only the camel, which they say can go forty days

without a drink—poor wretch—can exist with comfort. On the night when we left Jodhpur, we guessed at an unusual journey. All the windows of the railway carriages, instead of being hospitably open to the night air, were closely shut and barred. The shutters were down, the windows were up, and the insect screens were firmly fixed. Surely an adequate protection against the inroad of any material thing, and only vulnerable to ghosts. But no. Evidently, there remains to be invented a screen which will resist the insidious attack of the dust from the desert. Our triple barring was of no avail. We awoke in the morning with nostrils gritty and the roofs of our mouths lined with sand. Everywhere in the carriage there was spread a thick layer of the finest grey dust, so fine that it would drain through a muslin sieve, and so tenacious that it needed the efforts of a brush or some such thing to remove it. But when the windows had been thrown open and access given to the fresh cool air of morning and the golden rays of the early sun, and when afar off were discerned the roofs and the trees of the city of Bikaner, all sense of the region of death whence we had come vanished like the stars at sunrise. And, as Bikaner grew upon the sight, as even at a distance the spaciousness of the city, its clean and wholesome buildings, and its wide streets could be discerned, one realised that "the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The Prince's train arrived in Bikaner at ten in the morning. He was met at the station by His Highness the Maharajah and his sons. The formalities of the reception differed in no particular from those which characterised other public arrivals. One got the impression of another stage in a gradual crescendo of gorgeousness, of more flamboyant decorations for the station, more gorgeous uniforms for the Guard of Honour, more wonderful dresses and trappings for the nobles of the State—all these seemed to be the distinctive feature of the States which His Royal Highness visited and, as such, endured until the next one was reached.

Certainly Bikaner is unique in one respect. Other States may have been more vocal in their welcome of the Prince—the Bikaneri's typical greeting is a gently murmured benediction accompanied with reverent salaams. Other States may equal Bikaner in respect of the attractiveness of the capital city. Other States may excel it, though this is doubtful, in the chivalry of their traditions, in the picturesqueness of their history, in the valour of their troops, in the horsemanship of their inhabitants. But none can show as fine, as curious, as fascinating a picture as is furnished by a parade of the famous Bikaner Camel Corps. It was this corps which acted as the escort of His Royal Highness in his first processional journey through the City.

The members of the Camel Corps cut a notable figure. The uniform of the troopers—ought one to call them cameliers?—is itself striking. White



The Palace, Jodhpur.



A famous regiment: the gallant Jodhpur Lancers being inspected by the Prince.

buckskin and the palest of cream tunics braided with gold are set off by scarlet puggies with crests of silver. The men carry short rifles and also swords, but the broad backs of their steeds provide room for a whole armoury, machine-guns, a dozen or so grenades and, provided it is not the last straw and will not break the camel's back, for a not too heavy field gun.

As to the camels themselves, one writes with diffidence. There is nothing in the world quite like the superior remoteness of the camel's expression. If a man could write as the camel sneers, his reputation as a misanthropist and a satirist would transcend that of Lucian, Juvenal and Swift all rolled into one. Cynicism, which comes from final, exhaustive and disillusioning experience, is perfectly summed up in the curl of the camel's lip and the glint of his eye. For mere man to look a camel in the face and remain convinced of his own superiority is a feat equal to the labours of Hercules. How should it not be so? Is it not he, and he alone, who knoweth the hundredth name of God?

For all that, the camels of the Bikaner Corps behaved with as fine an appreciation of the greatness of the occasion as could the Household Cavalry. If their splay feet, the sprawl which characterises their attitude of repose, and the humps and lumps which mar their bodies' outline deny them physical grace, at least they achieve a certain massive stateliness when they solemnly trot in a triumphal procession.

The route of the procession, two and a half miles in length, lay through the greater part of the city. At points on the route townsfolk were assembled in clusters, and each gave respectful greeting to the Royal visitor. One could not fail to confirm the impression, formed at a distance, that the City of Bikaner is unusually attractive. It is built, its modern parts at least, of a good sandstone delicately red in tint. There are many excellent buildings, schools and colleges, public offices and private dwellings and evidently the mediaeval spirit, which builded better than it need, has descended upon the Maharajah; for continually one sees buildings which are far more than worthy of the occasion that brought them into being. Who, for example, on first seeing the magnificent edifice of the Victoria Memorial building would dream that it was the club? It has palace written on its every stone.

It has commonly been observed that the building of the British Empire owes nearly everything to the adventurousness of "younger sons". These, robbed by the rights of primogeniture of any considerable patrimony, roamed the world in search of wealth and adventure. If the results, as the present age shows them, tend to fix the quality of roving and adventurousness chiefly on men of the English race, the quality is by no means

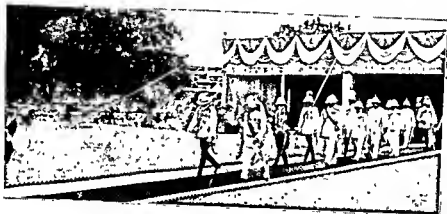
thus localised. It is shared by every race, not least by the Indians of fam in periods long past. It is to a manifestation of this quality that the Sta of Bikaner owes its inception. Jodha Rao, of Marwar, founded the Sta of Jodhpur. He had many sons. One of them, Bika, a younger son, seeing before him nothing but a life of subservience to an elder brother, whims when, in the fulness of time, his father should be gathered to his ancestors, set out to seek a kingdom for himself. So, in the desert, he founded a kingdom and called it Bikaner. In 1490 his younger brother Suja succeeded to the chiefship of Jodhpur. Bika waived his own claims and consented to the succession of his brother, asking only in return that the family heirlooms should be sent to him. But Suja, who had waxed fat, kicked and refused to give them up. So, as we may read, "Bika invaded Jodhpur, captured the city and carried off the heirlooms which are still to be seen in the old palace of Bikaner." This was the beginning of a cousinly bickering that endured between the two States for a century or two. An idle moment was often the occasion for an invasion of one State by the other and, as the chronicles relate, noble jousts often resulted.

These times have gone. But the sword of Bikaner's ruler is still keen and it was drawn to good effect in the War. The present Maharaja, His Highness Maharaja Shri Sir Ganga Singh Bahadur, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., K.B.E., K.C.B., A.D.-C., LL.D., was gazetted Honorary Major General in the British Army in August, 1917. His Highness took part with his regiment of Rathor Rajputs in the China campaign of 1900, the same regiment again seeing service in the Somaliland campaign. On the outbreak of the European War he proceeded on active service to Europe, with the Indian Expeditionary Force.

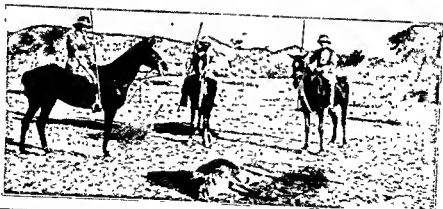
In the arts of peace the Maharaja is even more distinguished. A knowledge of statecraft is a primary essential to the mental equipment of any Indian prince. Nor must the arts of oratory be neglected. But there is no prince in India who can be said to excel. His Highness of Bikaner, either in the depth of his knowledge of theoretical politics, the width of his reading, his grasp of practical affairs of Government and, above all, in eloquence. The ability to make a speech is widespread. But the conscious cultivation of the arts of oratory—metaphor, epigram, the balanced period, the staccato interjection, even the anecdote—is not so common nowadays that its occurrence escapes notice. The Maharaja of Bikaner, recognising that good oratory often produces conviction where coldly reasoned arguments may fail, has cultivated a style of speaking which is dignified, forceful and full of delightful ornamentation. Nor has he done this at the expense of the colder more practical qualities of the



Pigsticking at Jodhpur: The Meet.



The Prince with the late Sir Porcup Singh.



The Prince and his first pi



statesman. These are his in full measure and his possession of them was fittingly recognised when he was chosen in 1917 to sit as one of India's representatives on the Imperial War Council and again at the Peace Conference in 1919.

Bikaner is also fortunate in that the Maharaja's son, Maharaj Kumar Sadulsinghji, the heir-apparent, is gifted beyond the average. He is a very popular figure throughout Rajputana. Endowed with an excellent education, and known as a thorough sportsman, he has inherited the great gifts of his illustrious father. The Maharaja's part in the war and the sacrifices which his State made to help to win it are within the recollection of the public. But it is not generally known that his various activities and responsibilities were shared to the full by the Maharaj Kumar on whose capable shoulders, as President of the Bikaner State Legislative Assembly, the brunt of administrative burden now lies. For this task he has been well prepared, for His Highness has taken the wise step, so successfully originated in the Bombay Presidency by the late Nawab Saheb of Palanpur, of initiating the heir-apparent in the affairs of the administration of his State. The Maharaj Kumar has brought a keen and active intelligence to bear on his labours and by his hard work and application to the business and, above all, by his desire to promote the moral and material welfare of the people of Bikaner, has won for himself a regard second only to that in which the Maharaja is held. The Maharaj Kumar accompanied the Maharaja when he went to Europe as the first Indian representative on the Imperial War Council and again at the Peace Conference in 1919 when he signed the Treaty of Versailles as one of India's delegates.

The most impressive of the ceremonies on the morning of the Prince's arrival was that attendant on the visit which the Prince paid to the Maharaja at the old palace within the walls of the Fort. The ceremony itself was held in the Darbar Hall built by the present Maharaja. The hall is beautiful in its simplicity. Built of sandstone, it is free from extraneous ornament. Six pillars, three on each side in high relief, and three rounded arches break the monotony of the rectangle of the building. The doorways along the side, the delicate tracery of the stone screens in front of the galleries, the chastely beautiful carving which is everywhere on the walls and the stained teak ceiling from which lamps hang suspended form an interior of simple beauty, rarely met with in this land of gorgeous ornament.

Singularly impressive was the presentation of the leading Sirdars of the State and the giving of *nazars* in token of fealty. Each of the Sirdars before tendering the sign of homage to His Royal Highness made three

low obeisances of overpowering respectfulness. But even more marked supplé were the aged retainers who distributed the attar and pan to mark the ceremony's termination. All the four bearing the trays of garland and pan and the vessel containing the attar paced slowly along the whole length of the hall, making deep reverences at every fourth step, and when they had discharged their freight they retired walking backward, punctuating their progress with as many obeisances as before.

But the pageantry attained its apogée in the afternoon when His Royal Highness reviewed the Bikaner troops. Close on 2,000 of these paraded in front of the Club piazza. In the golden light of the afternoon, they afforded a glittering spectacle. On our right as we looked towards them were the Sadul Light Infantry which are among the Bikaner Imperial Service troops. In their red and yellow tunics, blue trousers and white gaiters, they made a neat and attractive display. But the distance and the towering forms of their neighbours, the famous Camel Corps, dwarfed them to the size of tin soldiers. The Camelry, monstrous against the sky line, were drawn up in double line and extended for a distance of at least a quarter of a mile. Before the war, there were maintained only some two hundred camel troopers in Bikaner. All went to the front to take part in the desert campaigns. So useful were they found that the whole of the State Service Infantry, and others as well, were drafted into the Corps which finally attained a total of 1,200 and rendered most valuable service. On the day of inspection they paraded five hundred strong. On their flanks were drawn up the Bikaner Cavalry, and beyond was a battery of guns drawn of camels.

When the Prince arrived on the parade ground, the Maharaja gave the signal for a Royal salute and the review commenced. The camels drawn guns quickly passed and were followed by the bottle green uniforms of the Cavalry riding in perfect formation. At an interval behind them stalked the camels. Their passage provided an unimaginably fine spectacle. They kept perfect rhythm to the music of the band. Their crimson trappings nodded to each forward lurch in absolute unison and the swaying troopers mounted on the top, attempting to accommodate the motion of the mounts to the exigencies of a Royal Salute, had the mesmeric and entrancing effect of nodding mandarins. One feels sure that His Royal Highness will make an effort to change the mounts of the Household Cavalry. A parade of Camel Guards in St. James' Park would attract the world.

To witness an Infantry march past after the stately stalking of these gaunt beasts was something of an anti-climax. Yet it must be mentioned that the Infantry swung past with the precision and fine appearance of the Guards Regiment. Nor should the Boys Scouts, a recent innovation in



H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANER, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.F., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., K.C.B., A.D.C., LL.D.

low distances of overpowering respectfulness. But even more marvellous were the aged retainers who distributed the attar and pan to the ceremony's termination. All the four bearing the trays of ghee and pan and the vessel containing the attar paced slowly along the length of the hall, making deep reverences at every fourth step, and they had discharged their freight they retired walking backwards, punctuating their progress with as many obeisances as before.

But the pageantry attained its apogee in the afternoon when His Highness reviewed the Bikaner troops. Close on 2,000 of these paraded in front of the Club piazza. In the golden light of the afternoon afforded a glittering spectacle. On our right as we looked towards the Badli Light Infantry which are among the Bikaner Service troops. In their red and yellow tunics, blue trousers and gaiters, they made a neat and attractive display. But the dominating towering forms of their neighbours, the famous Camel Corps, dwarfed them to the size of tin soldiers. The Camelry, monstrous as they were, were drawn up in double line and extended for a distance of a quarter of a mile. Before the war, there were maintained hundred camel troopers in Bikaner. All went to the front in the desert campaigns. So useful were they found that the State Service Infantry, and others as well, were drafted to the camelry which finally attained a total of 1,200 and rendered noble service. On the day of inspection they paraded five hundred strong. Behind them were drawn up the Bikaner Cavalry, and beyond them the camelry.

Bikaner, be forgotten. They indulged in a little flag-wagging which appeared a trifle to repeat itself, but may have been only an emphasis of a signalled welcome to the Prince, upon which, with that tendency to tortuous evolution which characterises the Scouts, they wound themselves up like the mainspring of a watch and, with astonishing aplomb, reduced themselves again to a single line of boys. In the short time of their existence, they have certainly turned themselves into a very workmanlike company of scouts. An inspection of pensioners and ex-service men numbering at least 1,000 was carried with that thoroughness which characterises all the Prince's relations with former soldiers and concluded the afternoon functions.

The banquet at night and its enhancements were the last of these functions. Worthily it rounded off the tale. Not that one banquet differs much from another. Each is a steady tramp from the lakes of turtle soup at the starting point to the mountains of ico pudding at the destination. Even the embellishments are similar in their differences. There are the same wonderful illumination both of the banquetting hall and of the buildings near the route looking, these latter, like jewelled necklaces in the sky. And the banquet chambers themselves, however they may differ in their architectural aspect, sink their differences beneath the load of the laden tables covered with spotless napery and silver or gold plate.

To dwell on this aspect of the Bikaner banquet were idle. What will make it stick in the memory are the excellent speeches delivered respectively by the Prince and His Highness. The speech in which the latter proposed the health of the Prince was not only instinct with courteous and gracious welcome, but was at the same time full of the soundest political wisdom and the Prince in his reply struck a responsive note.

The serious trains of thought aroused in the minds of many of the guests by this after-dinner oratory were interrupted by an adjournment to one of the other courtyards of the palace. In its midst there glowed a great heap of red hot cinders. Now and again little flames darted up and sank down again. Round it squatted some dozen of hairy fakirs scantily clad and near them, monotonously chanting, were a band of musicians. When His Royal Highness entered the courtyard and approached the fire, the chanting grew in volume and speed and the fakirs, leaping to their feet, began a mad Dervish dance round and over and through the heap of glowing cinders. In an ecstasy of abandonment they whirled ever quicker and quicker and splashed more riotously among the cinders. Oblivious of sense, they vied with each other in their power of kicking the fiery fragments and many, gifted with a more astonishing virtuosity, seized cinders in their hands and clutched them with their teeth as if they were succulent morsels

to be preciously guarded. It seemed that they would go on for ever or at least till their fiery playthings blackened. But a halt was called, and a few of them having donned their saffron robes were brought to the Prince. They grinned as broadly and chattered as fast as if it had been one of the more kindly elements on which they had practised their gyrations.

Scarcely less sensational was the entertainment provided in an upper courtyard of the palace. The lighting of the courtyard, a medley of red, lemon, yellow, amber, deep violet, peacock blue and heliotrope induced that proper sense of awe proper to the imminence of great works and the awe was heightened by the presence on the floor of a faggot made of steel spear points and a structure like the box of a monster honeycomb in which several keen sword blades were set on edge. On these, we were told, a man was to dance. A man did dance, gingerly it is true and with great economy of motion. But there was no mistake about the dancing. He shuffled and moved about on his lethal dancing floors with magnificently affected unconcern (the sweat on his brow betrayed him). How he avoided lacerating his feet to ribbons and staining the white pavement with the crimson of his gore passes one's wit to detect. Perhaps the swords were not as sharp as they make 'em. Perhaps the gentleman was endowed with the skin of a rhinoceros.

Less sensational, but more pleasing, were the dances and songs executed by a company of fifty nautch girls. There was much grace in their movements, much pleasing colour in their garments and a considerable amount of music in their voices. The sentiments they expressed were all honey and graciousness—the conquering hero strain, captor of hearts, and so forth—and all were addressed to the Prince who sat in a balcony above the floor and gave a generous meed of applause to all the performers.

The Prince's stay at Bikaner came to an end on the afternoon of December 6. Quiet and peaceful were the days of the visit. They slid into one another so peacefully that it was hard to say at any given moment in which day of the week we were. Rest and the enjoyment of the crisp invigorating air were our lot. And when the joys of idleness palled, it was always open to us to go about the city and visit the chief repositories of its traditions.

In the Fort we saw pictures and jewels which enshrine each of them a tale worth the telling. We saw rooms which speak of bygone tragedies and comedies, of family feuds and family reconciliations. We saw swords and daggers, pistols and guns, fowling pieces and rifles. And we saw and marvelled at wonderful Ferrara blades, supple as whipcord and tempered so that they could cleave through stone.

The jail too we visited, not, it is true, to examine the effects of confine-



The Procession to the Bikaner Darbar held in the Fort, beneath which extends the plain of Bikaner and the capital city.



A battery of camel-drawn guns.

ment on malefactors, nor yet to discover how justice is tempered with mercy—although, be it noted in passing, the efficiency with which the jail is run is one of Bikaner's chief boasts. We visited it because its inmates are imbued somewhat with the sentiment sung to Althea that "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." For it is unbelievable that craven hangdog convicts could create such fabrics and weave such beautiful coloured patterns into carpets as are produced within the grim walls of the Bikaner jail. Is it justification for the moral idea of prison that free these men created nothing but pain and disaster to their fellow men, confined they embellish the banqueting halls and drawing rooms of palaces with their products?

Meanwhile the Prince, twenty miles or more from the capital of the State, was enjoying the hospitality of His Highness at the Sylvan Retreat of Gujner. For three days, housed in a noble palace on the margin of a wide and beautiful lake, he lived laborious days. Not that he shunned delights. To his vigorous nature, to which strenuous activity is meat and drink, physical labour is its own delight. Every morning he rose with the dawn. He rode, he played tennis, he walked. But the *raison d'être* of a visit to Gujner is none of these things which can be enjoyed anywhere at any time. Nor is it the contemplation of the manner in which nature can sometimes beautifully blossom in a desert.

At Gujner the heart must be hardened and the eye grow keen, for it is the paradise of the shikari. Nowhere in India do the sand grouse throng in such multitudes to drink. Nowhere does that wily and cunning bird the *kunj*, flamboyantly translated demoiselle crane, invite so plainly man's responsive wiliness and cunning. And the wild duck which, giving way to sudden panic, whirr rustlingly over the lake's surface are not to be despised. At all of these the Prince aimed his gun during the three days of his sojourn. Fortune was not always kind. But even on the worst of days, when the birds would insist on aspiring loftily to the heavens, the Prince proved himself the son of his father, one of the best shots with a gun that the moors of Scotland and the *jhils* of India have ever known.

On the last day's shoot, for instance, with an economy of ammunition which was not surpassed by his fellow shikaris, the Prince bagged close on seventy imperial grouse. His proportion of the bag can be easily estimated. There were some twenty-five guns and the total of birds killed was about 1,300.

But competent with the gun as is His Royal Highness, he has never displayed eager enthusiasm for the slaughter of birds. At present his latest and greatest love is polo, and for a few hours he forsook Gujner, motored into the capital and played a few chukkers on the Club ground.

Naturally one was curious to learn on his departure how the Prince impressed the people of Bikaner. I asked a prominent Bikaneri who came into frequent contact with His Royal Highness for his opinion. With every evidence of intense conviction, he said that the Prince made a deeper and more lasting impression on the sirdars and the common people of Bikaner than any previous visitor. With intense, almost filial, devotion, they loved him, and my informer believed the begetter of this deep devotion to be the Prince's inattentive, unfailing and charming courtesy.

"Take," he said "as an example, the ceremonies which attended the visit paid by His Highness to the Prince. You will recall that the chief nobles of the State were all presented to His Royal Highness and offered nazars. All of them made a triple obeisance as they advanced to His Royal Highness' chair. On such occasions in the past, when Viceroys have received on behalf of the King-Emperor the homage of our nobles, they have been content with a single response. Not so the Prince. To each obeisance without fail he replied with a grave and courteous salutation, and it was obvious from the charming boyish hesitation with which he gave the first few salutes, hesitation engendered by a doubt whether he was doing just the right thing, that these salutes were natural and spontaneous."

I may have smiled. At least my informer quickly said, "Such things may seem trivial, even silly, to you. You have a proverb that it is the little things that count. It is a saying in which we believe much more thoroughly than you. Nothing that the Prince could have done has so won the hearts of our sirdars as these unconsidered trifles." And he went away leaving me marvelling at the slender but mighty ties of Empire and devotion.

As the sun rose on the morning of December 7, a kindlier country met our eyes. Instead of the bare expanse only broken by stunted shrubs of the desert plains of Bikaner, we saw through the carriage windows a luxuriant fertility. Trees well grown and of a fresh green colour stippled the countryside or grew in clumps, assuming some of them the dimensions of a small forest. And neat squares of millet and maize exhibited the tender verdure of their young shoots. These impressions of freshness and plenty endured to the station of Bharatpur. There we encountered a familiar scene. Bunting fluttered in the breeze; the station platforms were swept and garnished; the buildings gleamed spotless in the morning sun; carpets, red and white, cut even rectangles in the gravel; the pale blue of the sky dappled by scattered white clouds, and the shadow of plentiful trees formed a background.

Among these were set the Guard of Honour, recalling by its uniform the days of the Crimea, and a little group of officials ready to receive the Prince. In the square outside the station waited the escort. In a land where gorgeous plumage is affected by the military the uniforms of the Bharatpur



The dancing floor in excelsis: a Bikaneri dancing on naked sword blades.



Dusky beauties by the

OLD LEGENDS OF BHARATPUR.

Cavalry are notably gorgeous. But they are outshone, if that be the case, by the brilliant tunics of His Highness' personal Bodyguard, who fail to be impressed by the group of heralds ready with bugles to awaken the echoes.

The verdure and the freshness were the true reflection of Bharatpur is singularly favoured among the States of Rajputana, that uncertain and capricious phenomenon of nature on which the whole of India depends, is good and famines are rare three seasons during the past half-century has there been anything serious failure of the rains. This is little more than a fortunate coincidence. Certainly it cannot be regarded as reward for merit early acquired, not being a specialist in that quality in the days of its youth. As with the Indian States, so with Bharatpur, pleasing legend prevails of its founding. It is narrated of a princely Rajput of the eleventh century that he took unto himself as a concubine a Jat woman by whom he had sons. These were refused admission to the Rajput brotherhood. But he founded a tribe of Jats who became the terror of the countryside as a Robin Hood band, fighting, looting and plundering wherever they went for their profit. These Ishmaelites of the jungle waxed prosperous and in one of their number founded the present State of Bharatpur. Right up to the dissolution of the Moghul Empire the early tradition endured and practices of the Bharatpuris were in consonance with it. Indeed, if you visit the historic spots of the great Gangetic Plain, listens to the expositions of past glories and enquires whither once great and famous treasures have now fled, the answer is always the same—"Bharatpur. They were looted by Bharatpur."

"A band of robbers" is, however, far from summing up the ruler and people of Bharatpur even in its early days. It has had at least one famous ruler—Ranjit Singh. He it was who was the hero of the famous siege of Bharatpur in the early months of 1805. This is no place to go into the reasons why he found himself with an army within the fort of Bharatpur, a British besieging army under Lord Lake pounding away with its guns trying to reduce the fort. Suffice it to say that he withstood all assaults and, by a surrender in April, secured in a measure peace with honour. But it did not last long. Turbulence usurped sway. There were alarms and excursions, usurpers and regencies and countless intrigues. Even within recent memory turbulence endured. Ram Singh, who was installed as ruler in 1893 did not last long, being deprived of all powers two years later "owing to his intemperate habits." The State was administered by a Council until, in 1900 Ram Singh, having in a fit of passion killed one of his private servants at Abu, was deposed.

The present Maharaja is the son of Ram Singh. Born in 1899, he succeeded in 1918. His three years of ruling power have scarcely enabled him to show his mettle. Still young, he has a young man's fondness for field sports and pastimes. Particularly is he devoted to that very modern sport motoring. He is, I believe, himself a competent mechanic and is the possessor of many magnificent motor cars. He has not stopped at motor cars for he has established a school for airmen, has bought several aeroplanes and is now in a position to contribute to the imperial forces many trained pilots and machines. One of these droned and circled high up in the heavens when the Prince arrived at ten o'clock and accompanied the procession all the length of the route, going forward and returning like a tiercer before its master.

The formalities of presentation and inspection of the Guard were quickly performed, upon which the Prince set forth in procession on his two mile drive to the Palace. The route lay through the heart of the bazaar. To give an Indian bazaar the semblance of neatness and cleanliness is to attempt the cleansing of the Augean stables. Still, the bazaar did what it could. The winding, paved roadway had been swept clean, flags concealed much of the buildings' defects, and the merchants, squatting with a few friends within the shadow of their shops, salaamed and smiled and applauded with a grace and courtesy worthy of a palace drawing room.

The narrow tortuous thoroughfare did not permit the assembling of great crowds, but where the route widened for the last mile and a half to the Palace, there the welcome of Bharatpur was encountered in its fulness. School children in battalions cheered shrilly and lustily and waved flags with vigour. At intervals pavilions of lath and canvas, resplendent in all the colours of the rainbow and proclaiming welcome in a dozen illuminated mottoes, sheltered the members of different castes and communities. And a playful note was struck by a company, at least a score of them, of baby elephants, one of which, a youngster barely four feet high, frisked, and gambolled like a kitten with a ball of wool.

The arrangements for the first day included a visit to Deeg. Deeg is the show place of the State. There is to be found the summer palace of the ruler, enclosed within a fort whose ruinous ramparts command a wide prospect of the surrounding country. A little township clusters round it. One road leads to Deeg, a motor road with a surface of surpassing excellence. On the day when the Prince went there, at the wheel of one of the Maharaja's cars, the road was kept by the State police. Woe to any wandering bullock cart which sought to meander on to the carefully preserved roadway! The crows found it better to stay perched on the trees than to seek for imaginary maggots on earth.



LT. COL. H. B. THE MAHARAJA OF BHADRAPUR

And even the minute sparrow was not safe from a shrewdly flung baton and never knew whether he was to be spitted on a bayonet or allowed to depart to the bosom of his family should he alight on the road. They were sensible enough precautions that were taken. For what is the good of possessing sixty horse-power cars if you do not use them as they are intended to be used? I doubt whether any of the several cars that made the journey to Deeg—close on thirty miles—showed less than fifty on the speedometer on the whole journey. A blow-out or a puncture would not have had pleasant consequences. But nothing untoward occurred and thirty-five minutes of rushing wind and a long-drawn wake of dust saw the party safely arrived before the massive fort walls of Deeg.

Inside were terraced gardens. Fountains played. Everywhere there was water or the rushing sound thereof, water not in casks or flasks or cellophane, but springing fresh from the hidden springs of the earth or massive reservoirs. The delicate white beauty of the palace and pavilions fringed wide, tree-encompassed marble terraces. Those who know declare that these buildings, for elegance of design and perfection of workmanship, are surpassed in India only by the Taj Mahal. The time, high noon, was not propitious to fancifulness. But the mind could picture the scene of revelry within the delicate tracery of the marble walls as some long dead ruler of Bharatpur celebrated his victorious return from an assault upon the tottering power of the Moghuls with carousal and rejoicing.

We did not depart unhonoured and unwept. Several fountains, surcharged with emotion, overflowed their containing basins. As we left, there were the makings of half a dozen first class puddles on the garden terraces.

In the afternoon came the comic interlude in the polo. The Prince had played six hearty and vigorous chukkers. Normally it would have ended there, for it was dusk. But one of the players spotted a number of *tats*, the tiniest of ponies imaginable, ready saddled near the polo ground. With a whoop he seized one of these and galloped on to the field whirling a miniature polo stick round his head. His example was quickly followed, and in the twinkling of an eye all the players, including the Prince, were similarly mounted. They presented the funniest sight imaginable. Their feet dangled far below the ponies' bellies. For all the world they looked like Galloway troopers on their Shetland ponies off to raid the fat bourgeois of the plains.

The polo that ensued was delightfully absurd. The ponies did not like it; it was quite a new game to them. They kicked and squirmed and bucked and danced, and some of them ran off with their riders. On one occasion the Prince's mount, having refused to go anywhere near the polo

ball, rushed headlong towards a crowd of spectators and was just stopped on their very edge. A little skilful coaxing on the flanks and a firm hand on the bridle brought him round again and off he set for the centre of the field. The other ponies liked the idea. After him they galloped and round and round they went looking more like a circus every moment and neighing with cheerful idiocy.

At night, after dinner, all the State's most picturesque resources were marshalled for the pageant. We had been promised something unusual even marvellous. The result outdid the promise. Three miles from Bharatpur City, on a wide maidan, the scene for the pageant was set. A huge flattened pyramid, built of beaten earth and scaled by a broad ramp and stairway, accorded seating accommodation for the guests. From there they looked out on the velvety darkness of an Eastern night, faintly illumined by the thin starlight. Nothing struck the vision except a crimson light hung like a great ruby in the sky. A subdued murmurous rumour came up out of the darkness and dimmer shadows moving among the shadows told of the presence of many men and animals.

Suddenly, a word of command, shouted to an unseen military guard, rang out, music burst forth, and we knew that the Prince had arrived. The darkness blazed with light and the dazzled eyes, recovering their vision, saw before them the feathers of the Prince traced in mammoth magnificence on the ground by white electric bulbs. The Prince's motto *Ich Dien* glowed beneath them, each letter in coloured light, mauve, green, red and blue. A tempest of applause swelled and died down as the feathers were blotted out and the darkness supervened. Again it was pierced, this time partially by a soft glow, which came from lamps set beneath the spectators as are the footlights of a stage. A radiance a hundred yards long and some fifty deep was shed by these lamps, and from the outer darkness into the light passed the men, the horses, the elephants and the camels taking part in the pageant.

How shall one describe this rapid succession of brilliant colour and stately grouping? The impression of the lumbering elephants, whose shuffling swaying gait the distance made wildly laughable, had barely been formed ere it was blotted out by the graceful movements of the Cavalry's spirited horses. Darkness had hardly closed on them when a Corps of Mule Transport passed across the light. Then came more elephants, smaller these but looking, for all the beauty of their trappings, exactly like the pantomime donkey. Just thus do the latter's front legs pace cautiously forward; just so gingerly and slack jointed do the inchoate hind legs feel their way.

A moment's pause, and then, solitary, a tiny carriage was drawn slowly into the radiance. To it were harnessed a pair of pied goats, and in it, a

ied splendour, sat the tiny Maharaj Kumar of Bharatpur. horse and foot, carts and wagons, motor cars, a tank, guns, a field kitchen captured from the Germans, and, march-least regard to the strains of their own wild music, a band man's retainers, clasping each on his shoulder a drawn sword, the most convenient to its owner, "the plumed troop, the and the shrill trump, the spirit stirring drum, the ear piercinganner, and all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious e passed before the vision.

last of the processional pageant had had its brief day and its use, and had merged with the shadows, a company of men as beyond with swinging clubs, attached to each of which which winked and glowed as the clubs circled rhythmic- and changed from green to red with each movement green again. And then, stepping into the glow of ed footlights, another company waved flags at us to g. It was then that the rapt mind became aware of rs. As the flags wagged, murmurously there came from the other person the letters of the alphabet. Many were certain e spelling out a benediction on the Prince. At least they said derful night.

ollowing morning the Prince went out after duck. The shoot Keoladeo, which sportsmen will recognise as a name synony-e best duck shooting in India. For once, alas!, there were not and they flew badly. A novel feature of the shoot was the t birds with elephants, which waded into the deep water beyond the ordinary beater and beat up the birds reluctant to move. g was close on two thousand, of which the Prince accounted let it not be forgotten, a single goose.

nce departed at night after a State banquet amid a blaze of





پہلے پھولوں کی فصل

After the duck-shoot at Bharatpur: The Bag.



CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPITAL OF OUDH—LUCKNOW AS A RAILWAY CENTRE—WELCOME FROM THE UNITED PROVINCES—WITH THE STUDENTS OF THE MEDICAL COLLEGE—MUTINY MEMORIES: THE RESIDENCY VISITED—OUDH TALUKDARS' ENTERTAINMENT—THE ALLAHABAD HARTAL—THE MOST SACRED CITY—TEMPLES AND GHATS OF BENARES: A SHINING PANORAMA—THE PRINCE, A GRADUATE OF THE HINDU UNIVERSITY.—(DEC. 9—13).



OR a number of reasons, but chiefly because of the reports which had penetrated the Native States wherein the second stage of the Prince's tour was passed, main interest centred not on the ceremonies attendant on the Prince's arrival in Lucknow, but on the reception accorded him by the people.

Of that rumour had given a picturesque and prophetic account. There was to be a *hartal*, before which all other *hartals* in all other cities should pale to insignificance. The shops, the bazaars, the houses would be closed and shuttered. There would be no movement in the streets. The city would be as a city of the dead. And the Prince, when he came to drive in procession through the streets would drive down long bleak alleys fringed with lines of troops. At best, there would be for sightseers a tiny sprinkling of officials, subordinates, ex-servicemen and others whom Government might be able, with desperate efforts, to collect to grace the occasion. The Prince, rumour told us, would for the first time learn the true sentiments with which an aggrieved people regarded the Imperial Government and its Royal ambassador.

What was the reality? A *hartal* was proclaimed. With assiduous propaganda it was dinned into the ears of the people that if they were to be true to their faith and their motherland, they could only be so by staying away from the ceremonial welcome prepared for the Prince. And the sowers of discord were confident that their pernicious seeds of disloyalty had fallen on grateful fertile soil. The morning's issue must have filled them with disappointment and chagrin.

Out of a population of some quarter of a million there must have been close on a hundred thousand people out on the streets along which the Royal procession passed. They stood in rows, pressing hard against the troops lining the road. They perched upon the house tops, or upon

stationary vehicles. For the first quarter of a mile of the processional route from the station seats in ascending tiers—triple, quadruple and in some cases quintuple tiers—had been built. They were filled to overflowing by eager sightseers. No window of any house on the route but framed a few eager faces, no balcony but glowed with the gala dresses of men and women holding high holiday. All the open spaces were packed with humanity as a barrel with herrings. Only at the Kaiser Bagh did the crowds thin and here, within the gardens, a commanding view was given to many hundreds of people from a monster shamiana raised on a lofty terrace. Where the route swept from the gardens into the main street of the station, the crowds gathered and thickened again. Nor anywhere were evidences of sulkiness or discontent. Gladness and eagerness and joyous chatter prevailed and as the Prince passed in the State carriage, he was met with deep and reverent salaams which spoke respectful loyalty and homage.

Before this signal demonstration of a people's welcome the dignity and the grandeur of the official ceremonies faded rather to the background. Yet these were notable and not least so was the setting of the reception at the Railway Station. By this, one was forcibly reminded that Lucknow is a considerable industrial centre and the headquarters of the Oudh and Rohilkand Railway Company. For the station hall in which the Municipal address was presented to His Royal Highness was decorated not with the flags, the banners, the shields and the devices which properly belong to a military patriotism, but with the products of workshops and handicraftsmen. There were model signal boxes, culverts and crossings, there were rails and sleepers, there was a trolley and, as if appearing from out a tunnel in the wall, there was an engine complete as far back as the steam whistle.

It was altogether fit and proper that the City Fathers should speak their first words of welcome to their Royal visitor amidst surroundings that spoke of the city's daily life. Fittingly, also, it was not alone upon Lucknow's historic traditions that the address which they presented dwelt. It touched upon its modern developments and the schemes of future expansion in which the Municipality were immersed.

When the Prince had replied to the Municipal address, he set out, in a State procession, for Government House, pausing for some minutes at the stately building in the Kaiser Bagh which shelters the deliberations of the Legislative Council of the United Provinces. From the Council he received an address. Significant point was given by the thronging crowds outside the building and the enthusiasm of the people's welcome to that passage in the address in which the President emphasised that the

stationary vehicles. For the first quarter of a mile of the processional route from the station seats in ascending tiers—triple, quadruple and in some cases quintuple tiers—had been built. They were filled to overflowing by eager sightseers. No window of any house on the route but framed a few eager faces, no balcony but glowed with the gala dresses of men and women holding high holiday. All the open spaces were packed with humanity as a barrel with herrings. Only at the Kaiser Bagh did the crowds thin and here, within the gardens, a commanding view was given to many hundreds of people from a monster shamiana raised on a lofty terrace. Where the route swept from the gardens into the main street of the station, the crowds gathered and thickened again. Nor anywhere were evidences of sulkiness or discontent. Gladness and eagerness and joyous chatter prevailed and as the Prince passed in the State carriage, he was met with deep and reverent salaams which spoke respectful loyalty and homage.

Before this signal demonstration of a people's welcome the dignity and the grandeur of the official ceremonies faded rather to the background. Yet these were notable and not least so was the setting of the reception at the Railway Station. By this, one was forcibly reminded that Lucknow is a considerable industrial centre and the headquarters of the Oudh and Rohilkand Railway Company. For the station hall in which the Municipal address was presented to His Royal Highness was decorated not with the flags, the banners, the shields and the devices which properly belong to a military patriotism, but with the products of workshops and handicraftsmen. There were model signal boxes, culverts and crossings, there were rails and sleepers, there was a trolley and, as if appearing from out a tunnel in the wall, there was an engine complete as far back as the steam whistle.

It was altogether fit and proper that the City Fathers should speak their first words of welcome to their Royal visitor amidst surroundings that spoke of the city's daily life. Fittingly, also, it was not alone upon Lucknow's historic traditions that the address which they presented dwelt. It touched upon its modern developments and the schemes of future expansion in which the Municipality were immersed.

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Council stood before His Royal Highness, the elected representatives of more than 45 millions of people, in a country which is the very heart of ancient Hindustan and to-day is one of the most populous provinces in His Imperial Majesty's Dominions. The whole ceremony took little more than a quarter of an hour and at its end the Prince resumed his journey to Government House, passing through crowds of expectant cheering people.

In the afternoon, before a large crowd, the Prince played polo at the Lucknow Gymkhana. The majority of the Indians who attended went to the polo ground on shanks mare, but a fair number took advantage of motor lorries which plied from the city to the ground. These lorries were the outcome of an ingenious notion for countering the non-co-operators propaganda. They were labelled, in English and vernacular, "Come and See the Prince: Conveyance Free," a device which appealed to thrifty souls and weary pedestrians. Seldom were they without a full freight, and it is undoubted that they contributed largely in swelling the crowds, by bringing to the ceremonies in Lucknow many people whose spirit, as far as seeing the Prince was concerned, was willing but whose flesh was weak.

There was a dance at Government House in the evening. It was all that there is of entertainment, excellent music, a beautiful ball-room lit mellowly by the soft glow of inverted ceiling lights, pretty women in as pretty dresses, men in the glory of uniform, and lavish refreshment—Meredith's rustic, who could "eat 'og for a whole hour," could have made no impression on the supply—contributing to an evening's enjoyment which ceased only as the night merged with the morning.

The following afternoon saw the Prince on the race course where a Gymkhana meeting had been arranged. He had expressed a desire to enter a horse (one of his own polo ponies) and, later, to ride. He rode in four races, which is as much as most professional jockeys do at a regular race meeting. And he not only rode, but he rode with outstanding success. Nor can his success be set down to the overwhelming superiority of the horses he rode. In at least one, it is true, he was riding the favourite. But in the first of the races, that in which he brought in Major Campbell's Smiling Morn a winner, there were two other horses which were considered certainties by the cognoscenti. It was indeed a good race. The start was perfect, and it was only a couple of furlongs from home that the Prince's mount and Middleton, the horse which nearly beat him, asserted their superiority. Between these two it was a neck-and-neck race. Both riders near the winning post used the whip. Delirious excitement found vent in shouts of "Go it, Sir! Stick it! Oh! Well-ridden!" and culminated in wild cheering as the Prince passed



The Lucknow military review: H. R. H. riding to his position at the saluting base.



The Lucknow races: the Prince goes out to win.

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before he gave the medal or prize in reward for athletic pre-eminence he shook each heartily by the hand. The Prince concluded with a short speech in reply to an address of welcome read by the Vice-Chancellor of the University, declaring his keen interest in all that pertains to the rising generation within the Empire and dwelling on the significance of sport and athletic contests in the moulding of all that is best in manly character.

At night came the entertainment given by the Talukdars—the landed gentry whose estates and privileges form such a distinctive feature of the land settlement of Oudh. It was held in the Baradari, was attended by thousands of guests, and stood out as a notably brilliant function. The Baradari, a series of wide terraces and colonnaded buildings, whose serrated archways bear the impress of Moghal days, was brilliantly illuminated. The pathways thither were lined with fairy lamps. The building's exterior was limned and festooned in flame. Within was a kaleidoscopic play of light, movement and colour.

The costumes of the hosts and the guests were as various as their wearers. Among the Talukdars cloth of gold, vivid colours, the glitter of costly jewels and aigrets predominated. But there were some who favoured a more sombre garb. Plain black coats were there and not a few squires of broad acres appeared in coats of hoddien grey homespun. All degrees of wealth were to be found. On one seat there was to be seen a land-owner whose wealth is almost fabulous. Not far from him sat a modest squire whose land brought him only a paltry few thousand a month.

Racial characteristics were as distinctive as the dresses or the evidences of wealth: Moslems who might have been courtiers straight from the palace of Shah Jehan, Hindus of the type characteristic of these provinces, grave and dignified Sikhs, and men with a fiercer more aquiline cast of countenance, proclaiming descent from the hill-men of the border—all these, unmixed and unmixing strains, survivals of the constant flow of races into the rich province of Oudh during the bad old days when a strong right arm, a fearless soul and a goodly following were sufficient to gain a man wealth and position.

The Prince, after his arrival at the Baradari, personally met a number of his hosts, with whom he conversed and with whom, at a later hour, he witnessed a display of fireworks which were at least as remarkable for their odours as for their fires.

On Sunday morning the Prince, for the first time since he landed in India, presented colours to an English Regiment. Of all the impressive

ceremonies which time has worked into the fabric of British military traditions, there is none more inspiring, none more charged with significance and none more appealing to the imagination, than this relegation of the tattered old regimental colours to their resting place and the sanctification of the new colours which are to re-embody the regimental traditions. Methods of warfare change. Men no longer confront each other in serried ranks, no longer do they bear before them their banner as a challenge to the enemy and a rallying point in time of stress and confusion for themselves. But, though in present warfare soldiers burrow in the ground like troglodytes, though they scarcely see the enemy in a battle and though, were their Colours carried at the forefront of a charge, they would rather hinder than assist the assault, yet still those acts of reverence and respect paid to them in the past are paid to them in the present and they are now as they were then the symbols of the corporate life and unity of a Regiment.

The Regiment to which His Royal Highness presented Colours at Lucknow was the Third Battalion of the Worcesters. It is a Battalion of recent birth and belongs to this century. It has no hoary traditions, but the history of its life, short though it be, shines with a lustre beyond excelling. One of the "Old Contemptibles," it desperately fought to stem the onrush of the German hordes at Le Cateau. Throughout the long retreat from Mons it dragged itself wearily along, turning fiercely on occasions to smite a too bold pursuit of the enemy. Battered but not broken, it was able to take part in the decisive actions of the Marne and the Aisne. Then in the death trap of the Ypres Salient, it fought through the war's first winter. It left its dead in the marshes of the Somme and hallowed the ridges of Messines with its blood. It knew again the bitterness of reverses and retreats in 1918, but it saw victory crown its labours and its valour and took part in the triumphant final advance.

In the ranks at Lucknow were many war-scarred soldiers and their war honours are counted by the hundred. They made a splendid appearance on parade. They moved as one man in perfect formation, especially when they executed the difficult slow march which characterises the preliminary ceremony of trooping the old Colours in final farewell to them. When the old Colours had been trooped and had passed to the rear escorted by Number 1 Company, the whole Battalion formed in a hollow square and there began perhaps the most impressive part of this impressive ceremony.

Into the middle of the square marched the drummers of the band and piled the drums in a pyramid. Against these, the new Colours unfurled were placed and from in front of the spectators slowly paced the Lord Bishop of Lahore with his Chaplains. Meantime the other troops of the

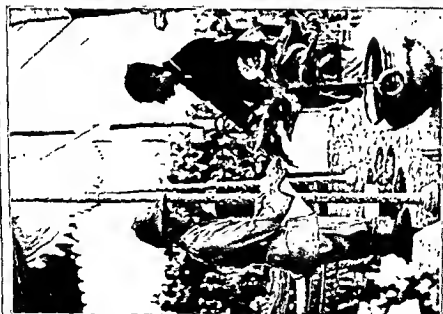
garrison who were on parade had formed up alongside the Worcesters and as a prelude to the consecration of the Colours there swelled from a thousand throats the strains of the hymn "Brightly Gleams Our Banner." A short prayer ensued upon which, laying his hands upon the Colours, the Bishop dedicated them as "a sign of our duty towards our King and country in the sight of God." The hymn "For All The Saints" and the National Anthem followed and when the benediction had been pronounced, His Royal Highness advanced and presented the Colours to the Colour Officers making occasion to address a few words to the Regiment complimenting them on their magnificent war record and thanking them for their service to the Empire. In reply, the Officer Commanding, Colonel Grogan, V.C., thanked His Royal Highness for the honour he had done the Regiment in presenting the new Colours. A march past of the regiment with the Colours in their midst completed the ceremony.

The Prince went on to a parade of pensioners, more than 20,000 of whom were inspected by His Royal Highness. The most interesting figures on parade were an old woman and a man each of whom, the former as a nurse, the latter as a combatant, had taken part in the glorious defence of the Lucknow Residency.

The Residency, hallowed by one of the most heroic events in British Tradition, was visited by His Royal Highness in the afternoon. The trim lawns and gravelled paths, the flowering syringa and the soft murmur of trees moving in the wind, give little clue to the scenes which this place has lived through. Many of the buildings have entirely disappeared. The places where once were redoubts are now marked only by mounds of turf. But the shot-torn walls of the Bailey Guard Gate, the stained old tomb stones in the little cemetery, each with its simple inscription telling of a soldier's passing, or of womanly fortitude only broken by death, and the walls of the Residency itself, crumbling but rugged and massive, over which flies a Union Jack as a token that

"Ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England flew" call vividly to mind the hail of cannon balls, the carnage, the suffering and the heroic endurance of this sixty years' old siege. The Prince marked his visit by sending a wreath for the tomb of Sir Henry Lawrence. Upon the tomb, still clearly decipherable, is the famous epitaph "Here lies Sir Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on his soul."

It is regrettable to have to record the fact that Allahabad failed in its welcome to the Prince. But there is no use blinking the fact that the non-co-operators scored their first success during the tour. True it was a paltry



A successful competitor at the Lucknow Medical College sports



Two survivors of the siege of the Lucknow Residency: Mudlay

ALLAHABAD AND ITS STUDENTS.

success, and in view of the magnificent reception which Lucknow His Royal Highness had only a minor significance.

The population of the City is shown by the last census to be a hundred and fifty thousand. In normal circumstances at least half a population would have been out on the streets. Only a few thousand assembled, and of these the majority were Englishmen and Anglo-Indians, and even where a little skilful management could have secured the age of a crowd worthy of the occasion, someone blundered and was guided exclusiveness issued only a very limited number of invitations.

At the University, for example, where an address of welcome was sent to the Prince, there were only a bare couple of hundred students present. Many hundred others, were anxious to come but not having received invitations, which they thought were absolutely necessary to secure admission, they did not come. The blunder was unfortunate especially because the whole of the proceedings at Allahabad were quite informal.

Indeed, the visit was in the nature of a flying call to settle a long grievance that Allahabad had never before been visited by an heir to the British Throne. The question arises, was the grievance worth redressing? Conversation with one or two Indians in Allahabad informed me that the visit of the Prince was eagerly looked forward to by very many of the City people. Up to the day of the visit, they had expressed their intention to be present on at least one occasion to do honour to the Prince, but the well-known methods of the non-co-operators, whose peaceful persuasion was the merest camouflage for terrorisation and intimidation, and whose non-violence was a synonym for the bludgeon and the *lathi*, had got to work in the meantime and had kept these people away. It was the old story of organised violence prevailing against the disciples of the doctrine "anything for a quiet life."

The Royal train arrived at the wayside station of Prayag (which, by the way, is the ancient name of Allahabad) about 10 o'clock in the morning. The prearranged programme was carried out in its entirety. First His Royal Highness drove to the University where he received an address of welcome. If one can complain of the quantity of the people present to welcome His Royal Highness, there was no mistake about the quality. The cheers from the students, the graduates—there was, it should be noted, an imposing display of these—and the other spectators were as hearty and as vigorous as any he heard. The note of enthusiasm was unmistakable, and it was even more pronounced when His Royal Highness, after being roundly cheered by the students who shouted "week's leave, week's leave," turned first to the Vice-Chancellor and then nodded to the students to signify that the boon had been granted.

On leaving the University, the Prince drove to the High Court where he was received by the Chief Justice and Judges. Practically all the members of the bar were present and had the honour of meeting the Prince. The latter, before leaving, was conducted over the building on a tour of inspection whereupon, amidst cheers, the drive to Government House was resumed. The route lay through the charming tree-embowered Alfred Park.

Here a welcome awaited the Prince which was in striking contrast to the bare sun-baked streets on which small groups were assembled at intervals. School children numbering at least 4,000—one estimated puts the number as high as 5,500—had gathered there and stood armed with flags under banners which indicated the schools to which they belonged. Shrilly and joyfully they cheered, a world of happiness expressed in their faces.

The last function was held in the grounds of Government House where under a *shamiana* the President of the Municipal Board presented an address of welcome to the Prince.

When the official function was over, the Prince left the *shamiana*. He paused, however, at the entrance and said a word or two to one of the Aides-de-Camp who ran back. The Prince, who has an eagle eye for a soldier, had seen several Indian ex-officers among the spectators and had asked that they should be brought to him. Brimming over with delight, these sturdy veterans were conducted to the Prince, were presented to him and were charmed to find that he knew their Regiments and something of their history. Stirring cheers from all those present accompanied His Royal Highness as he walked to Government House.

Curiosity or perhaps some more laudable sentiment was too much for many of the Indian inhabitants of Allahabad. Their fortitude was equal to a morning of *hartal*, but when it came to a whole day, it was quite a different story. Hence the afternoon saw considerable liveliness in the streets of the cantonment. A few groups had gathered at different points on the route to be followed by the Prince from Government House to the polo ground. And the polo ground itself was thronged with several thousands of people who cheered the Prince to the echo when he arrived and also, quite ignoring the difficulties which a man must experience in manipulating at one and the same time a polo pony, a polo stick and an acknowledgment to cheers, they applauded him and cheered him and surrounded him on each one of his entrances to and exits from the ground between the chukkers. The Prince played polo for a couple of hours. In the evening, after a quiet dinner at Government House he left for Benares, a visit to which preceded his journey to Nepal.

It is with a deep and reverent interest that one comes to Benares. A city which from the earliest dawn of mythology has occupied in the

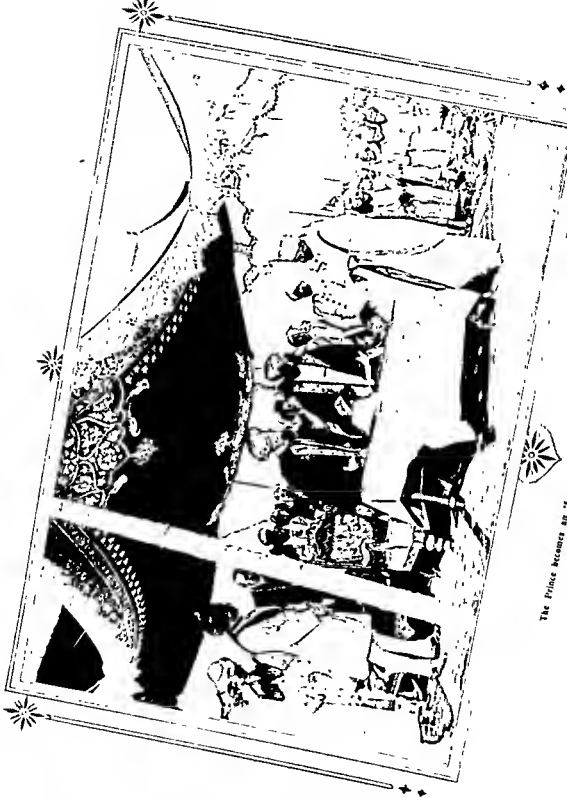
Benares, sag gently to the side threatening every moment to crash headlong to the ground.

To penetrate farther from the river's bank is to offend more than the pride of the eye. Narrow streets—a tall man may span the distance from side to side—twist like a corkscrew. Two steady streams of humanity move along in counter directions. If one pauses there is instant tumult and confusion. A hot smell of humanity beats up into the air to mingle with the scent of decaying marigolds and the odours of much and various food. And underfoot the sacred cattle have aided the mud from the pilgrims' feet in the production of a viscid greasiness which clings lovingly to the shoes and imparts to them the quality of skates on ice. Assuredly it was not in Benares that the proverb "cleanliness is next to godliness" was first written.

In such conditions visits to three temples sufficed. At the end of these I felt satisfied. Also it seemed to me that I had endowed Hinduism and holiness sufficiently—there are still money-changers in the temples. The priests have an insatiable and shameless thirst for bucksheesh and it was a wise pilgrim who remarked that "the priests get the rice and pice; God gets the smell from Benares."

If the Prince had little opportunity of exploring the venerable sanctuaries of Hinduism, he at least did one thing which of itself may be counted of as great a significance as any formal act he performed. That one thing was the opening of the new buildings of the Hindu University and the acceptance of that University's Degree of Doctor of Letters. The University itself is one of the most impressive monuments on the difficult road along which education in India has travelled. It owes its inception to the labours of a band of public-spirited Indians who, convinced that the pace at which Government could supply the growing needs of the youth of India for higher education was not fast enough, decided to found a University without its aid. They succeeded. For some years now the University has been teaching within old buildings in the heart of the city. Besides being the only University in India born of private enterprise, it has the added distinction that it seeks to preserve, and by its special classes in Hindu theology does preserve, much that is best in the ancient Hindu culture.

The growing body of students and the need for more up to date appliances—the University proposes to devote much of its resources to the teaching of science and applied science—made it incumbent on the governing body to find new and more spacious quarters. A site well chosen on the city side of the Ganges in the midst of meadows and trees was selected, and six years ago Lord Hardinge laid the foundation stone. The



The Prince becomes ill

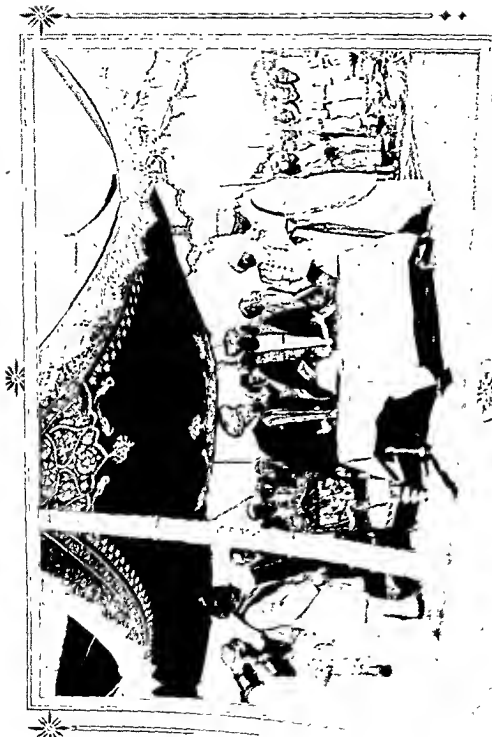
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ST. LOUIS EXHIBIT AT HANNOVER EXHIBITION OF 1904

buildings, three in number, simple in form, with little of ornate embellishment about them and built of a delicately tinted sandstone, stand ready for the occupancy of the thousands of the University's students.

Some three or four thousand people found seating accommodation to view the ceremony of declaring the buildings open. Many more occupied ground adjacent. And all were united in eager enthusiasm which found vent in cheers and applause when His Royal Highness arrived, driven in a silver coach and escorted by the State Cavalry of the Maharaja of Benares. He was received by the Chancellor of the University, His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, and other University dignitaries, and by them was conducted to his place under a crimson and gold canopy. From there His Highness the Chancellor delivered an address in which he dwelt on the aspect of Benares as an age-long centre of religion and culture, and emphasised the appropriateness of setting up in such a place a modern University, concluding by requesting His Royal Highness to declare the University buildings open.

The Prince then replied directing his remarks personally to the students instead of collectively to the University. The charming personal note which he imparted to these passages was in the most felicitous vein. The frequent applause and shouts of agreement with which they were interrupted, coming as they did for the most part from the students themselves, testified to their popularity.

But the applause with which His Royal Highness's speech was received was as nothing compared with the tornado of enthusiasm which burst forth when, having assumed the robe of a Doctor of Letters, he put on the pink turban which is the distinguishing mark of a Pundit of Benares University. In the assumption of that headgear the students and the spectators rightly divined an act of symbolism denoting that, as the Chancellor aptly said, just as the Prince is a Canadian to Canadians and an Australian to Australians so, among Indians, he is, if not in outward form, at least in spirit and sympathies an Indian to Indians.

The Prince was the guest of the Maharaja of Benares during his brief visit. The State over which the latter rules is one of the most recent of creations, having assumed its present form in 1911. But since the early decades of the seventeenth century there have existed independent rajas ruling over the territories adjacent to Benares. Much strife and not a little treachery marked the history of those early times however. There was often conflict with the representatives of the Company and on one occasion Warren Hastings, then Governor-General, went in person to Benares, at the head of a ridiculously small force, to vindicate the authority of the Company. A tumult ensued and Warren Hastings had

to make his escape, the window in a river-side palace whence he escaped into a boat on the Ganges still being a show place for tourists.

Besides his princely territories, the present ruler, His Highness Lieut.-Colonel Maharaja Sir Prahu Narayan Singh Bahadur, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., owns extensive property in British territory, which includes the beautiful Nandesar House near Benares City, where the Prince was lodged. The House is celebrated for, among other things, the exploit of the judge. Mr. Samuel Davies, who, with a spear, single-handed defended himself and his family against a number of insurgents during the outbreak of Wazir Ali in 1799.

The Maharaja himself resides on the opposite bank of the Ganges to that occupied by Benares. The story goes, whether it is true or not, that all the devout Hindus among his retinue keep boats constantly ready to ferry them over to the Benares side of the river should death approach them swiftly. For a Hindu to die on the far bank of the river is tantamount to a Papist dying unshriven—his soul fares straightway to Hell and his subsequent transmigration begins at the lowest beings of the animal kingdom. Let him, on the other hand, die on the Benares bank of the Ganges and all is well with him. His soul is thrice blest, his sins melt into oblivion and he enters straightway into bliss.

But however unfavourably the immortal powers look upon the farther bank, to earthly eyes at least it is pleasing to behold. The long stretch of open undulating country, broken by clumps of trees and the roofs of houses and the glittering white stone of the imposing palace at Ramnagar of the Maharaja have a charm all their own. It was at Ramnagar, whither the Prince went in a motor boat after the University ceremony, that a State luncheon was given. Apparently no provision was made in the palace for large and formal banquets—a tribute perhaps to the austerity of the ruling family; but a banqueting hall was improvised by covering with a canvas roof, elegantly lined with brocade, one of the palace courtyards. Here, amid the splash of fountains and the sound of running water, amid the coolness of overhanging plants and the gorgeousness of blossoms, with magnificently accoutred sentries placed at intervals round the courtyard and the sparkling eye and half-discerned face of some zenana beauty peeping through the purdah of a gallery far overhead, the meal was served. After the meal the guests were free to inspect some of the palace treasures and departed later in the afternoon for Benares. The Prince went down-stream by motor-boat, landing at the ghat near the Dufferin Bridge, a magnificent structure of stone and iron more than two thirds of a mile in length. There was the usual *hartal* in the city. But there were little signs of it in the vast crowds which were on the

river's bank as the Prince's boat passed by. They stood in serried masses on the bank, on the ghats, on the temple terraces. Mothers held up babes towards the river as if invoking a blessing. The men salaamed and waved their hands and triumphant shouts and cheers came wafted over the river into mid-stream. It was in all verity a triumphant progress.

At night the Prince left for Nepal.



CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK IN NEPAL—THRILLING DAYS OF SHIKAR—THE PRINCE'S FIRST TIGER—A CUNNING BEAST—BAGGING A RHINOCEROS—A HOSPITABLE NEPALESE CUSTOM—ANIMALS PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE—THE CAPITAL OF BEHAR AND ORISSA—TWO DAYS' VISIT TO PATNA.—(DEC. 14—23).



WHEN the visit of the Prince of Wales to India was first mooted in 1921, General H. H. Maharaja Sir Chandra Shum Shere Jung, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., asked the British Envoy to Nepal whether a visit there could be included in the programme of the Prince's tour. This being inconvenient, it was suggested that if the Maharaja so desired it he might see the Prince at Bankipore in the middle of February of the following year. The suggestion was acquiesced in by the Maharaja who expected to be at the time in the Nepal Terai close to Bankipore. The proposed meeting did not, however, come off owing to the postponement of the intended tour.

In July, 1921, the British Envoy received instructions from the Government of India to ascertain whether the Maharaja would like to have a visit to the Nepal Terai for an eight days' shoot included in the programme of the Prince's tour which was fixed for the coming winter. His Highness welcomed the idea and, in consultation with the British Envoy, took up the question of fixing the dates for the shoot. The end of January or the beginning of February was proposed, as being in every way most suitable. Unfortunately, these dates could not be squared with the other exigencies of the tour and the week from the 14th to the 21st December was finally fixed upon.

Having regard to the favourable climatic condition of the place at that time of the year, the Maharaja suggested that Patherghatta would be a suitable shooting ground. The news of game there was not, however, altogether reassuring. A shoot with one standing camp at Thori, two miles from the railway station of Bhikna Thori on the Nepal Border, was finally decided upon and arrangements—which had to be hurriedly made owing to the short notice: a year is usually not considered excessive for the preparations necessary to a big shoot in the Terai—were speedily carried through.



MAHARAJA SIR CHANDRA SHUMSHERE JUNG, MAHARAJA RANA, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G.,
G.C.V.O., D.C.L., PRIME MINISTER AND MARSHAL OF NEPAL.

The road, reconstructed for motor traffic against the King's shoot in 1911, was still in existence. The necessary repairs were hurried through as soon as the season permitted. It thus became possible to bring within the scope of *shikar* a very large area of ground by the use of motor cars. Altogether 36 miles of road were repaired within the shooting ground area, which extended roughly 29 miles to the west and 7 miles to the east of the camp.

The Prince arrived on the morning of December 14. I was not a member of the party which accompanied His Royal Highness and have, therefore, no first-hand impressions of the week spent in Nepal. Through the courtesy of several of those who were on the spot, and particularly of Mr. B. G. Ellison, who have placed their note-books, published articles and so on at my disposal, I am in possession of very full information of all that took place during what appears to have been an excellent week of *shikar*.

The Prince was met at Bhikna Thori by the Maharaja and suite, and the British Envoy, Colonel O'Connor. Among the officers, who accompanied the Maharaja may be mentioned the Senior Commanding General Sir Judha Shum Shere Jung, K.C.I.E., General Sir Tej Shum Shere Jung, K.C.I.E., General Mohan Shum Shere Jung, General Sir Baber Shum Shere Jung, G.B.E., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., Lt.-General Singha Shum Shere Jung, Major-General Krishna Sum Shere Jung, Major-General Bishnu Shum Shere Jung, Major-General Shanker Shum Shere Jung, Lt.-Colonel Surya Shum Shere Jung, Mrigendra Shum Shere Jung, Bada Guraju Tarkraj, Major-General Hiranya Shum Shere Jung, Colonel Samar Shum Shere Jung, Colonel Dilli Shum Shere Thapa, Bada Kaji Marichi Man Singh, Lt.-Colonel Man Bahadur Ghaley, Lt.-Colonel Chandra Jung Thapa, and Mir Subha Anstaman. Lt.-General Kaiser Shum Shere Jung, who was at the time superintending the *shikar* operations, was introduced to the Prince later.

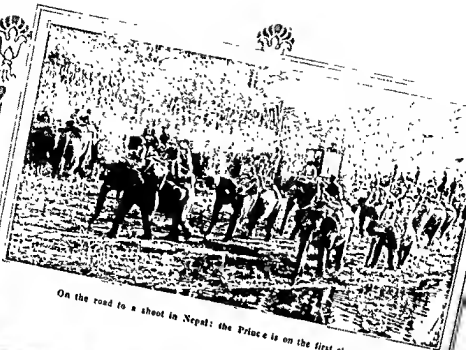
The Prince at once proceeded by car to the camp, stopping on the way to inspect a guard of honour composed of a company of the 1st Rifle Regiment with band and colours. After a few minutes' stay in the camp the Prince went out for *shikar*. According to Mr. Ellison, all the arrangements for the shoot were elaborate and exhaustive. In particular, he was impressed by the very efficient methods adopted for giving prompt and exact information about the movement of game and the kills. "This," he says, "was accomplished by a precise system of signalling, on a scale which I think has never been attempted before on a shoot of this description. The whole arrangement was under the direction of Lieut. Leonard, R.E., who had arrived in Nepal some weeks

previously to put up a system of telephonic communication between the Royal Camp and certain suitable spots, within the forest for a radius of 30 miles. Lieut. Leonard was assisted by a party of English Sappers who, during the period during which they were engaged in putting up the necessary wires and installation, spent a very thrilling fortnight alone in the jungles."

"Considering that these jungles in normal times abound with dangerous game of all description, and that particularly at this period when in preparation for the Royal Shoot there had been a close season for some time, it can be readily understood that Lieut. Leonard and his party had some exciting experiences to recount of the time spent in the Nepal Jungles. One of the receiving field stations was fixed to the trunk of a tree near by my tent and every morning on my visit to the skinning camp I would ring up for news and would be promptly informed as to the whereabouts of the last "Kill" or the location of a tiger 10 or 15 miles away. No rhino was untracked or tiger left to itself. The rhino no sooner began to doze off as the sun grew warm, as is his wont, than the tracker climbing up a neighbouring tree made signs to his mate on the ground who ran off to flash the news by the nearest telephone station"

On the first day the *shikaris* went after tiger. An admirable account of the first day's shoot is contained in Mr. Ellison's diary as follows:— At Bikanthori to-day the camp is aglow with excitement from early morning. I was awakened by the trumpeting of elephants and the shouts of an army of Nepalese attendants. I watched the little Gurkhas passing to and fro near my tent. What a noise these stout little fellows with the Kukris make! Talk is of nothing but the arrival of the Prince and the prospects of the shooting. A very large tiger had been seen and it was hoped that it would fall to the Prince's rifle. Shortly after 9 a.m. a fanfare of bugles announces the arrival of the Prince. The Nepalese Guard present arms and the Royal Car sweeps into the camp followed by the cars of his suite. The Prince steps out, looking remarkably well and boyish in light khaki Jodhpur breeches, shooting coat, and Sambhar leather shoes. A few minutes were spent in introductions. Then off we all go in the cars to the shooting beat. This is quite near the camp, at a place called Sarasvati Khola.

We get out of the cars and mount the pad elephants which take us to the line of elephants, with howdahs, in position by the river bed. His Royal Highness mounts into his howdah which, by the way, is the same as was used by his father when he last shot in Nepal. The rest of the party are the Earl of Cromer, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Col. Worgan, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Capt. the Hon'ble Piers Legh and the



On the road to a shoot in Nepal: the Prince is on the first elephant.



After the "kill."

Hon'ble Bruce Ogilvy and myself. Everybody is expectant though nothing happens for sometime. On the other side of the huge river bed, now reduced to a narrow stream, stretches the jungle for mile on mile. It is very hot, the elephants are impatient and every now and then one of them gives utterance to restless trumpeting. Suddenly there is a movement on the left hand side of the line and General Kaiser, the Master of Ceremonies, who had organised all the Shikar arrangements in connection with the shoots, rides in on a fast trotting pad elephant with news of a tiger and off we start.

The elephants move forward with their wierd lumbering gait. H. R. H. leads the procession: followed immediately by the party and then an army of pad elephants, and still more pad elephants to be used in case of accidents. Ponderously the line proceeds through the dense jungle, crossing many a placid stream, and emerging at times from the cool shade of the giant trees into some glade where the sun beat hot and fierce, only to plunge again into the cool depths of the evergreen jungle. One is instinctively impressed with the calm and twilit grandeur of these gigantic forests. Within their depths all is stillness and no movement is discernible. There is nothing to break the monotonous tread of the elephants save an occasional burst of drumming from cicadas whose shrill music subsides as quickly as it rises. Suddenly there is a stir in the line.

All the elephants begin to close up, shoulder to shoulder, and the great beasts stand to form the ring. All is expectancy: there is an outburst of shouting from the beaters; out rushes a deer and escapes terrified into the jungle shortly followed by another and another. Then the real thing happens and there is a cry 'Bagh, Bagh' from the beaters. The tiger at last! A glimpse of a yellowish form is seen in the long grass for the space of a few seconds and is at once lost to view. Once again it is seen behind a tree trunk. Closer advance the beaters, the tiger charges out, but he is a wary beast and seems to know intuitively where the guns are posted and gives them a wide berth. Again and again he is driven out only to seek cover in the long grass away from the guns. A Shikari climbs a tree and pelts him with stones. The manoeuvre succeeds, and once again we get a half length view of 'stripes' as he makes a spring at his tormentor in the tree top. The ring closes in upon him, but with a roar he dives into the long grass; another roar and he shows himself quite near the Royal howdah. A moment's suspense and H. R. H. fires and a second afterwards two more shots ring out. The Prince has hit.

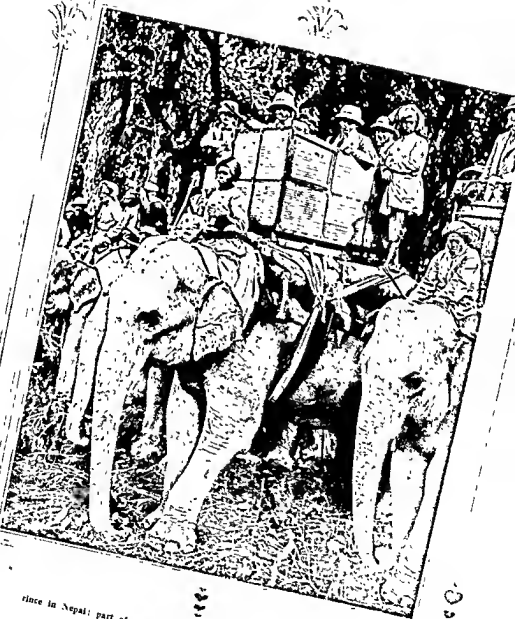
The tiger though mortally wounded has plenty of go in him and

charges to the opposite side and is buried once more in the heavy cover. The ring closes in: a shot rings out: and the tiger rolls over dead. I descend from my howdah and measure him. It was a striking scene this great circle of sportsmen, beaters, mahouts and elephants, waiting in silence while the measuring was done. The tiger taped 9 feet. He was a royal beast and looked splendid when I saw him later stretched out for the Prince's inspection near the great log fire in the Royal Camp. In the evening we had news of three more tigers having been shot by another party who had gone farther afield. There appears to have been much excitement, and no little risk, experienced on the occasion, as several of the party were filled more with zeal than with experience of tiger shooting, guns were pointed in all directions and the poor tigers eventually succumbed to a perfect fusillade of bullets. One of the members of the party contributes the following description of the exciting episode:

"The tigress came out straight towards my elephant, but turned very quickly to its own right, and I fired just as it turned back into the jungle. I hit it on the near quarter, and broke its hind leg with the first barrel. The second barrel I fired as it was disappearing in the jungle and from what we found afterwards apparently hit it on the tip of the tail! There was a great difficulty in stirring the tigress out again from the jungle, so we went in on our elephants when she suddenly came out and charged the elephant P. was on, which turned round so quickly that P. sat down on his topi and squashed it flat. The tigress was finished off, I think, by H. but I am not quite certain."

The second day was devoted to rhinoceros. It would be tedious to give a narration of the achievements of each day. I will content myself therefore with giving Mr. Ellison's account of the first rhino shoot. We did not, says Mr. Ellison, get off till 10 a.m. as there were several delays. Even after a start had been made there was a stoppage caused through a huge lorry breaking down on the very steep hill leading up to the entrance of the camp. None of the cars could get past the obstacle and there was nothing for it but to get out and push, and H. R. H. was the foremost of all in helping. At last we were all speeding along bumpy over the forest road that had been specially constructed for the purpose of the shoots. The first part of the journey was through a dense piece of jungle. One realised how difficult a task a hunter would have in locating his quarry to bag in a forest of this description. This is one of the main reasons why the "ringing" method of hunting tigers is practised in Nepal.

The dense jungle found in the foot hills of the Terai must be seen to



since in Nepal; part of the ring of elephants after the first tiger had been shot.

be appreciated. Massive elephant grass up to 20 feet in height, and so thick as to almost obscure the elephant from the view of the howdah occupants in his passage through it. Often it is not possible even to see the next elephant though it is only a few yards away. Our destination this morning is Thoba, a run of 20 miles by motor. The road led for the most part of the way through the cool depths of the forest till the vicinity of Thoba was reached. Here the country was open with fields of yellow mustard on either hand. The *machans* erected in their midst told of the eternal warfare waged by the ryot against the jungle denizens.

At the 22nd milestone we leave the cars to mount the pad elephants. Besides H. R. H. the party includes Lord Cromer, Admiral Halsey, Col. Worgan, Capt. Ogilvy, Lord Louis Mountbatten, and myself. H. R. H. looked rather tired, as even after yesterday's long journey and long shoot, he had been playing polo at 6 a.m. Before arriving at the spot where the ring was formed it transpired that a tiger had broken back. Shortly afterwards the elephant on which the Prince was riding got bogged in crossing a stream and H. R. H. transferred to an ordinary pad elephant. The sight of a line of elephants crossing a stream is always impressive. I call to mind as I write, the stately array of elephants crossing the Thute river at sunset, the great grey beasts plunging through the swirling water, the red light of the setting sun, and the dark forest background, all combined to make an impressive and unforgettable picture.

One quickly gets accustomed to elephants as a means of transport. A pad elephant is generally the most comfortable and certainly the best as far as celerity goes, though possibly not the safest, as in the case of a charging tiger the man on the pad takes his chance of being mauled. All honour to the plucky mahouts who guide these great beasts, sticking gamely to their posts often in moments of extreme danger. Many have paid with their lives for their coolness and daring. In fact one of the brave fellows was killed on a pad elephant a few days after the Prince's departure. The occupant of a howdah is practically safe from the onslaught of a charging tiger, but there is one risk which is always present in shooting from an elephant in heavy forest and that is the possibility of the elephant taking fright, and bolting when mahout, howdah and occupants stand a very good chance of being swept away in the headlong rush of the beast through the jungle.

To return to what happened. The party arrived at the spot where the shooting was to take place at 1 p.m. and an adjournment for lunch was agreed to with general acclaim. Several rhinos had been seen in the swamp in close proximity and the chances of a good afternoon's sport seemed assured. After lunch we mounted our elephants and it was not

long before a rhino was discerned in thick grass cover. H. R. H. whose position was rather disadvantageous, since he could scarcely see the animal from where he was, fired. Lord Louis Mountbatten fired. Immediately afterwards the rhino made off. A prolonged search was made for the beast.

The blood-spattered leaves and grass showed clearly that the bullet had found its mark, but it was not till many days later that the beast was picked up dead. It was then too decomposed for preservation, but the skull and horn were recovered. It proved to be the best of all the rhino heads obtained in Nepal during the present shoot. A second rhino wounded on this day, by Capt. Dudley North, was picked up later under similar circumstances. As we blundered through the dense forest in search of the wounded rhino one could not help thinking of what would have been the effect on our ranks, if a rhino took it into his head to charge, bunched up as we were at the moment. The consequences would have been rather disconcerting as the resultant stampede would not exactly have been a pleasant experience.

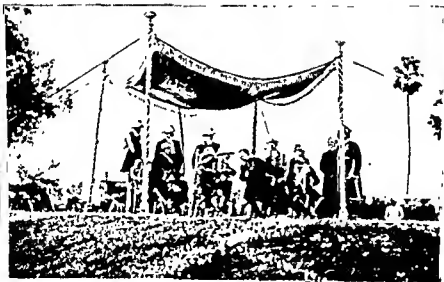
Just before the search was abandoned a tiger was seen, a ring was immediately formed and the animal was soon accounted for. H. R. H. fired at the beast but missed. The tiger took cover, but immediately reappeared giving Sir Godfrey Thomas a broadside shot at close range.

Shortly afterwards H. R. H. returned to camp, but certain enthusiasts remained till dark without any results beyond a rather exciting five minutes with a pig. In the fading light an animal was discovered moving in the bushes. Everybody thought it was a panther or a tiger and a ring was formed. Whatever it was, it took a great deal of dislodging, but at last with a protesting squeal out rushed a much harassed and disgruntled porker which promptly dodged through the lines of elephants and vanished into the jungle.

On all other days of the visit there were shoots, either of big game or of small game. There was no shooting on Sunday, but on the afternoon of that day a pleasant function took place in the distribution of gifts and mementoes from the Maharaja to his guests. Among these were a number of beautiful silver-mounted kukris which were presented to various members of the party, a fitting memento of their days in Nepal. According to time-honoured custom H. R. H. was the recipient of a number of live animals and birds. Among the animals was the famous 'unicorn' sheep of Nepal. These are normally two horned. When quite young, the horns are bound closely together so that they grow up in contact with one another giving them the desired "unicorn" effect. The birds included a very fine series of pheasants. After being inspected by



Receiving the ruling chiefs of Bihar and Orissa at Patna.



At the Patna garden party.

between the English and the Padishas of Delhi for the lordship of Northern India.

In common with other cities, it bore the full force of the Hun invasion of the sixth century, which effected its complete destruction. But it emerged from its obscurity and rose to something of its former brilliant splendour under the Mahomedan Emperor, Sher Shah, who made it his provincial capital, and finally attained the zenith of its magnificence under the grandson of Aurungzeb, who named the city Azimabad after himself. Time and again it heard the roll of the war drum and suffered constant attacks from the Mahrattas and the Afghans, whose pleasant habits in warfare are still subjects for local legend.

The city which is the modern outcome of these vicissitudes and the inheritor of these traditions, extended a goodly welcome to the Prince. We were met before arrival by the usual rumours; there was to be a *hartal*; there would be few people out on the streets to see H. R. H.; the welcome would be coldly official. It is true there was a *hartal*, or rather a *hartal* was proclaimed, but though the lie to its claims was not given with the same forceful vehemence as in Lucknow, yet the results which ensued on the proclamation of a *hartal* in Allahabad were entirely lacking. There were many people about. The route of the Royal procession was, indeed, almost bare, but that is not surprising when it is recalled that the main clustering of habitation is many miles from the chief theatres of the day's functions. What was surprising, in view of the rumours, and supremely gratifying as well, was the large number of people who had gathered on and round the maidan stadium prepared for the *darbar*, which was held in the morning.

Some five or six thousand of these, for the most part invited guests, and among them, be it noted, many of the university students, were accommodated beneath a semi-circular awning supported on a forest of venetian masts. But all round this awning, on spreading embankments of beaten earth, thronged many thousand more of lesser folk. Their raiment was humble, but the eager happiness of their faces and the spontaneity of their cheers comprised a welcome worth all the gorgeous trappings of the ceremonial put together.

They were not content with the glimpse they had of the Prince listening to, and replying to the formal address of welcome. At the earliest opportunity, as soon indeed as the procession had set forth from the maidan on its return journey to Government House, the crowd broke from the containing ranks of sepoy and rushed to the nearest vantage ground, whence they might get a last glimpse of the Prince on his departure. Some few indeed, youthful and fleet of foot, set forth in pursuit of the

procession, hoping to catch it up and get in a last extra round of cheering. I do not know whether they succeeded in their laudable object. My route lay elsewhither. But they were still plugging along, gaining slightly on the rear ranks of the cavalry, as my car turned a corner.

The ceremony, which was the occasion of this outburst of enthusiasm, differed little from those which characterised other arrivals. Certainly it yielded to none in the magnificence of the accompaniments, particularly in the architectural glories, in which regard, as one looked at the dazzling elegance of the pavilion which housed the Prince during the ceremony, one felt it a pity that a few days would see its cupola back in the timber yard and its staircases perhaps used to grill the matutinal bacon. Many another building has been given perpetuity in stone and mortar, which deserved it far less than this. One's greatest regret, to which the Prince himself gave fitting expression, was that Lord Sinha had been compelled by ill health to relinquish the post he had filled so admirably, and did not preside over the Patna welcome.

At night there was a reception at Government House. The Prince stood on the landing of the Grand Staircase with His Excellency the Governor and shook hands with about a thousand guests before supper. On the following morning the Prince was present at a review of police held on the polo ground, inspecting also a contingent of Indian officers and a parade of boy scouts. Later he received in audience the feudatory chiefs of Behar and Orissa who included the Chiefs of Vharaswan, Hindol, Talchar, Bonai, Gangpur, Rairakhol, Sonapur, Kalakandi and Patna. At night the Prince departed quietly for Calcutta.







H. E. THE EARL OF RONALDSMAY, G.C.B., GOVERNOR OF BENGAL, 1917-22.

Even past the outskirts and on arrival at the city's threshold there is only a faint improvement. The grime persists. The waters of the Hooghly are not blue but black. On the surface floats a viscid scum, iridescent in the sun's rays. The river bears great vessels on its bosom, but the grimy barges by their sides, the dust of coal rising in the air, the laden baskets of the howling coolies and the din and racket of donkey engines tear in shreds any notion of beauty which the outlines of the vessels might have begotten.

Across the river there is little of the *grand seigneur* of cities to be met with. One is still in meagre streets where tram lines seem to engulf the narrow space and the eternal bullock cart struggles grimly for a footing; where the traffic piles itself up in apparently inextricable congestion; where the policemen wrangle incessantly with refractory jehus; and noise vies with dirt to astound the senses.

Not till one reaches Clive Street does a sense of being in a metropolis invade one. Here at least one cannot escape the impression of a city of palaces. For here it is "where the merchant deals in indigo and tea," and where he has honoured his calling with noble temples of stone and mortar. Here are banks built of stone which in its spotlessness proclaims the white bloom of blameless life and sound finance. Here are lofty suites of mercantile offices which, by the aloof dignity of their mien, scorn the belief that there is aught so full of pride and worthy of worship as a life dedicated to the buying and selling of goods for human consumption. And here also are discreet blocks of buildings wherein sit the spiders of the Law, inviting into their sumptuous parlours the unwary human fly and promising—oh! such discretion, such reticence, such tact, such diplomacy, in short, the last nuance of delicacy in the intricate processes of litigation.

But it is only when one has reached the Maidan that the greatest attraction of this city is revealed. The great stretch of turf, the roads by which it is intersected and the wide thoroughfare of Chowringhee, which flanks it for miles, are the very soul and glory of Calcutta. Few cities of the Empire can offer such an expanse of green turf for the enjoyment of their populace. And there can be few thoroughfares in any city whatsoever that have a greater charm for the loiterer than Chowringhee in the cold weather. To stand at the northern end of the Maidan is to enjoy a sight such as is vouchsafed by no other city in Asia.

Before the eyes there stretches illimitably yellow and brown and white architecture. The bricks and stucco and stone which front the Maidan seldom sink lower than a three-storey house or a private hotel, and continually rise to the height of some cumbrous gilt-lettered caravan-

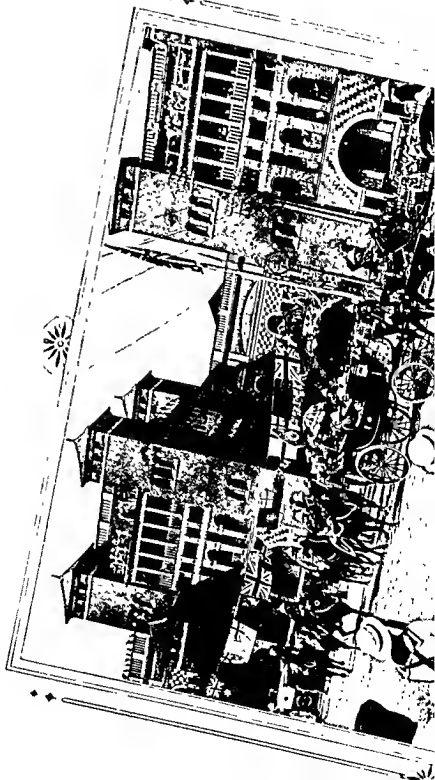
serai or imposing club. At intervals it rises sheer into the skies, where some vast emporium ministering to all the needs of man, or a towering block of flats, sends pinnacles to lose themselves among the pearly clouds. Bow windows bulge forward as if eager to miss not the least glimpse of the prospect that fronts them, exhibiting, many of them, the apparatus and menials of gourmandise.

The eye, following the interminable, irregular horizontal lines of the architecture, is foiled in the far distance, and still farther off, after a break of indistinguishable greys and browns, catches again the receding run of the roofs, simplified into featureless rectangles of grey, and melting into the misty sapphire of the sky. The air is full of the noise of motor engines and horns, the trot of horses, and the roll of swift wheels. The soft patter of bare soles on the pavement mingles with the firmer fall of elegantly shod feet.

Amid the crowd a beggar moves, slowly uttering the hopeless whine of the mendicant, experienced and hardened. Street hawkers thrust foolish toys under one's nose, or set them spinning on the pavement, while half-clad infants skim before the wind, yelling indistinguishable words, in search of a vehicle for some chance patron. And in the broad street's middle tall policemen, made taller by their towering red headgear, stand in elegant attitudes of indifference, directing the traffic and giving, as it were, their official benediction to the scene.

Even greater is the fascination which the scene holds at night. With nightfall, the noise and volume of the traffic waxes. The rising wind gathers strength and strikes keenly on the cheek. Women in cars and carriages draw furs closely around them, and men don great coats. In the profound violet sky to the east stars shine dimly, but to the west silver and gold tarry long, yielding reluctantly to the conquering advance of darkness.

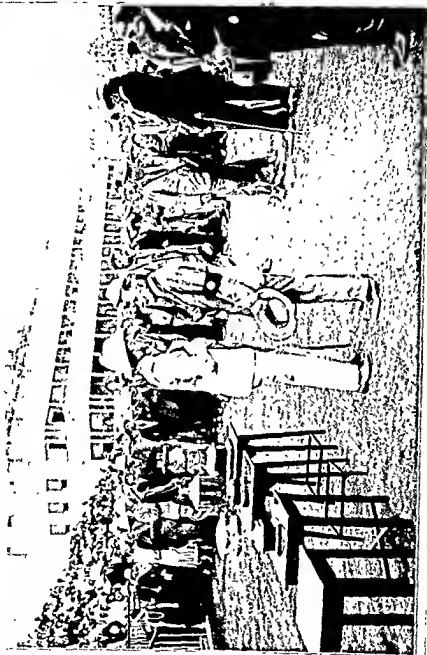
The twinkle of lights appears on the rampart of buildings, first at rare intervals and then in thick festoons. Suddenly, fire runs along the edge of the promenade, as the arc lamps on the Maidan's edge leap into a simultaneous glow until the whole map of it is drawn out in flame. Everywhere is chatter and laughter. Everywhere the murmurous movement of pleasure-seekers. And always the night air is drenched with the smell of petrol and the odours of confectionery and soup escaping from the restaurants and hotels. In every resort of fashion and beauty costly jewels glitter, and frocks, whose cost is in inverse relation to their quantity, adorn glowing daughters of Eve. The vast hotels are thronged with business men from all parts of the world, intent on schemes which would have taxed the treasures of Croesus to finance them, while, at the race-course,



within Calcutta that Government was compelled, after days of the extreme tolerance, to put the law in operation against the men and misguided youths whose immediate aim was the subversion of all authority. These measures so excited consternation among the moderate section of Indian politicians that they petitioned the Viceroy for the summoning of a round table conference with a view to bettering the situation. And none is ignorant of the dubious result of this petition. The arch-priest of non-cooperation, while welcoming any movement which had as its object the conciliation of bitterness, refused to give the evidence of his sincerity by calling off the *hartal* proclaimed for the day of the Prince's arrival. "The Prince," he said, "is the guest of the bureaucracy. The *hartal* must go on." And then he suavely declared that there had never been any moral movement in history in which there was not intimidation and coercion on the part of its adherents and zealots—a proposition which to a student of history is simply staggering.

But let that pass. In pursuance of the fiat of their chief the non-cooperators in Calcutta worked with a united fervour which in a better cause would have excited the admiration of all. They did not scruple to use the meanest forms of intimation. A common form of threat used against men who, they supposed, would appear to welcome the Prince was that they would beat their wives and children if they so much as stirred out of doors during the proscribed hours. Even more dastardly was their appeal to religious sentiment. They declared that whoever should not observe *hartal* he would on the day of his death be cast to the offal kites and his body be refused the offices of the dead, a threat more awful and potent than the threat of ex-communication to a devout Catholic of the middle ages. And even the steps which Government took to obviate the worst effects of this intimidation, the calling out for all night service of the Civil Guard and the wholesale arrests made on December 23, did little to remove the certainty that the extremists would prevail and that they would succeed in their intention of offering insult to the Prince.

So it was that on Christmas Eve many of the people of Calcutta awoke to an atmosphere of inspissated gloom. They thought of the numbers of people who under any circumstances would show their respect for the Royal Family. They thought of the two and a half miles of the route from Howrah to Government House. They thought of the thin line of humanity which those numbers would make when strung out along the route. And they could not but conclude that the welcome accorded to the Prince would be colder than the loftiest snows of Everest. And the omens in the early hours of the morning favoured such a picture. As I drove to Howrah Station, there were no indications of the formation of a crowd




On the Calcutta Race-course: the Prince talking to Mr. Gaisman whose horse won the Prince's Cup.

worthy of the London of the East. There were troops along the route. There were policemen each at his station. The verandahs of hotels, offices and bungalows were sprinkled with Europeans and Anglo-Indians. A few heads, dwindled to pin points by the distance, leaned over lofty roofs. But except for these, the streets were lamentably bare of the common people of the city. It was a pitiful display such as must have made Job Charnock turn in his grave.

Nor could the cheery spectacle which the station at Howrah presented do much to relieve the atmosphere of depression. The gay flags, the red carpets, the hunting, the indiscriminate cheering of the few carefully marshalled hundreds at the station, the movement and the colour of the troops of the escorts, the noise of the motor cars and the gorgeous uniforms of their occupants, and the air of importance which was worn by all within and without the station, only served by contrast to emphasise the chill austerity of the outer regions. It seemed but an additional evil omen when the Royal train arrived that someone had blundered, and that when the engine drew up, the carriage in which was the Prince was a good twenty yards away from its destined stopping place, and the cheers which greeted His Royal Highness as he alighted, and again as he emerged from the station, though there was no doubt as to their heartiness, seemed the last word in irony when compared in anticipation with the imminent silence of the immediately future greeting.

But in the interval before the Royal procession set out from Howrah Station miracles had accomplished themselves. The streets had filled as if a monstrous reservoir had poured itself into them. At the bathing ghats on the city bank of the Hooghly were assembled many hundreds of Bengalees. To see Indians bathing in the Hooghly is the commonest sight in Calcutta. But to see them on the ghats clustered till there is barely room for a single small child and intent each one not on the morning immersion of holiness but on what is toward in the streets above is at least unusual. It is more than unusual when one finds Harrison Road, that focus of unrest and turbulence, packed for two hundred yards of its length with thousands of Indians. Many, perhaps most of them, were non-co-operators bent on insult. But not so their front ranks, and not so the thousands who crowded the foot-path on the shady side of Strand Road. Above them the narrow rickety verandahs of the toppling houses and the crazy windows threatened every moment to give way beneath the weight of humanity they supported.

But impressive as was this spectacle, it was as nothing when compared with the great crowds to be met within and around  Square. I for one had a most convincing experience of their

Prevented by the formation of the procession from following the Prince further than the north end of the square, I proceeded to walk along the pavement to Government House. Walk? Crawl were the better term. For it is seldom that I have had to make my way through such an eager, jostling, pushing, hustling, good-natured crowd. And for every European I met there were fifty Indians, whom the bare black polls and the coloured shawls proclaimed Bengalees to a man. And long after the Prince had disappeared from the view of the public into the hospitable interior of Government House crowds gathered round the entrances of the grounds, and their members pointed out to each other just where and how the Prince had stood and just when and whence he had entered the house. And they stood and discussed him for many minutes.

In the afternoon the Prince drove from Government House to attend the races. There were crowds on the streets to see him pass, and not least on the Red Road which had been converted into a beautiful pillard avenue. Indeed, here were to be seen the most striking and individual of the city decorations. The work of decorating the roads near the Maidan—the Red Road and the Casuarina Avenue—had been entrusted to the Principal of the Calcutta School of Art, Mr. Percy Brown. Art and ingenuity were both displayed in the scheme of decoration adopted. The main idea was to convert the route into a columned way, using each of the pillars erected as supports for coloured embellishments. At each end of the route were erected large pylons each surmounted by a salaaming elephant, the sides hung with the Royal Arms and other attributes. Below, resting on a ledge as if placed for homage, were shields bearing the coats of arms of the Ruling Princes of Bengal and its contingent States. Above, on each face, was a large inscription in golden letters in one of the languages of the country, including a couplet in Sanskrit, and a quotation from the Diwani Hafiz, each expressive of goodwill and untold blessings to the honoured guest. Draperies in the form of festoons completed the effect of these brightly coloured but dignified entrances and exits to the route.

The *pièce de résistance* of the scheme was in the centre of the route where a number of roads converge to join the Dufferin Circle. Around this a series of double Ionic pillars was placed surmounted with a cornice bearing the Star of India. Over this again was a model of a large kneeling elephant supporting on his broad back either a Royal Crown, an Orb, a ship representing the port, or some similar symbol. Below, suspended from gold lion's heads, were large tablets on each of which in high relief were also inscriptions in the various vernaculars welcoming the Prince to Calcutta. On the single pillars lining the entire

road at intervals of 20 yds., were finials of, Ostrich feathers, Swastika, horseshoe and crown and other appropriate emblems. Below were smaller devices of crossed chowries for loyalty, a *suraj mukh* or sun face and other gaily coloured devices. At the side were gold makaras, the symbol of the Ganges and from these were suspended streamers of many colours, the whole producing a very arresting effect.

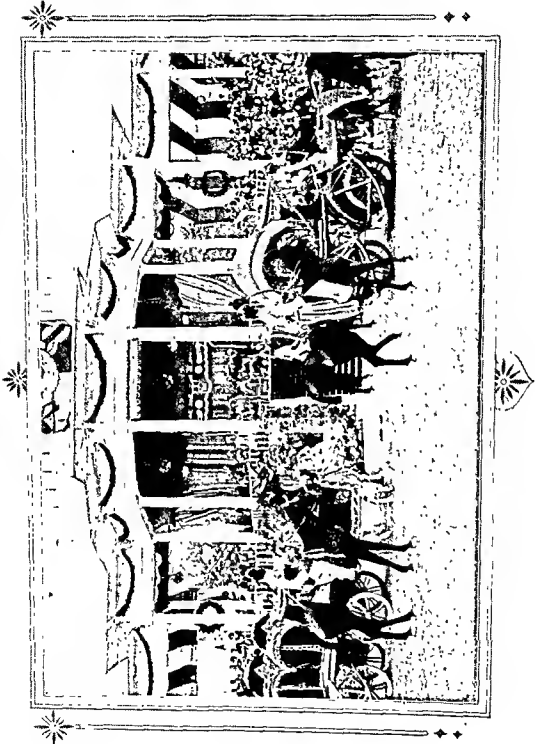
To say there were crowds at the race course is to give a faint idea of the thronging multitudes which had gathered there. Now it is no light thing that distracts a racing crowd from the business of the day, which is, obviously, following the fortunes of the favourite or outsider one has decided to back. There is, usually, no place in the world where one may see greater singleness of purpose and intenser concentration than on a race course. But on the afternoon when the Prince attended it seemed sometimes that the punters and the charming ladies who bore them company cared not a jot though the horse whose fate determined the fate of a month's pay should fall down or should refuse to start or should eat his brethren. All eyes were concentrated on the Prince. Indeed, there was something a little pathetic about the way in which the occupants of the first enclosure, which adjoins that of the members, rushed to the railing, especially the ladies, that they might keep their eyes fixed on the Prince. A new chapter on the "hero as Prince" might have been written from observing the hero-worshipping crowd that afternoon.

Christmas Day was spent quietly, the Prince attending a special service at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's. On Monday the chief event was the Races and of these the race for the Viceroy's Cup. Viceroy's Cup Day is always one of the major events of the Calcutta Season. Among the great crowds that gather at the race course there is a never ending procession of the races of mankind. Respectability rubs shoulders with rascality and wealth with poverty. For a few hours the course becomes the confluence of innumerable streams of Eastern humanity, a source of never-failing interest. But when there is present a Royal Prince, interest is heightened immeasurably. Then it is that woman has her field day. In the smooth green lawns and the spreading trees of the race course enclosures, in the dazzling light of the afternoon, she finds the most admirable of backgrounds for a display of finery. And she does not let the occasion slip. But on this afternoon she determined that the best that the Calcutta *tapisseries* could produce was only just good enough for His Royal Highness, and the effect of her determination was stupendous. Not even Ascot could have bettered the stunning toilettes which were seen in the paddocks. Every colour and shade, every tone and half tone, matched and contrasted with each other in the frocks and saris of the Eng-

lish and Indian lodges. And it was beauty decked with beauty. For even if Longchamps or Ascot could display more wonderful dresses, they might not equal and certainly could not surpass this galaxy of female beauty of form and face. In such matters mere man is hopelessly outclassed. Yet he did the best that convention allows him and with spats and beautifully creased trousers and morning coats and tall hats he dotted the I's and crossed the T's of an unique occasion. This is the more glittering facet of the welcome given the Prince. It may not have been the more significant. That, probably, was created by the multitudinous reception His Royal Highness received from the far humbler crowds outside the inner rails of the course. Competent witnesses declare that on no former Cup Days have they seen such numbers crowding the inner rails, nor such excitement and enthusiasm among them. A strong force of police was hord put to it to preserve coherent order among the throng, which in its eagerness to obtain the closest possible view of the Royal Box and its occupant, was ever pressing nearer upon and invading forbidden ground. The vast waste expanse enclosed by the race course rails was like nothing more than Hyde Park on the occasion of a mammoth demonstration and when His Royal Highness, driving in State, appeared on the course, hundreds, indeed thousands, of these people rushed from their places opposite the stands to the five furlong post, whence they kept pace with the Prince's progress, excitedly waving and salaaming.

It was a fitting climax to the enthusiasm of the arrival that there was a magnificent race for the Cup. Thirteen horses, each looking to the very pink of condition, lined up at the starting gate and got away to an excellent start. When the race was half run it became evident that there were only two horses that counted—Mr. Goculdas' Roubaix and Mr. Jesiram's Not Much. The latter led by nearly half a length until the two were a few yards from the winning post. It seemed a certainty for the leader. No horse, it seemed, could possibly make up the leeway in the distance. Yet Roubaix, with the most magnificent of efforts, did the apparently impossible and got past the winning post a short head in front of his rival. The cheers that went forth as the race was decided were as much for the horse as for the owner and the skilful riding of the jockey; for Roubaix, a veteran of many hard fought fights, occupies a unique place in the affections of the racing public. His Royal Highness presented the Cup to the owner after the next race and did not depart until the last race had been run.

On Monday night there was a ball at Government House. Two thousand guests in all manner of uniforms and beautiful dresses gave to the severe beauty of the ball-room a tropical luxuriance of colour. And



The Calcutta Pageant Procession passing before the Prince's pavilion.

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not only of colour. To move through a tropical forest is child's play compared with the problem of getting from one point to another in Government House that evening. There is a tale of one poor wretch who began at the first dance to seek for his partner of the third. He was still seeking two hours later. The Prince, who wore the uniform of the Seaforth Highlanders, stayed till after midnight and danced frequently.

On the morrow the Prince was up with the minar and went paper-chasing. Later in the morning he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the Calcutta University. The ceremony of conferring the degree on the Prince was performed, for convenience sake, in the Throne Room of Government House where a special convocation of the senators was held. There was a large and distinguished attendance. Few were absent of those pre-eminent in the intellectual life of Calcutta. Experts in every branch of knowledge attended, to say nothing of Ministers of State and Members of Council, lawyers and *litterateurs*. The ceremony was chiefly remarkable for the eloquence of the vice-Chancellor. The latter, in asking His Excellency the Chancellor to confer the degree on His Royal Highness, spoke for more than twenty minutes. He more than lived up to the reputation for oratory which the Bengalee publicist enjoys. If his speech was rather more pointedly political in its trend than is usual on such occasions, one found it follow naturally from his early remark that the conferring of the degree had less an academic than an imperial significance.

Then, in the afternoon, came the great event of the day, indeed of the visit—the Pageant. Before the vast arena prepared for this, the Colosseum, Olympia, even the stadia wherein professional bruisers in America knock each other silly for the delectation of thousands of their fellow creatures must hide their diminished heads. They are, by comparison, stages for marionettes. An oval of turf five hundred yards by three hundred had been ringed in with tiers of benches and lofty stands. On the western side had been erected a noble white pavilion from which the Prince viewed the display. In front of this pavilion the scenes of the pageant were enacted. But the crowds who came to view were pageant enough in themselves. I do not know how great were their number. Fifty thousand, says one, a quarter of a million says another, and the earnest testimony of at least half a dozen declares it to be larger than any crowd they have ever seen. Equally convinced is the testimony to the wonderful welcome. It took the Prince, going at a fast trot, four minutes to circle the amphitheatre. In all that time there was no silence. And not the least enthusiastic of the cheering came from the Indian crowds on the extreme outskirts of the ground.

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When the formal presentations attendant on the arrival of His Royal Highness at the pavilion were completed, the preliminaries of the pageant were proceeded with. These preliminaries were extensive, not to say imposing. They included the presentation to the Prince by gentlemen who bore gorgeous robes and even more gorgeously wonderful names of seven gold plates containing articles symbolical of fertility and plenty. There were cocoanuts, rice, blades of grass, flowers and coins. As far as I could see the Prince yielded to a general expectation that he should eat of the offering, upon which he was promptly blessed in poems and prayers, supplications and hyperboles.

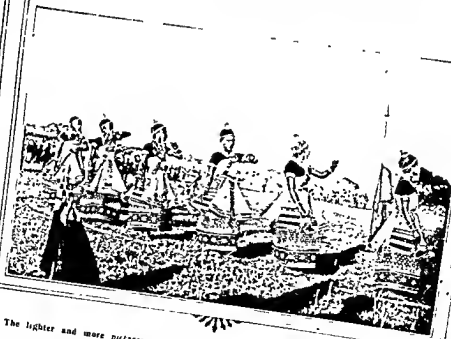
The pageant itself was a liberal education, combining as it did religion with mythology and history with both. It required the erudition of a Max Muller thoroughly to appreciate its utmost significance. Music, for example, we were informed through the instrumentality of the pageant, is not just the "heavenly maid" of Dryden nor is it merely the "food of love" on which Shakespeare languished. It is divinity itself. It filled space before creation with an all-pervading sound. But this did not satisfy it. It developed artistic and sacerdotal tendencies and each of its notes took unto itself a colour and a caste, even a presiding deity. From this it was a simple matter for each note to illustrate itself with beautiful pictures of gods and goddesses and their attendant satellites. At the pageant, all the notes of the scale were sounded upon trumpets; all the trumpets were coloured with the colour of the note, and all the illustrations typical of the notes were created in wondrously vivid *tableaux vivants*.

From notes the pageant went on to an exposition of melodies. Much more significant are these than the mere notes. There is, for example, the Sri Raga. A perfectly ignorant person hearing this would dismiss it as a somewhat disjointed series of cacophonies. Actually its weird intervals relate how the demi-god Sri Rag, famed all over the earth, sports with his nymphs, gathering fresh blossoms in the bosom of a grove; how he holds a lotus in his hands and sits upon a carved throne. Breath-bereaving ingenuity, one reflects, which enables the musical illustration of a lotus in the hands! Or again, imagine an academy pupil called upon to write a musical fantasia on a carved throne! Six ragas in all, each played on its appropriate combination of instruments and each with its symbolism perfectly depicted, were given. For most of the spectators, one surmises, they shed a new light on the hidden meaning and subtleties of Indian music.

A Thibetan Lama dance followed on the performance of the Ragas. A macabre grotesquerie was its chief characteristic. Take a few pages from Dante's *Inferno*—writhing souls in torment, grinning devils, horrible



Exponents of a sightious life: The Tibetan lama dancers at the Calcutta Pageant



The lighter and more picturesque aspect of dancing as shown at the Calcutta Pageant.

masks of animals, and evilly imagined beings; ransack the world's clothing stores for coloured fabrics and curious designs; imagine the ponderous gravity with which an ichthyosaurus would have danced a *pas seul*; combine all in one picture and you arrive at some idea of a Thibetan Lama dance. But that is not all. Art for art's sake is not a popular doctrine in Thibet. When they dance there they mean something. There is no mere aesthetic capering. A high moral intention informs every step. The intention of the dance we saw was a little obscure. But it concerned the awful fate which awaits the confirmed and unrepentant evil-doer in the next world. With such terrifying verisimilitude were the pains of the unrighteous soul demonstrated that, one imagines, a high standard of conduct must prevail wherever the dance is common. More pleasant if less impressive was the dance performed by a score of dancing girls who were supposed to whirl themselves into a swooning ecstasy in worship of Radha Krishna.

The pageant ended with the performance of the Nawroz procession marking the *Murshidabad* new year. It has, one is told, great religious and historical significance, but apart from that it is a thing of beauty. The mind wilted beneath the weight of impressions of its magnificence. Principally one remembers a steady procession of changing colours and every variety of ceremonial implement fashioned by man to mark his superiority over his fellows. To ordinary mortals *ballambardars*, *tabardars*, *khasbardars*, *maheebardars*, *sontabardars* and *chobdars* are so many imposing names for much the same thing. But to a Lord Chamberlain they mark much more than the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. They may divide kingship from serfdom. And if progress has destroyed their utility they still worthily adorn a procession.

By the time the last ranks of the procession had passed darkness had begun to close in. The Prince left the stadium at sundown, but the great majority of the spectators stayed behind to witness a display of fireworks worthy of the Crystal Palace in its palmiest days.

On the morning of December 28 the Prince opened in regal state the Victoria Memorial. More than fifteen years had elapsed since another Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the building which was to be a sign and token to all India of the greatness of Victoria the Good. Measured against the centuries which the Christians of the Middle Ages devoted to the building of churches worthy of the intensity of their faith, fifteen years may seem but a short span in modern times, when one is eager to first is well completed, it seems a able delays and intolerable ted

The truth is our forebears built for all time, to the glory of God, and did not hurry over their work. We build for ourselves and for our own, our immediate uses. So do we hasten to be finished. Probably there are not more than half a dozen modern instances of that large patience in building that has given us the noble monuments of the past. One recalls in this category the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster. The main fabric of brick and concrete was rushed up with American "slickness," but its decoration with marble veneer and mosaic work is left for the ages. Even visiting it at long intervals, one detects little progress towards completion and that which is made seems desperately slow. In the intermediate process there are not wanting purists who regret that the magnificent proportions of the interior, with its exquisite dim light, are to a certain extent being marred by the gorgousness of marble.

In the same category is the Victoria Memorial. Almost a generation has passed since Lord Curzon made that rotund speech in which he called all India to unite in the building of a single memorial to Victoria's reign, and that in the city, Calcutta, of which he was very proud. It needed all his personality and rather remorseless drive to overbear the particularism which would have lost itself in a score of small monuments scattered all over India. For some years the mass of brickwork which forms the foundations lay neglected on the Maidan, for the Jeremiahs declared that the soil of Calcutta—a thin crust on the top of unfathomable marshes—would not let stand the weight of such a building as was proposed. Then, after the test was made and the foundations emerged satisfactorily therefrom, the building progressed with painful slowness, not the least of the causes of delay being the determination to use nothing but Indian marble, which had to be laboriously extracted from the undeveloped quarries at Mekrana.

Yet, as one views the massive square building of white marble and casts the eyes up to the towering dome with which it is surmounted, as one sees the sweep of the approaching causeways and the spreading lakes of ornamental water, and as on the one side one sees the throned figure of the great Victoria and on the other, mounted on a horse and raised upon a lofty arch, a statue of the late King Edward, then one admits the result to be more than worth all the delays. It is a building fit to proclaim to future generations "the glory of an unequalled epoch and the beauty of a spotless name."

The contents of the building form a national museum of unrivalled historical interest—pictures, furniture, statues, relics, each of which has some intimate association with the India of Victoria's day or with the epoch in which Victorian India was being laboriously welded. The



The Victoria Memorial: Some of the people departing after the evening ceremony



Entrance of the V&A

opening ceremony was marked with stately dignity. The Prince, fresh from the cheers and enthusiasm of the crowds along the route from Government House, was received at the entrance to the causeway by Lord Ronaldshay, the Vice-President of the Memorial Trustees. Thence he was conducted in procession to the front of the building's noble entrance archway. There the Trustees of the Memorial were presented to him, upon which Lord Ronaldshay read an address detailing the origin and progress of the memorial scheme.

To this the Prince replied, concluding by declaring the Memorial open. Hereupon, the thousands of spectators seated in front of the building rose and burst into cheers which were taken up and repeated by the distant crowds outside and as the Prince turned to enter the hall on a tour of inspection, the first of a Royal salute of a hundred and one guns came thudding from a battery of guns on the maidan. Thus entered into active existence India's memorial to the greatest monarch in the annals of the British Empire.


The events on the Prince's programme for December 29 were three in number. In the morning the Prince went to Barrackpore by river to present Colours to the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. In the afternoon he attended a garden party given in his honour by His Excellency the Governor. At night there was a dance at Government House.

The following day was free from ceremony. On Saturday, before embarking for Burma, the Prince inspected Calcutta's ex-service-men and unveiled a war memorial raised by Calcutta business men to the memory of those among them who had lost their lives in the war. The Prince departed in the afternoon, embarking on the steam launch PANSY to go downstream to the point where the R. I. M. S. DUFFERIN was anchored. He was given a magnificent send-off by a huge crowd at Outram Ghat. Although the departure was private, it lacked neither intense enthusiasm nor picturesqueness. The landing stage was beautifully decorated, and the path leading to the launch was strewn with roses. As the launch moved off, the huge gathering broke into lusty cheers and the Prince, standing on the deck, waved a farewell.



CHAPTER IX.

THE VOYAGE TO BURMA—THE RIVER-FRONT OF RANGOON PORT—BURMA'S SMILING WELCOME—BURMESE BALL GAME AT THE UNIVERSITY—THEBRAW'S CITY: 'TWO DAYS' VISIT TO MANDALAY—THE PRIMITIVE SHANS: PANTOMIME AND DANCING FOR THE PRINCE—REGATTA ON THE MOAT—THE RETURN TO RANGOON—THE ROYAL LAKES: MAGNIFICENT WATER FETE—A STIRRING FAREWELL.—(DEC. 3)—JAN. 10).

 THREE peaceful days of tranquil voyaging on the Royal Indian Marine Ship *DUFFERIN* brought the Royal party to Rangoon. They were needed, these three days of rest. For the week of Christmas festivities in Calcutta, in which there was no day but was crowded with ceremonial, had worn the Prince to a rather fine edge. But the warm refreshing breezes of the Bay of Bengal restored the failing vigour of all the party, and put them in a position to tackle successfully the heavy programme which confronted them in Burma.

The voyage itself was remarkable in that it was the first in which many of us had ever celebrated the New Year at sea. On Saturday evening between dinner and the death of the Old Year there were many evidences of sleepy heads. Bridge and talk and music did something to lessen the languor, but bed seemed more inviting than anything. Yet a few minutes before midnight even the most languid suppressed his yawns and put on a factitious alertness for an appearance on deck to witness the Prince ring the Requiem of the Old Year and usher in the New with sixteen bells. We stood at attention as the bells rang out on the languorous air, overriding the steady throb of the engines, and as the last echoes faded over the water they were succeeded by the solemn murmurs of "A Happy New Year, Sir," which earnest salutation His Royal Highness blushing acknowledged. Thereafter we joined hands and with stentorian voices sang "Auld Lang Syne." And so to bed.

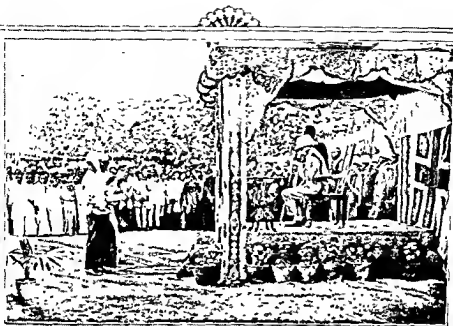
On the morning of January 3 we were awake very early. Looking through the port holes our eyes were met by a grey desolation. A broad stretch of swiftly moving water with the lividness of death flowed past the vessel. At the farthest horizon there was deep gloom and a hint of land. As the light waxed, one appreciated the pregnancy of Kipling's phrase of the dawn coming up like thunder. But soon the corpse-like hues of the

waters changed. A living radiance flowed over them from the sun's first rays, touching the ripples of the stream to bright gold, piercing the distant gloom and showing us the freshness of a green land. A mile away was the shore. The vessel, slowly working up the narrow channel, converged upon the land until it marched with our progress at a distance of a couple of hundred yards. At times a promontory crowned with the buildings of a rice mill, a factory or a bungalow, thrust a blunt nose out from the straight line of the mainland into the stream. Again, the even skyline would be broken by serried groves of palms or banyans—colonnades whose grey pillars were surmounted with capitals of waving green. The evidence of habitations and labour grew ever thicker with each stroke of the propeller, and as the vessel's speed dwindled to dead slow we knew from the spectacle on the starboard side that we were in the midst of the authentic city of Rangoon.

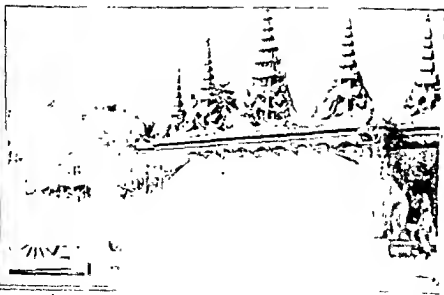
It is not prepossessing, this first glimpse of a river front. It is so very like any other river front in the world, transmuted by commerce. It might be Wapping, it might be Liverpool, or Hongkong and there is little to distinguish it from the lower reaches of the Hooghly, which we had left three days before. Ricketty jetties, gaunt warehouses, unsightly mills whose spindle smoke stacks belch forth smoke into the air, sampans which painted might resemble faintly the gondolas of Venice but which, blackened and mud-soaked for years, look like the corpses of monsters of the mud; the coarse brick red of oil tanks and all the apparatus of busy trading hastily gathered so as not to miss the golden moment. Only a distant glimpse of trees, a few lofty towers spearing the heavens and the gilded mass of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda serenely lifting its forehead to the sun and challenging its brilliance—only these promised something of the beauty which belongs to the capital city of smiling Burma.

To warp alongside the gaily decorated landing jetty was a matter of minutes. The tedious delays attendant on an ordinary landing were absent, as were also the clamour, the shouting, the oaths and confusion. But the landing lacked not noise. It seemed that the guns of the world had somehow found their way to the harbour of Rangoon and blew off ecstasically as the ship neared her moorings. The escorting cruiser fired a Royal Salute with its heaviest pieces. In shriller tones spoke the voices of an artillery battery on shore, while dominating all was the stupendous roar of the great guns from a fort farther inland. The guns kept their own time, so that every five seconds or so the air shook beneath a terrific vibration. For about ten minutes we had a perfect picture of an evening *strafe* on the Somme.

With agile rapidity the vessel is moored. A gangway is fixed in the



Students of the Rangoon University reciting an ode in honour of the Prince.



the Burmans bind their heads. No less ornate were the brocades of the numerous Chinamen who stood on the route with folded hands, expressionless as carved idols. As a contrast and a background were the naked brown skins of the Tamil coolies who chattered and grinned to find themselves in probably the biggest tamasha of their lives.

But the colour and the movement of the crowds in Rangoon are not all one notes. If Calcutta is cosmopolitan, Rangoon is more. It is the point where the last outposts of the Aryans impinge upon the Mongol civilisations. Hence the incongruities of its street crowds, in which Burmans, Chinamen, Japanese, Tamils, Madrassese, Parsis, Armenians and a host more of the races of men all rub shoulders with each other, all pursuing different ends, all cherishing different faiths, all honouring different ideals, but on this one day all united in a fervour of devotion to His Royal Highness.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, as the intense heat of the Burmese midday was lessening, the Prince drove to the University College. There he was presented with bouquets by the women students and listened to an address of welcome from the Senate of the University to which he briefly replied.

But universities have other aspects than those which appeal to the "high-brow." The students see to that. If Carlyle were alive to-day, he would have to revise his dictum that a library of books is the true university of these days. Even if he impatiently brushed aside as meaningless cant the talk of community of ideas, social awareness and *esprit de corps* which solemnly passes in all discussions on the true functions of a university, he could not ignore the part that sport plays in all centres of communal education. Cricket and football in England, base-ball and tennis in America, golf and football in Scotland—everywhere the ball game marks the something that is common to all universities, whether, in the realm of the mind, they specialise in literature, dogma or science. The ball, symbol, almost, by its universality and smooth roundness of the globe itself, plays its part in the Burmese university. But the ball game played there is individualistic, spectacular and needs the intervention between the player and the object of no weapon of wood or metal. For the delight of the Prince, an exhibition of the Burmese ball game was given by several Burmese youths. It was an exhibition unique and astounding, the last word in agile contortionism. The youths threw the ball in the air and kept it bounding and bouncing without allowing it to touch the ground again. With incredible twists and turns they caught the descending sphere now with their haunch, now with their knee, their head, their shoulders, their elbows. They seemed to possess more than the dexterity of the lady

was the aspect of the pretty little Burmese women. Perhaps this was due to the perfect unanimity with which they made for the ices, from which it probably became very difficult to detach them. After ten minutes of bumping and being bumped, of treading on toes and being trodden upon, I retired to a little backwater whence I might view the main stream. But even from here I was unable, if I may be permitted to mix my metaphors, to see the trees for the wood. Somewhere, I was told, there moved about the ex-Queen of Burma. Somewhere also I presume there moved about H. R. H. But I took them both on trust, for I did not see them and contrived to beat a clever retreat before the immense stream of humanity began to move back to its source.

In these days when the fashions and foibles of Trimalchio and Petronius are no longer popular, when pearls (except in America) are no longer dissolved in the soup, and when dishes are no longer esteemed in proportion to the distance which their constituent elements have travelled, there is little to be said about a dinner. There remains only to record that H. R. H. consumed his 48th Indian dinner at the Pegu Club. There was in it the usual proportion of carbo hydrates, calories and proteins.

The dance at the Gymkhana was not as crowded as the garden party, but it was crowded enough in all conscience. His Royal Highness, however, who had by that time elaborated a special technique for packed floors, appeared to enjoy himself vastly.

The most remarkable thing about Rangoon on January 4 was the weather. The breeze which usually prevails at the beginning of the year and makes the term "cold weather" something more than a polite concession to the calendar, steadily refused to rise. Consequently, we sweltered all day in torrid heat. But the Prince seemed to be impervious to the rigours of climate. In the morning he played two polo matches, each of six chukkers and each very hard-going games. They were more than interesting to the stranger to Burma; they were amusing. For the ponies used stood little more than thirteen hands. Evidently horse flesh in Burma does not run to lankiness; it tends to a squat compactness, a tendency almost comically reiterated at the races in the afternoon.

The Burmese pony is not at its best in races. Broshed, combed and made respectable, it seems out of its element, which is assuredly rough broken country and a rider about six feet in height and scaling fifteen stone. In these conditions it can really show its mettle. It will amble for thirty miles, reduce its rider to the ultimate degree of saddle weariness, and itself walk into its stable apparently as fresh and hearty as when it began. Also, one misses at the races the weird harness in which it is usually ridden, for then the regulation pigskin and leather replace the

typical half hoop of bamboo wound round with bright wool, which is used for a rein, and the wooden cradle that is the saddle; and the looped thong through which the Burmese rider sticks precariously his big toe yields place to the orthodox metal stirrup. Still, even out of their natural state, they provided His Royal Highness and the crowd of race-goers with excellent sport.

The Prince arrived on the race-course about half past three, in time to see the fourth race. Need I say that he was greeted with a wonderful ovation? Those in a position to know told me that he had not been received with such unanimous enthusiasm since he left Malta. Many thousands at the race course were there for no other purpose than to greet him. I cannot, for instance, conceive that the saffron-robed priests whom I discerned among the crowds beyond the rails had come to back their fancy, nor yet the stream of people who left the enclosures after having accomplished what they came to do, which was to see and cheer the Prince. It could not be that they had all lost all their money at precisely the same time.

On January 4, the Prince left Rangoon for a two days' visit to Mandalay. After a nineteen hours' railway journey the Prince arrived at Mandalay in the heat of the afternoon of January 5. The journey was in the nature of a triumphal progress. Nearly every station sheltered a crowd of sightseers, and I daresay they vocalised the sentiments that drew them thither. At every station where the Royal train stopped there were not only crowds of the curious pressing their faces to the station railings, but also assemblies of the scholars of the local schools, smiling and happy boys and girls. There can be no doubt that they cheered His Royal Highness to the echo, for they had a dress rehearsal on the occupants of the pilot train, a rehearsal which was so hearty that it made several hardened press correspondents blush with embarrassment.

After such a prelude, we expected enthusiasm at Mandalay. We got it. There is, I believe, no machine for recording volumes of sound. But if there were such a machine I feel sure that it must have recorded as high a figure for Mandalay as for Rangoon. Beneath the blast of cheering which the two thousand invited guests sent forth as the Prince came among them, the sheltering pandal shivered and shook. A little more, and it might have collapsed, which would have been a pity, for it was a pretty little work of art. The Municipal authorities of Mandalay regarded it with fond pride, and justly so. They regretted its imminent destruction, though it was only lath and canvas and tinsel. But the pangs of its demise ought to have been sensibly lightened by the assurances they had that its gilded traceries, its elegant arches, and its superstructure equalled and



The Pantomimic Shans: All dressed up at Mandalay.



Shan Girls who appeared in the procession of the tribes at Mandalay.

perhaps surpassed the charms of the Rangoon reception pavilion. Such is the power of successful emulation. That, however, more or less by the way. The point is the cheers and the shouts and especially the people who cheered and shouted. They were all that is Burma. In the farthest corners were the bourgeois—grain and vegetable vendors, silversmith and lacquer makers, toy and silk merchants, complacent in the knowledge of great possessions. Nearer, together in a block, were hundreds of Burmese ladies in glowing silk petticoats and spotless jackets, and by their side, dressed almost indistinguishably, their men folk. Strange to such a scene and a trifle bewildered by it were warriors from the north, with plumes for a headdress and accoutrements of a past epoch. Chins from the Western Hills, Shans from the East, Kachins from the North, Chinese from the half explored inland borders, Sikhs, Gurkhas, Madrassais—all these were to be seen among the two thousand within the pandal, and were but the clues to the maze of folk that waited outside.

The formal words of welcome appropriately were spoken by a Burmese gentleman of distinguished position. More appropriately still, they were spoken in the tongue of the country. English has a great advantage in being understood by infinitely more people than Burmese. But what a trifle that is when one comes to sound! Never could the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton compete with those wonderful gutturals, these infinite modulations, those outlandish clickings in the throat and those lingering singing vowels which drifted, through the pandal on this afternoon. They seemed to be an interminable lullaby of some magic mantra. When the Prince came to reply and tender his thanks for Mandalay's welcome—his reply was our first intimation of the mantra's meaning—we seemed to have come from a world of enchantment to a world of reality, where sounds have meaning and words have sense.

Amidst a storm of cheering, renewed, sustained and swelling, the Prince walked down the central aisle of the pandal to a waiting car in which he drove slowly to Government House. I drove about a hundred yards behind. But it was not too far for the shouts and the cheering to reach my ears. Indeed, half a mile were not too far for them to carry. But it was not the joyous noise nor the laughing faces nor the marshalled rows of school children who reinforced their tiny voices with monstrous flags; it was not the gorgeous silks nor the smiling slanted eyes nor yet the distant gleam of pagoda tops that convinced us that we were witnessing a Burmese welcome. That came when we really saw, most of us for the first time, a group of girls in colours that would make an artist impotently yearn—their hair decked with flowers, all sucking "whacking white cheroots." Then it was that we knew our road had really led us to Mandalay.

"Yes, they look very pretty, but they will be no damn good in a year or two." Thus to me a hard bitten Major on the parade ground during our first morning in Mandalay. The occasion was a review of the troops in Upper Burma held by the Prince. The remark was made in response to murmured admiration of a British regiment swinging past the saluting base in beautiful line of companies. He proceeded to elucidation. "I have seen it so often. I have met regiment after regiment at the frontier which has come from service in Burma. They are all like girls on their first long trip from home, all pining to be back again, all rotten with homesickness. They are soft. Burma is in their bones. They long to get back to it and they will hate every station and every job of work till they do get back." A grisly picture this; fatty degeneration of the British Army's morale! Hard to credit, also, by any who saw the troops parade on this day.

Yet it needs only a day or two in the country and it may penetrate the spirit of the stranger resident and soften his fibre. The sheer force of universal example is bound to crumble his resistances in time. In a land where the indigenous peoples are like the lotus eaters, where *dolce far niente* is the aim of existence, it is and must be difficult to remain keen edged and tough, like tempered steel. A land which has raised countless fanes for a creed which exalts not moral energy but passive righteousness and makes of righteousness a steepening ladder leading at the summit to the dreaming nothingness of Nirvana, cannot be good for an active soul. Watch the Burman in his daily life. See him loiter along the path, shaded by a gaudy parasol, dreamily puffing a vast cheroot, his mind a blank or spinning iridescent fantasies. Search out his occupation—it is difficult to find. He seems to revolve in prayerful circle round a pagoda, content that another day is passing downstream to eternity.

His ambitions are not as ours are. Not that he has not tried commerce and the liberal professions, but it is evident that his heart is not in them. You may count upon your ten fingers the numbers of the Burmans who have achieved eminence in trade and industry, who have become first rate lawyers, or who have established claims by modern standards to outstanding merit in the arts of public life. It is no accident that the essential activities of the country are carried on for the most part with foreigners—Englishmen, Chinamen, Indians—in the seats of the mighty. It is the logical result of the Burmese way of life. Yet there is a queer contradiction in the typical passivity of the country, and it lies in this, that early observers have described the Burmese as a nation of soldiers, accustomed from their earliest years to war; which brings me back to my point, which was not a discussion of the relative merits of an active and a passive philo-

sophy of life and eternity, but the army in Burma as it revealed itself at the Mandalay parade.

One may leave the British units to look after themselves. They have survived and shaken off worse menaces than the imminent delights of Nirvana. And one may go on to the Burman. As warrior he is an interesting and promising phenomenon. Though employed by the English as soldier only recently, he has proved himself an apt disciple of Mars. He is quick to learn, though inclined to be careless, and has generously proved his capabilities in the late war. It seems a startling contradiction that this should be so. The whole of Buddhist China, with its long traditions of peace, rises up to show its impossibility, but the impossibility fades before the phrase that "in the clash of arms the laws speak not." So, before the temple bell can be hung with assurance of its inviolability, the worshippers must carve out safety with the sword. Man is a warrior first, he is devotee and artist afterwards, and so it is that within the followers of Gautama Buddha there still lies latent the spark of warlike ardour to be fanned into flame when the need should arise.

It has been observed by anthropologists that the greatest faith in the potency of the Goddess Chance is displayed among the contemplative races of mankind. Need one, therefore, be surprised to find that the Burman, in the intervals of acquiring merit, gives rein to a congenital tendency to gambling? The tendency finds many outlets, which have brought in the past the sweat of horror to the brow of a distracted Government. For the gambling does not stop there. It goes on to quarrelling and bloody vendetta. So it grows in unpopularity with the Government, which has suppressed, not without difficulty, its more unsavoury varieties and results. But the instinct still has its channels of expression. Among them is betting on the results of races. Any race will do, foot, horse, bullock or goat, provided there is a contest and the Goddess Chance may be wooed.

On this afternoon at Mandalay it happened to be carts. Strictly speaking the cart races were no part of the Princely programme, but they were arranged in his honour and, on the promise of entertainment, I attended. The promise was assuredly fulfilled. The racing was not as we understand it. The course was a beaten earthen track under the shadow of the old fort walls, flanked by the straight ribbon of the ancient moat. Down its middle ran a cotton thread marking off one track from the other, for, be it understood, the race is a duel, man against man, oxen against oxen. Yes, oxen, not horses. To inhabitants of an Indian presidency town the notion of oxen—those sleepy beasts which cumber the highways and confuse the traffic—actually attempting to emulate the achievements of thoroughbred horseflesh is grotesque. Yet it is so, and

they are no mean performers. They tear along, whooped on and heart-smacked by their drivers, at a speed which would take one anywhere next to no time. They are not elegant, their gait is lumbering, and the creaking howling figures straddling the light bamboo cart, which hurtles behind the animals, are poor imitations of the classic charioteers. But they add vastness to that diminishing quantity, the gaiety of nations.

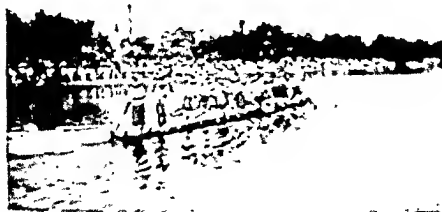
The local turf club, so to speak, were charmingly polite and gave every opportunity of viewing the races, no small privilege in the midst of a seething mob of excited gamblers, and they took care to show and explain the neat little arrangement at the winning post which substitutes mechanical evidence for human judgment in the decision of the winner. The races I saw were easy victories for one of the contestants, but in a close race the contrivance must be invaluable. The principle is the removal by the winning cart of a thole pin, which releases a little signal arm indicating which cart has passed the winning post first. A people capable of such ingenuity ought to be capable of much.

It is not good for man that he should in over-weening conceit of his wisdom and attainments forget his own babyhood. Lest we forget, an ever watchful Providence has left in secluded portions of the earth patches of aboriginal humanity to remind us that once we were as they are, that once we painted ourselves with woad, that once we danced round the sacrificial fire and made savoury offering to strange gods. Rarely does one meet with these vestigial elements of humanity. Less rarely the rumour of them penetrate our consciousness and perplexes our complacent talk of human progress. Burma, as we know, was and is a civilisation raised on a powerful creed. It was a land of peasants and traders over which was a king and a court. The king and the court have gone, but majesty and pomp are still vindicated by a Lieutenant-Governor and his *entourage*.

Yet on the outskirts of Burma, among its northern, inaccessible hills and glens, there still dwell folk whose habits and customs have far to travel before they reach even the inn where dwelt the Israelitish patriarchs. They till the soil, they have domesticated animals, they bury their dead and they drink fermented liquors. But they have less savoury practices. They hunt their enemy that they may cut off his head and wear it as a trophy. They see in the thunder and the torrent, in the fire and the rushing wind, malignant spirits whose hate is eternal, but must be placated with offerings. Occasionally they dimly look to the conception of a Golden Age in the worship of ancestors whom they conceive to be beyond the stature of their own generation. Generally their minds dwell in darkness. Yet a crude and hearty joy-illumines their blindness, in testimony whereof they dance and sing, they concoct and enact uncouth tales, they revel in



Indian officers with the Prince of the Mandalay garden party



The Emperor's boat on the river at Mandalay

the manner of a lord mayoral banquet and they mimic with ingenious fidelity the aspects and the cries of the animals with which nature has made them acquainted. Their name is legion. But when one has said Shans one has given a name which embraces their infinite variety and clearly marks them out on the list of mankind.

Some hundreds of these, each contingent in the care of the tribal chief, came to Mandalay in order to deck a princely holiday. Some two miles from the walls of the Fort they made their encampment, rude huts raised on piles beside a ditch or a small stream. Within or rather adjacent to the camp was the arena wherein was to be enacted the pageant of the tribes. This was plainly the product of other than aboriginal minds and handicraft. Typically Burmese were the foliated arches, the lavish gold hues and the pervasive fretted screens. More typically Burmese were the latticed bamboo fences which of old were the divinity that hedged the kings from the gaze of the vulgar throng. On pain of death was it that a man of low degree raised his head above their top. To escape death he must remain cowering and crouching behind them, an attitude conducive to that humility of soul which all tyrants have found so refreshing.

But there was nothing Burmese about a wide enclosure at the side of the arena. Therein was penned a crowd of beings which seemed to be the phantasmagoria that pass before the vision of a brain-fevered man. Grant them reality and they might have been the discarded dragons of a Drury Lane pantomime, or the demi-gods and half men who stride across a Wagnerian opera. Certainly they were not reality. There they squatted just like a mad tea party in Wonderland. I approached. They moved. They quarrelled in simulated savagery, chattering and grunting, squeaking and groaning. I understood. It was the tribesmen's playful realisation of the impulse of the exhibitionist complex.

Leaving aside psycho-analysis, let us at once say, that it was a glorious, grotesque caricature of the animals familiar to them. They had taken upon themselves the shapes of gnus, xebecs, yaks, llamas, tigers, panthers, elephants, buffaloes, peacocks, chantrelers and the despised rooster. Upon the shapes they had expended their imagination till, with red beady eyes, with fleece fleecier than the white clouds at evening, with mouths that yawned cavernously in shapes which no mouth has ever assumed since the Saurians left the earth, with whiskers that wiggled like an anxious flea, with colours that would have made a chameleon always green with envy, and with dazed, wandering gait that never before covered the ground, they made of them farcical monstrous beings that first made one giggle, then laugh, then hold the sides in splitting merriment.

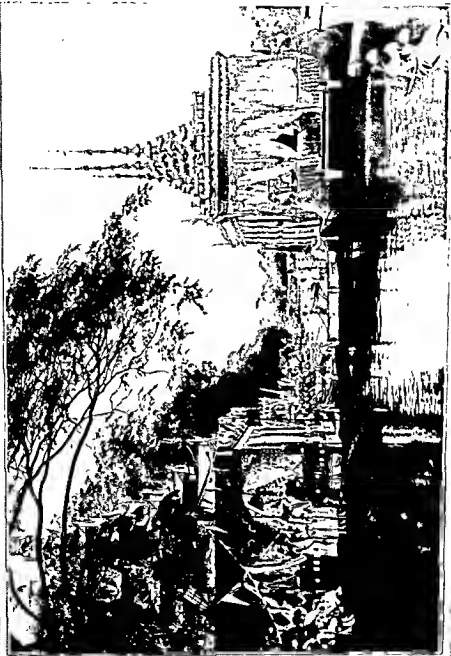
And when they came to pass before the eyes of the Prince, each wild and woolly animal accompanied by unearthly musicians and mentors who

egged them on to greater and more ludicrous writhings, when the yak, whose fore and hinder parts had revelled in an ecstasy of contortionism nearly came in pieces through the exuberance of its own sinuosity, when the elephant jazzed and lolloped clumsily to the thin music which floated in the air, when the buffalo charged his keepers and rolled them out flat, and when the xebec or the gnu—I forget which—grew tired of the eccentric behaviour of his hindquarters and seized him bodily and carried him pick-a-back round the arena, the Prince and the thousands of onlookers rocked in inextinguishable laughter.

But their nblity in farce was not all the tribesmen had to show us. Their art has more serious aspects. They dance and sing. As to dancing, the dancing of the Cossack tribes, which is capable of robust acatheticism, pleases more than that of the Shans. Still, every manifestation of energy has its interest and even the crudest of shuffling and hopping, swaying and turning, is at least more difficult than merely standing still or walking. As to the Shans' music, vocal and instrumental, it is pleasing without being ambitious. They are content with about three notes. Instrumentally they produce them with vast gongs and tabors with, in the highest development, feeble-toned reeds. There was one deluded band which smote bamboos of varying length. The result, an incredibly modest whine, might have been drowned if a mosquito had so much as whispered to its mate.

The dancing procession of the tribes reached its apogee when the beautiful ladies of the Padaungs passed before the view. Like the "Heathen Chinese," the dress of these ladies is peculiar and in one particular. They wear a neck band of brass tubing which varies from five to twenty-five coils according to the age of the woman. The tubing is about one quarter of an inch in diameter. The growing girl begins to wear this ornament as early as possible and fresh coils are added as she grows. The object of the ornament, one is told, is to lengthen the neck as much as possible, a long neck being a mark of beauty. I suspect this explanation. I feel sure that the horrid implement was invented by some jealous Padaung husband who had found his wife indulging, as the Americans say, in "rubber neck at some other guy." He decided to confine his wife's neck in bands of brass so that her roving eye could not rove far and the practice grew by its own merits. For with a stiff neck it is vain to attempt coquettishness. As well might a patient with lock-jaw seek to be eloquent.

Although we stayed for two hours to watch the cavorting of the animals and the various tribal dances and to hear the different tribal musical instruments and the tribesmen's ideas of a lullaby and a song



Rangoon Water Fete: The barge ready to receive the Prince.

cycle, we did not by any means see the end of it. That occurred some time next morning and all the interval was spent in spiraling and chanting, in shuffling and whirling, in tireless repetition. The repose that came after was more than earned. It was trebly paid for.

Arrangements were made to take the Prince up the Irrawady and show him the river which brings wealth to the plains of Burma. But he was unable to go: they had packed his days rather full of functions. It is a pity to miss a trip on the river. The best and most enjoyable way of seeing Burma—it needs leisure—is to go as far as one pleases up the river on one of the Irrawady Company's flotilla. A half-day's trip is possible from Mandalay. It is the trip done by all, the journey to Mindun. Going thither one sees the Irrawady serving man and fearing naught. If one goes in mid-year then the river is monarch of all one surveys. He has come down in floods from the hills. He has scorned the banks within which Nature seeks to contain him and has overflowed the flat countryside for miles on every side. A waste of waters, with trees thrusting forth dragged boles and luxuriant herbage and cottages looking like houseboats at anchor—one does not see the lofty piles on which all houses on the Burmese plains are built—is all that meets the gaze. But in the cold weather, the river has a tamed and benevolent look. He flows tranquilly between his banks, along his appointed path and, though the banks are far apart, the river does not look monstrous.

And he shows you the way of life of many Burmans. The Burmans of the city appear all at leisure. But the Burman of the countryside toils as do other hinds. The occupation of some we saw would seem incredible to anyone who had never seen or heard of the American lumberjacks. For weeks, even months on end, Burmese labourers make their homes on monster rafts. Some of the rafts we encountered on the journey to Mindun were acres wide. Lazily they floated on the broad bosom of the river, frantic pygmy figures plying poles upon them without the least apparent effect on the quietly floating mass. In its midst were erected rude huts. Women performed the household duties and children played around with no consciousness evidently that a sudden break in the raft might send the kitchen adrift in a different direction from the back parlour!

One must go ashore at Mindun, if only to stand beneath the monster temple bell that is swung from a gigantic beam set within a building. They claim for it that it is the second largest bell in the world. This claim is made for many bells and when the claim is voiced, for whichever bell, consolation for the second place is always offered thus:—"Of course this is a much finer bell than the great bell in the Kremlin. That

is cracked. *This rings true.*" Better a table tintinnabulator without flaw than all the bells of hell with cracks therein, as Solomon might have written. Legend attaches to the Mindun bell. I believe that they have a different legend for every visitor. But the legend I have adopted for my own use concerns an invading army, the rousing of the countryside by the tolling of the bell, the defeat of the defending forces, the hasty flight from the temple by the priests, the herculean efforts which enabled the bell to be tumbled into the river and its eventual rescue from its watery grave. Needless to say, the bell came up ringing wet.

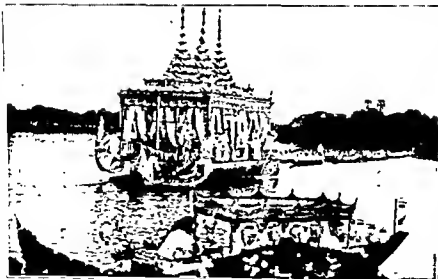
The garden party on the last afternoon of the Mandalay Visit turned out to be a magnificent water fete. A more charming venue could not be imagined. Beneath the crenellated walls of Government House long rectangular strips of lawn, divided at intervals by pathways, slope gently to the edge of the waters of the moat. The house itself, an old time palace of teak, is the veritable building from which the Chinese maiden of the willow pattern escapes with her lover, and farther down, outlined like the top half of a hexagon, is the bridge over which the lovers move in painted flight to all eternity. Of the distinguished crowd who thronged the lawns I saw little, so lost was I in admiration of the wonderful clothes of some of the chiefs from the north. Especially so in the case of one terrific fellow who bore upon his head a tinkling bowl of brass from which shot up to the heavens a slender shining pinnacle. From this they tell me usually depends a tiny peal of bells. But that evidently is reserved for greater occasions. Still he was gorgeous enough in all conscience and it was not surprising that several amateurs induced him to pose for them in the sunlight that his glories might be imaged in their albums.

This, however, was a tiny vignette. The really massive picture was furnished not by the guests at the party but by the populace who in tens of thousands thronged the farther bank of the moat. The purpose of their presence was two-fold—to see the Prince and to witness their favourite spectacle, boat racing. The boat racing of the Burmese is unique. Take the boats themselves. In them is no laborious calculation of strain and balance, nor any fittings of beautifully planed planks. They are hollowed each one of them from great teak logs. They are hacked and hewn and tapered and carved until they bear resemblance to something which is not quite a savage war canoe and something less than a gondola.

The boat is packed with rowers who swing their paddles in a quick and rhythmic stroke, keeping time the while with a wild, unmusical chant. But it is in a race, boat against boat and crew against crew, that they are seen at their best. Their teeth are set so that the boat song comes out muffled and harsh. The energy of titans is in the paddle strokes. The



Burmese boxers: The bout commencing.



The Royal barge being towed round the lake at the Rangoon Water Fete.

sweat gleams bright against the dark sheen of their bodies. And as they near the winning post, prow in line with prow, howled on by their supporters on the bank, a band stationed in a little pavilion bursts forth into rapturous noise, exciting the rowers to expend the last ounce of their energies.

Even more thrilling, certainly a finer spectacle than the other, is the boat race rowed in quite a different boat and in quite a different manner. Here the rowers, who are women, seize the paddle with one hand. With the other they hold a rail which runs down the boat's middle. Round the paddle they twine the outer leg and so smite the water. As can be easily imagined the leverage on the water is tremendous. The only disadvantage is that the stroke causes such a flurry in the water that gallons are shipped in every few yards. True, a wretched wight crouches within the belly of the boat and bails like fury. But I should think in a close race it is sometimes a question of which boat is to remain unswamped before the winning post is reached. Besides wittoessing a couple of races the Prince met and conversed with about fifty Indian and Burmese officers who were present at the party.

The Royal party left Mandalay on its return journey to Rangoon at night alter dinner.

The Prince arrived again in Rangoon on Sunday evening. As far as I could see he must have had a wonderful send off from the inhabitants of Mandalay. The hour was long past that at which the Burman usually retires to rest, yet many thousands had gathered near the station and on the roads flanking the first half mile or so of the railway in eager anticipation of the Royal train passing. By daylight we saw that every station passed sheltered groups of Burmans who had not had an opportunity of seeing the Prince go by on his journey to Mandalay—on the upward journey these stations were passed at night. At the stations at which the Prince was to stop, no matter for how short a space, there were found representatives of the people, as many as the platform could accommodate, and charming groups of laughing chattering children.

In response to a request, made by several of Rangoon's leading citizens, the arrival of the Prince at Rangoon was made public instead of private as originally arranged. Admission was given to the station, actually on to the platform, where the Royal train was to draw up, a privilege which was eagerly used and resulted in a serried mass of humanity behind the red carpet on the platform. Such late comers, and they were many, who had failed to gain admission to the station, had to seek what accommodation they could find in the station yard. These and the crowds who lined the route cheered the Prince heartily on his

languished upon the Nile or that of the Roman Empress Claudia receiving the homage of patrician courtiers.

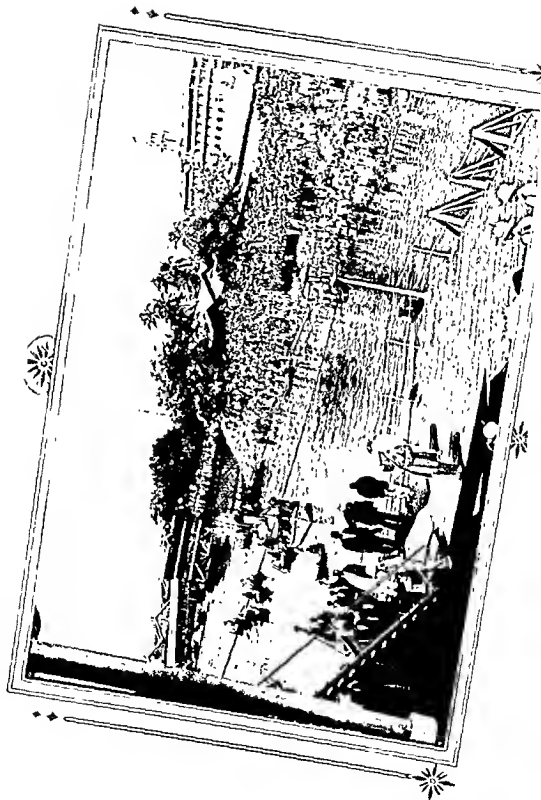
Down the lake for a mile the barge was drawn, the noise of the drums and the music and the singing of the boatmen overwhelmed and drowned by the shouts and the cheers of the people on the banks. So eager were these to view the Prince that the rear ranks pressed heavily forward, heedless of the chance of a ducking which menaced the ranks on the water's edge. And as the barge turned and came slowly along the farther bank, now gleaming in the sunlight, now a dark mass in the heavy shade of trees from projecting promontories, and again concealed by an intervening island, the packed onlookers, whose brilliant robes in the bright light looked like flowers upon a sloping garden, waved and huzzaed, and as I saw it through binoculars smote each other heartily on the back as who should say "This is the goods, the real goods, and nothing but the goods." The traditional attitude of Burmans towards any of the royal blood is one of self-effacing humility, silent and prayerful. But they learn rapidly, and they have readily exchanged the gloom of servility for joyous acclamation.

The Prince when he landed from the barge waited to see a race rowed and then witnessed a few bouts of Burmese boxing which had been arranged in an adjacent ring. Thus far the Marquis of Queensberry is unknown in Burma. All things are legitimate to a Burman boxer. He may kick, he may smite with the hands or jab with the elbows, or seek to wind his opponent with his knees. He may even tickle—if he has time. In the result a glorious, ridiculous, scrambling rough-and-tumble ensues. Whoever is knocked down first is adjudged the loser. As far as I can see, the soundest tactics are to keep a respectful distance off, try to induce your opponent to kick you, then seize his leg and pull hard. He falls ignobly, and the palm and the laurels are yours. The Prince and the other spectators laughed heartily at the antics of the boxers. They looked so wildly ferocious and bloodthirsty. But the result of all the leaping and smashing were as if a pair of sucking doves had had words over the maternal worm. A vast crowd on the road outside the enclosure—barely controlled by the police, such was its eagerness—gave the Prince a magnificent send off as he left for Government House.

At night the Prince drove round to see the Lakes lit by illuminations. On the Great Lake the boats, festooned with lanterns, moved like fireflies upon the water, while the fairy lamps in the trees "hung upon the cheek of night, like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

Two pictures abide fresh in the memory of the final scenes at the Prince's departure on Tuesday morning—the seething crowds which came to the jetty and the streets adjacent to wave farewell, and the even vaster crowds that, for at least a mile of its length, lined the banks of the Rangoon river, and cheered till their voices failed; then the hulks and the wharves, and the compounds of the rice mills far downstream, from each of which, faint from distance, came the sound of farewell cheers; then, last sight of all, a dim purple haze marking Rangoon city with a glorious ball of ruddy gold, splendidly gleaming, o'ertopping all.





CHAPTER X.

THE APPROACH TO MADRAS—A CITY OF DISTANCES—HISTORIC SPOTS IN THE FORT—OUTBREAK OF VIOLENCE: VAIN ATTEMPT TO MAKE THE WELCOME TO THE PRINCE—CEREMONY AT THE UNIVERSITY: THE PRESENTATION OF KILLATS TO PUNDITS—DANCE AT THE ADYAR CLUB—A DAY IN BANGALORE. (JANUARY 13-18.)



MADRAS enjoys no such romantic approach from the sea as Bombay or Rangoon. There are no islands starring a beautiful roadstead like emeralds. There is no lazily flowing river whose converging banks are strewn with rustic settlements before they give place to the appurtenances of modern commerce. One steams through a haze which makes the sky and the water one. Then suddenly a low flat coast-line, broken only by trees and roofs dimly discernible rises from the haze. Closer approach reveals the masts and the funnels of shipping and the uninteresting pile of the Port Trust buildings. And the haven the ship steams into is not a harbour such as could arouse poetic raptures. Won painfully from the sea, the prim rectangles made by the masonry have to be perpetually fought for against the encroaching waters. Its approaches are continually threatening to silt up and only the most constant dredging keeps a pathway clear for shipping. On the whole the seaward approach to Madras is scarce worthy of the place that witnessed the early growth of British power in the country and the birth of a common cause between the English and the Indians which was finally to culminate in a common share in the destinies of the Empire.

But beyond the shore, within the city, there are a multitude of historic spots which recall the glories of the past to the pondering mind. The fort which has been taken and retaken, the church within its walls, full of memorial brasses and tablets to those who died in the far off days when British power was being consolidated and hung precariously by a thread threatened by the sword of the French—these are fraught with memories. Truly the church contains sermons in stones. For there it is written what manner of life the men of those days lived. It was trying and hazardous. They knew not how to combat the discomforts and diseases incident to a life in the tropics. On every other tombstone one sees an inscription commemorating the life of someone cut off in his

heyday. Twenty-four was a good age at which to come to India. At twenty-six one died. If one reached forty-one was a veteran; at fifty a marvel to all one's fellows.

In Madras the old traditions are deep rooted and alive. There can be few cities in India which have retained in active use up to the present day so many of the buildings of the past and preserve unchanged the characteristics of a departed epoch. The spaciousness of old times is revealed in the city's ample girth. Madras always was a city of distances. It is so to-day. Most of the places you may desire to get to are at the back of beyond in relation to one's dwelling place. Yet there are compensations. Distance here spells light and air, roomy gardens that wear almost the mien of an English park, bungalows in which one could swing a whole army of cats, embowered in groves and avenues of trees. But, just because of the evident charm of its rural aspect, the visitor to Madras fails to take it seriously as a city. It spreads and sprawls about and affronts the compact urbanity of other, more closely knit civic communities. It is like a growing brother, who seems to have finally and irrevocably grown out of his clothes and to have made up his mind to thrust still farther out of his original garments his steadily lengthening, broadening frame.

At the water gate of this Peter Pan among cities the DUFFERIN arrived in the early morning of January 13. On landing from the DUFFERIN, the Prince was received by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Willingdon. It is calculated in Madras that the tendency to form associations for all manner of purposes is more manifest there than anywhere else in India. Each of the associations that exist, or nearly all of them, had expressed a desire to present an address of welcome to the Prince. Had their desires been met, the Prince would have spent most of his time in Madras listening to the eloquence of devotion and replying thereto. But the claims were cut down until they were reduced to three—an address from the Municipality, an address from the Presidency Landholders' Association and an address from a body as representing the people of Madras. All of these were read and listened to in a shamiana erected on the landward side of the Port Trust building. And the Prince replied to each. Then out into the streets for the drive to Government House.

Crowds amounting to at least a hundred thousand lined the route and cheered the Prince as he passed. Madras took care to impress us with its crowds. And that after all is what we care for. It is what the Prince cares for. He would cheerfully give every yard of bunting ever woven and waved in India, every triumphal arch ever erected in city streets,



H. E. LORD WILLINGDON, GOVERNOR OF MADRAS.

every proud column that has ever pointed to the sky, in exchange for a contented loyal and welcoming folk. And that is what Madras showed us. With their cheers, their shouts and the waving of many flags, they gave him a welcome which surpassed easily most he had thitherto received and came within the same category as the Bombay and the Rangoon receptions.

There were a few shadows in the picture, but they did not endure long. For example, early in the morning of the Prince's arrival a number of Mahomedans gathered outside a mosque. There passed before them many people on their way to see the Prince. This did not seem good to the Mahomedans who were non-co-operators and, being vowed to peace, they promptly, as is the way of non-violent non-co-operation, seized stones and heaved them at the passers-by and hit them with sticks. Retaliation followed and soon there arose a vivid scrap. The same thing occurred in other places, but the violence was restricted, it never spread and it failed entirely to keep the people off the streets, its main intention. Later, however, there were further outbreaks. About ten o'clock there was a large and riotous crowd in an open place beyond the wall of Government House which is called the Round Thana, probably from the band-stand like structure in the middle. This structure was variously decorated, but chiefly with a profusion of palms and other shrubs in pots. The crowd laid violent hands on these. They broke the pots, they threw the shards indiscriminately about and they cast the palms wildly into the air shouting the while the slogan of the apostle of their creed. A section of them made for the Elphinstone Cinema with the intention of breaking into it and doing damage. They were partially foiled, for stout iron gates were slammed against them and they had to rest content with wreaking their anger on the big notice boards outside. There they stamped on and broke and treated with insult. Their palm-slinging and other activities were checked by a couple of mounted policemen who hustled them, not without injury to themselves, into a by-street.

More serious was a later outbreak in much the same place. This time the mob had armed itself with stones and used them against every target which came its way. Several motor cars with wind screens broken passed me and there were a few broken heads and bloody noses. Of more serious casualties there were none inflicted by the mob. When tired of desultory sharpshooting and of hitting unsuspecting citizens as they sat in their cars or gharries with sticks, the mob turned its attention to the Wellington Cinema. The head and front of this building's offending seemed to be that it had decorated its facade with flags and had advertised a special programme in honour of the Prince. It was invaded, the bunting was torn down and trampled on, the windows were broken

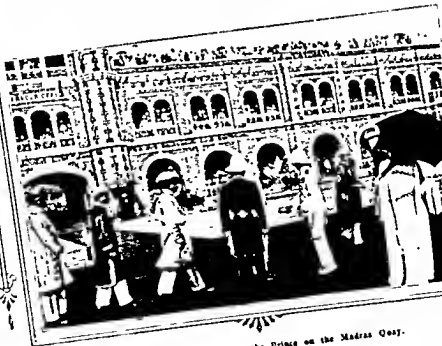
and the store room was burst into. Films were taken out into the courtyard and were burned, electric lights and fittings were ruined beyond repair and only stout teak doors saved the cinema hall itself from being entered and destroyed. A few policemen struggled ineffectually with the mob and the military had to be called up. Then the mob ran like rabbits back to their burrows. They left behind one dead man. This was the sole casualty in the rioting, but, before rumour had finished its work of embroidery, nearly the whole of the populace had been exterminated. By Saturday the whole of the city was quiet although nervous tension was high. On Sunday, however, it was abundantly clear that the rowdies had repented of the evil of their ways and that the brief flare of disorder had completely died down.

During the early outbreak of rioting—of which he only heard later—the Prince was engaged in carrying out the functions arranged for him. He visited the Madras Legislative Council in the Council Chamber in the Fort, listened to an address of loyalty and welcome and replied thereto. From the Fort he went on to the University Senate House. The function here was primarily an official ceremony, the object being to present *khillats* to certain learned pundits—be it known that *khillats* are a survival of the old imperial days when the Emperors, pleased with the learning displayed by the wise men at their Court, would confer upon them, as a mark of distinction, a scarf and a turban. The survival is chiefly interesting in that it serves as a link between the old learning of India and the modern sciences and humanities.

More impressive than the official ceremony was the part taken by the university students. There were five hundred of these present. They represented all faculties—arts, science, medicine and law. They were as cheerful and intelligent a body of young Indians as may be found anywhere. As each guest entered the hall they applauded. They cheered their professors, some of them perfunctorily—these, one imagines, were prone to use the plough—and others with warmth and decision—those obviously give an examinee the benefit of the doubt. So, by the time the Prince entered the hall, conducted in procession by the Chancellor, they were in excellent form and let go with a will. They pressed forward from their places. The rear ranks stood on tip-toe only because there were no chairs to stand on. For a space of several minutes they cheered. The Prince smiled and nodded and saluted and it was only when the Vice-Chancellor, stepping forward to deliver his oration, held up an expostulatory hand that they gave over and lapsed into an uneasy silence which was broken periodically by fresh outbursts of cheering. Thus it was that the pick of young Madras set the seal



The Prince about to greet Lord and Lady Willington on his disembarking from the R.I.M.S. Dufferin at Madras.



Notabilities introduced to the Prince on the Madras Quay.

on the sentiments expressed earlier by the general body of the people.

Apprehensions raised by the riots on Friday had, fortunately, no adverse effects on the numbers who attended the subsequent functions arranged in honour of the Prince. Thus, there was no diminution of the numbers of race-goers at Guindy on Saturday. Rather were they enhanced. All the enclosures were packed and from all the enclosures came an equal volume of enthusiasm as the Prince drove in State down the course. Shortly after his arrival the Prince walked through the first and second enclosures. There the scenes of Poona were re-enacted. The crowds pressed round him, making progress difficult. They called to him indistinguishable greetings. They cheered and they shouted, seeking, it seemed, by the sheer force of their clamour to keep the Prince among them. Bulky policemen and smiling aides had much ado to secure a passage through the enclosures for the Prince, who was like to be engulfed by the good-humoured cheering crowd.

The chief event was the race for the Prince of Wales' Cup. The little gods who watch over racing always contrived a fine race for the cups presented by the Prince to the Indian Turf Clubs. Madras was no exception, a splendid finish being the result of a well fought race. For the rest, the races were a brilliant social function, decked by toilettes the most beautiful and the most ravishing and a perfect forest of "toppers."

After the races the Prince was entertained by the Cosmopolitan Club, which is a social meeting place for members of all communities. The gathering there was representative of the leading men of Madras. Several hundreds of the members thronged the club's big reception hall. Immediately on arrival, when the necessary formalities of introduction had been completed, the Prince was conducted to the first floor where he witnessed the performance of a short Indian drama. At night there was a banquet at Government House, followed by a delightful amateur variety "show" in the durbar hall.

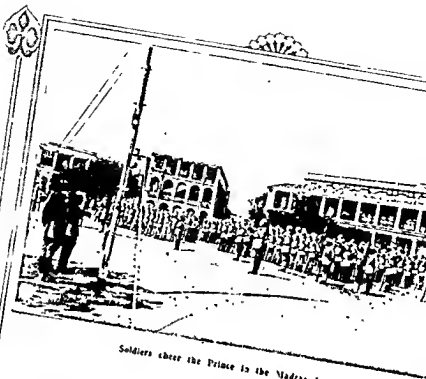
Children have a hard time in this world. They are entirely at the beck and call of unsympathetic grown-up parents and teachers who regard them mostly in the light of intolerable nuisances to be borne with because of what they will become. Some day, perhaps, a Garibaldi among children will arise and wring from reluctant parents and others in authority over them a child's *Magna Charta*. In the meantime, they must rest content with utter dependence and write in their copy books those beautiful maxims which enjoin that they be seen and not heard and that they must obey and honour their parents' behests no matter how firmly convinced they be of their utterly footling character. Even on a Royal visit, the chain is little loosened. The child is not

or even more savoury morsels, he would not stay broadside on, persisting in edging away so that he always fronted the flowers, for ever hoping that he might get his teeth into them. But his floriverous tendencies were foiled and the flowers were finally presented. All the children went wild with enthusiasm as the Prince passed. They cheered shrilly and continuously and their cheers were taken up by great crowds who had gathered on the outer edges of the island or the roads beyond. Most of the schools had something to show the Prince—pretty dancing in costume, singing and exercises. All had at least enthusiasm to offer.

Later in the day the Prince reviewed on the Island and in the Fort the police, a battalion of the Leinsters and ex-service men. The Leinsters embody an Irish bull in that originally they were a Canadian Regiment, becoming Irish by transmigration or some such trick. They were a hard-bitten lot, obviously in the pink of condition, fresh from the arduous task of reducing the rebellious Moplah country.

The ex-servicemen's parade was both large and enthusiastic. The number on parade was close on four thousand, all Indians, many veterans and most of them decorated. As soon as His Royal Highness arrived, they began to cheer. They cheered as he walked between the ranks and they were still cheering louder than ever, if it were possible, when he left. Fifteen minutes' solid cheering is something to be proud of.

The concluding days of the Prince's visit to Madras were, on the whole, quiet. Polo at Guindy occupied several afternoons. On Monday night there was a dance given by the Adyar Club. On Tuesday afternoon there were the races, which the Prince attended informally, and at night, before the visit ended in a blaze of fire-works, the Prince was the guest of the Madras Club at dinner. Of all these functions, perhaps the most pleasant was the dance at Adyar. The Club there enjoys a site unsurpassed by any other in India. Perched on the top of a bluff which slopes down to the broad and placid waters of the Adyar river and surrounded by well-wooded country which looks like an oak-studded English park, the pillars and the cupola of the club buildings are always things of beauty. They become, on a moonlight night, dream-like and ethereal in their loveliness. On the night of the dance, the Club committee sought to paint the lily. It was a daring but successful attempt. With festoons of cherry blossom, bougainvillea and wisteria and with a rich subdued lighting scheme of crimson and mauve they had bettered the best of nature. For three days they had laboured, and their labours and the play of their artistic sensibilities produced a setting for a dance which could not have been more charming. The weather also, never very satisfactory in Madras, had decided to smile on the occasion. The coolness of the



Soldiers cheer the Prince in the Madras Fort



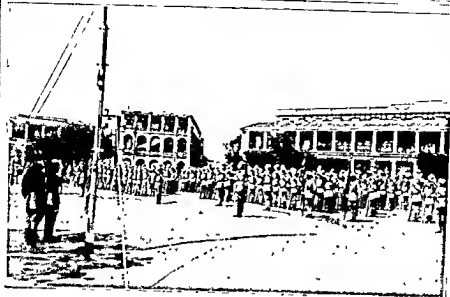
The Prince conversing with Mrs. Lorne Broun at the Madras Scouts & Guides

evening really did exist and was not merely a *façon de parler* as a concession to the calendar. No wonder that there was the keenest desire on the part of the Club members to achieve tickets. No wonder that the floors of the three ball rooms were crowded until long after midnight and that more than half the guests stayed till the last two-step faded softly into "God Save the King."

Air crystal clear and cool, distant hills, a wide undulating plain starred with trees from which peeped white walls and red roofs, and over all a filtered sunlight as in a Constable picture—these were one's first impressions of the approach to Bangalore on the morning of January 18. The heavy oppressive air, the dew-soaked heat, the illusive nocturnal coolness and the physical and spiritual languours of Madras seemed farther distant than the night's journey that separated them from us. There was temperate warmth, not heat. There seemed nothing tropical, no exuberance of shrubs or trees, no flamboyance of colour. Only the ceaseless harsh cawing of the crows spoke authentically of India.

But if the climate was temperate, not so the enthusiasm of the people when the Prince drove among them. The share they took in the welcome given him was magnificent. Two miles separated the railway station from the Residency. Every yard of it was packed with the folk of the city. The wilier birds among them, determined, as it were, to get their money's worth, had taken up positions on the open ground which was skirted on more than one side by the processional route. They waited long enough to see the Prince pass and to cheer him and then off they went, helter skelter over the open space, to cut off the procession and once more give the Prince greeting. Still others, who desired to see even more, but whose humble lot in life did not entitle them to the *laissez passer* of invitation cards, improvised grandstands of the trees and the benches in Cubbon Park whence they were witnesses not only of the Prince in procession but also of the reading of the Municipal address and the Prince's reply thereto. And how they cheered! The claim of the non-co-operators to possess all the enthusiasm and devotion of which the country is capable looked singularly insubstantial against the eagerness and the ardour of the crowds at the arrival ceremonies in Bangalore.

Later, when the Prince reviewed the troops in the station and again when he played polo, the people gave themselves an encore. Clamorously they assembled round the parade ground and, when the Prince arrived, a perfect square was fenced with thousands of people. Greater in volume because it was compact, not diffused, the cheering of these thousands had the same undoubted flavour of enthusiasm and joy as the earlier greeting. There could be no doubt that Bangalore was intensely glad to



Soldiers cheer the Prince in the Madras Fort.



The Prince conversing with Dr. Anne Besant at the Madras School & Garden (a.B.).

BANGALORE TO MYSORE

me the Mysore and that the people were taking the greatest
should know it. They are never supposed to be that the P
way in Bangalore only for a day and that he must depart
thence.



CHAPTER XI.

A GREAT SOUTH INDIA STATE—MYSORE AND MEMORIES OF HYDER ALI AND TIPPOO SULTAN—THE PRESENT MAHARAJA—PAGEANTRY IN THE WELCOME TO THE PRINCE—A VISIT TO SERINGAPATAM—FAMOUS BATTLE RECALLED—A TRAGEDY OF THE JUNGLE—TWO DAYS IN A SHOOTING CAMP—THE CAPTURE OF A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS.—(JANUARY 19—23).



ALTHOUGH when you are in Bangalore you are within the boundaries of Mysore State, it is seldom that you realise it. Bangalore is so typically modern a product, so much is its life bound up with the military station there, with the fact that it is the happy hunting ground of hundreds of warriors who have retired from the heat and turmoil of official life in British India, and with the fact that it is a charming health resort, that its status as a city in a great Native State escapes one. So it is that one must visit Mysore as well if one is to feel thoroughly convinced that a journey has been made to the State.

The journey to the Capital city reveals some of the most beautiful tracts in Southern India. Mysore exports many things and reaps the legitimate rewards of its enterprise. But greater rewards still would come to it were it to export its scenery, which abounds not only in variety but apparently in neatly tabulated labelled species. Here, for instance, is thick jungle, all tangled undergrowth over-topped by lordly palms. Yonder is a little nook such as comic poets describe as dingle dongle dells. Here is a sleepy canal, grey where the sun has not reached it, blushing rosy where the morning light falls. There, is a mere, the very haunt of *la belle dame sans merci*, with sedgy banks whence fly swift silent birds. Farther is rolling plain, pasture land evidently, with the banked rectangles that denote agriculture scarring the surface at precise intervals. And so to a repetition of thick jungle, water flowing and still, and cultivated land. Neatness and order, neatness and order.

But the quiet smiling land which one sees from the train in passing stores within its bosom stirring memories of adventure and strife. It is for ever associated with the name of one of the most daring and capable adventurers that ever held sway in India. Internal dissensions in the Hindu



H. H. THE MAHARAJA

MEMORIES OF HYDER AND TIPPOO.

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Kingdom of Mysore towards the end of the eighteenth century gave this adventurer, none other than Hyder Ali, his opportunity. He usurped the supreme power in the kingdom and rapidly extended his conquests beyond the old boundaries of the Mysore kingdom until he became a menace to the prosperity of the East India Company in the Carnatic. Ultimately, after varying fortunes, he actually threatened the town of Madras and the British, fearing the plunder of the town, concluded a treaty with him in 1769. Under this treaty Hyder Ali claimed assistance against the Mahrattas with whom he was at war; but his request was refused on the ground that he had been the aggressor by withholding the payment of chowth which was due from him. Reduced to great difficulties, he was glad to make peace on very disadvantageous terms. During the distractions, however, of the Poona Court, Hyder recovered most of the territories wrested from him by the Mahrattas, but he never forgave the British for their refusal to assist him in his difficulties.

In 1779 the British attacked the French settlement of Mahe. In the following year Hyder retaliated by invading the Carnatic. Owing to want of money, defective commissariat and an ill-prepared army, the British were unable to offer any serious resistance. With a view to creating a revolution in Hyder's territories, the British resident in Tanjore entered into secret negotiations for the restoration of the old Hindu dynasty through the imprisoned Rani, and a treaty was concluded with her in 1782 providing for the restoration of the Wodeyar family to power. Shortly after the conclusion of this treaty, Hyder Ali died, but the war was prosecuted with unabating vigour by his son Tippoo Sultan. In this he received vigorous support from the French, but the conclusion of peace between England and France left him too weak to continue hostilities and a treaty of peace was concluded at Mangalore in 1784. In 1789, in attempting to recover Cranganore and Jayacottah, Tippoo violated the 1784 treaty with the British Government, and the war which followed forced Tippoo to accept terms at Seringapatam which included the payment of three crores and thirty lakhs of rupees and the handing over of his two sons as hostages. The territories taken from him were divided between the British Government, the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Peshwa, in pursuance of the Triple Alliance of 1790 designed to reduce his power.

But Tippoo was far from satisfied. A few years later he sent off ambassadors to France to appeal for volunteers for the publicly avowed purpose of expelling the British from India. The remonstrances of Lord Wellesley were ineffectual and in 1799 the armies of the British and the Nizam marched on Mysore. The war terminated with the fall of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo, who fell at the defence of the

fort. The family of Tippoo was set aside and the Hindu dynasty restored under Krishna Raj Wodeyar, a child of three years, a grand-son of the prince deposed forty years before by Hyder Ali. The descendants of Tippoo were removed to Vellore, where they were liberally treated, but after the mutiny at the fort, in which they were believed to have been implicated, they were taken to Calcutta. Here they continued to reside as stipendiaries of the British Government until 1860, when a large sum was capitalised as a provision for them and they were then absorbed in the general mass of the population.

For a great part of the time that ensued, the State was ruled under a British Commission, which came to an end in 1881, when ruling powers were made over to the present Maharaja's father. The ruling prince is His Highness Maharaja Sir Sri Krishnaraja Wodeyar (Wodeyar or Wadiyar is a Kanarese term meaning lord or chief) Bahadur, G.C.S.I., G.B.E. His Highness was invested with ruling powers by Lord Curzon in 1902 and during the twenty years of his rule he has displayed unusually sound common sense and business capacity. Several hours every day are devoted by His Highness to the transaction of State business and a great deal of the remainder is taken up with palace and personal affairs. In former days—the advance of years does not make the vigorous practice of field sports very easy—he was known as a good whip and a motorist, a fearless rider to hounds, a polo and racquets player of no mean ability and a lover of music, both eastern and western, being himself a performer on the pianoforte of considerable skill. He takes, moreover, a great interest in horse-racing and has so revived this sport of kings in his State that the Mysore Week is one of the great events in Indian turf annals.

His Highness entertained the Prince from Thursday, the 19th to Monday, the 23rd of January. The Prince arrived in the Capital city on the morning of the 19th, after a night journey from Bangalore. As in the country surrounding so in the city there is surpassing neatness and order. "The streets are broad and regular and there are many substantial houses two or three storeys high with terraced roofs. The town has a neat and thriving look, and the sanitation has been much attended to by the Municipality." Admirable summing up! A model city, clean and inviting, modern and orderly. No hint here of the old feuds and intrigues, of the dark houses and the dungeons, of the ebb and flow of fortune in the days when Mysore warred against its neighbours and against itself. The ghosts of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan, were they to walk by night, could find few congenial haunts. Not even the unreality of moonlight could soften the matter-of-factness of the streets and the buildings, or alter their severe disapproval of ghosts. And back to the Elysian fields would flee the



The Royal Procession.



In the Palace Courtyard.

PAGEANTRY AND UTILITY.

shadowy kings, shuddering at the changes in the world they knew. No colder could be the welcome they would get from Bourneville or Port Sunlight, no more removed these from the pomp and circumstance of earlier days.

Yet in modern Mysore the old tradition lingers and lingers strongly. It is still upon occasion the gorgeous East. The day of the Prince's arrival was such an occasion, and when the Prince arrived the correct gentility of the city streets had to make the best of the flamboyant pageantry which survives as the expression of the welcome of one Prince to another. They did not look at their ease, but they tolerated as well as they could the soldiery who marched and took their stations along them. But they expired before the array of men at arms, clashing tall pikes, and the chobdars, holding all the gilded baubles which denote serenity and altitude of station, of glittering mounted bodyguards and of majestic individuals even more majestically arrayed. Everywhere the pageantry triumphed, utility and modernity sank humiliated and crushed into the background.

A little later, in the midst of the morning's ceremonial, modernity and utility invited attention to themselves with a modest cough. Into the midst of the pageantry they thrust that typically utile and modern product, a Municipality, which proceeded to present an address. But even here it was not left undisturbed. The address was as if read to a company of deaf men by a mute. It was not heard. All the time of the reading, pageantry, through the mouths of silver conches, asserted its presence and brayed in insolent self-importance. It beat upon tabors and drums, it clashed cymbals and it skirled through reeds. It rent the heavens with noise. Hence, a more confidential affair than the reading of the address has seldom been seen. Talk about lending an ear! The Prince leaned stooping from his chair, holding his ear towards the President, who poured in his winged words. Similarly with the reply, but doubt not a few were spilled and never reached their proper destination.

After the Municipality, having nobly battled against pageantry to do its duty, had retired from the scene, pageantry once again came forward to gesticulate, but it did so more subduedly. The occasion was the interchange of visits between the host and the Royal guest. It is a graceful ceremony, but it varies not from State to State. Yet there are the settings. They are not always the same. The setting in Mysore was the Maharaja's Palace, which is beyond doubt to be numbered among the half dozen of India's most beautiful buildings, and the beautiful lines of the building are enhanced by the wonderful carving in wood and porphyry which abounds. Somewhere within the palace there is that astounding throne of ivory and gold and silver around which multitudinous legends

cling but which experienced so prosaic a re-birth in a lumber room where the British took Seringapatam. One hoped to see it participate in the ceremony, but the durbar chairs were used.

There was a banquet at Government House at night. The Maharaja who is strictly orthodox, took no part therein, but came across from the Palace in order to propose the toast of the Prince's health, which he did in an eloquent speech. One was reminded by the personnel of a large section of the guests of the extensive missionary and educational activities that are carried on within the State by a devoted band of men and women.

Travelling by motor ten miles from Mysore city the Prince visited Seringapatam on Friday. Seringapatam! Wonderful sesquipedalian! How it sticks in the memory from earliest school-days! What visions of battles and dashing assaults, triumphs and heroic deaths does it not call up! The way thither lies along a pleasant undulating road, lined with banyans and tamarinds and mangoes with the blossoms appearing on them. On either side is lush irrigated land showing the rice stubble or green with early sugar cane. The busy rural life of India goes on along it. One meets the homing kine and the husbandman laden with faggots or provender and shrill-voiced children driving before them unwilling asses heavily burdened. Through such scenes the motor rushes until, almost in the twinkling of an eye, it attains the bridge that spans the Cauvery and reaches the moat and ditch and ramparts that "sentinel the seat of the Mahomedan usurpers' brief power." Quickly the path mounts to a plateau and thereon is set the fortress that stiffened the power of the most formidable enemy, next to the Mahrattas, whom the British in India ever had to meet.

Alas for the mutations of human destiny! It is little now but a crumbling ruin; a fort whose parade grounds ring no more to the tramp of martial feet, whose walls and battlements yawn and sag in giant cracks, whose moat is filled not with water but with the stones which the walls, too weary to bear them, discard ever more rapidly, and whose guard rooms and gates shelter not vigilant keen-eyed outposts but vagrant asses and ruminating kine. In the shelter of the ruins a feeble provincial life goes on—traders who supply the needs of the peasants and the careful husbandman of the adjacent fields, who has built his hut near that of his fellow for the sake of companionship. For the rest, there is a giant temple of Juggernaut, whose car, draped on the occasion of the Prince's visit and bedizened as if for the yearly festival, towered drunkenly beside the grotesque carvings of the temple gopuram. That is the modern shell of what was once a busy place and became a landmark in history.

But there still remain, tended with care and reverence, monuments to

the fame of its past. White finger posts and brass tablets point the enquiring wanderer to the spots where history was made. One may see the breach in the wall through which Baird led the storming party to the assault. Baird had been three and a half years in captivity within the walls of Seringapatam, so one may imagine the exultation which his fiery temper experienced as he led his troops through the gap. Not that his temper required the stimulus of thoughts of sweet revenge. Was it not his mother who, on hearing that Hyder's prisoners were chained in pairs, exclaimed "Guid help the man wha's chained tae oor Davie"? Beyond is the spot where Tippoo Sultan, wounded in the vain defence of the breached wall, was killed by the plundering hand of a soldier who coveted his jewelled sword belt. And beyond it again a decided finger post points to the Darya Daulat. Following the finger post, one comes to a broad low pavilion set in a delectable garden. Once the summer palace of Tippoo, it became, when the fort was captured, the residence of Wellesley.

It repays inspection. Outside, on the walls backing the verandah, there is painted an enormous battle-piece—an Indian artist's representation of the battle of Polilore. The battle-piece is not exactly as Meissonier would have painted it. Childlike simplicity, complete ignorance of anatomy, and a very sketchy acquaintance with tactics are the main features. Every soldier, even when he is thrusting his sabre through his enemy's gizzard, is obeying an unseen prompting to "eyes right." The expression on the face of the dying warrior appears to be as blissful and satisfied as that on the features of his slayer. Reinforcements are brought up in such a way that they cannot possibly do aught but make confusion worse confounded, and elephants prancing hurriedly and comically towards the fray have only to take a single step forward and they will crush whole companies of men. A hollow square of red coats looks as if a push on the outside man would topple them like a house of cards, while within the square the General directing operations from a palanquin looks like Doctor Johnson on his way to his favourite coffee house. Assuredly it is magnificent, but it is not war.

Within the building itself nothing remains to show human habitation. All the rooms, which open one into another and have indeed such a multitude of entrances and exits that they can scarcely claim the name of rooms, are empty, and echo loudly to the footsteps. But their walls speak and speak loudly. It is a pity that they say nothing in particular, nothing but decoration, endless decoration. Lotus flowers, scrolls, mere coloured traceries, beginning nowhere and going nowhere, a multitude of neatly cut panels shaped each like a tiny gothic window and covered with fading

colour—these form the interior. One can imagine the occupant of the room, oppressed by the eternal expressionless painting, rushing for relief into the moonlit garden where at least he could find simplicity.

Most poignant spot of all in Seringapatam has little connection with history. It is only an old and empty bungalow, but it tells a tale, a harrowing tale of devotion and grief. Many years ago there lived in the bungalow one Scott, an Engineer in the employ of the Government of India. One morning he left home. All seemed to be as usual, his wife well, his children well. But, when later in the day he returned, all was silent. No merry voices greeted his entrance within the garden, and when he entered the house he found his wife and children dead. His overwhelming grief can only be imagined. He buried them in the river which flows placidly past the foot of the bungalow garden and himself took horse and rode away. From that day to this he has never been heard of.

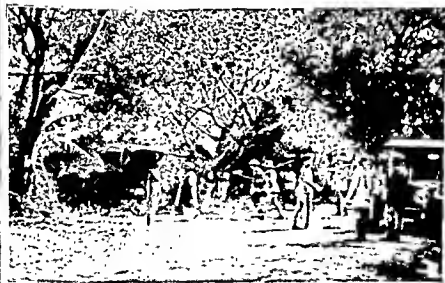
For once the Government of India gave rein to sentiment and ordered that the bungalow of Scott should be kept just as it was left, the furniture all in order and the floors and walls clean, until he should return. So it is done. The massive wooden bedsteads still stand in the bedrooms, a vast side board speaks eloquently of old world hospitality, and, most touching of all, a little spinet, the woodwork cracked and the wires jangling, rests pathetically in a corner of the drawing room. There are people who declare that Scott died in his bed in London many years afterwards. But why spoil a good story? One prefers to believe that he rode out into the jungle till first his horse, then he, fell exhausted and died.

His Highness' enthusiasm for music was practically displayed at the palace on the night of the Prince's return from the Seringapatam visit. The Prince and the numerous guests who were enjoying the hospitality of the State were bidden to the palace for a concert of Indian and English music. The cars of the guests sped along an illuminated avenue to the great door of the palace. On an upper gallery and within one of the lofty palace state rooms sat at intervals groups of Indian musicians. Practically every Indian instrument now in use was represented, including the delightful *jaltang*, from which music is made in the simplest possible manner by striking bowls of varying sizes filled with water in various degrees. The concert of English music was provided by a very efficient little string orchestra and an organist whose instrument was a fine pipe organ.

But the most notable thing of the evening was the reception accorded to the Prince. The populace of the city had been given the *entrée* to the palace courtyard. They began to assemble before sun-down. By the time darkness fell, long before the advent of the Prince was due, the



H. R. H. off to the Tiger Shoot.



Other Members of the Party

courtyard was thronged with many thousands of Mysoreans. By far the greater number of them were women, most with babes in their arms. The Prince appeared, in company with the Maharaja, on the upper balconies of the palace. At once a swelling murmur came from the multitude. A sea of faces upturned shone in the bright light shed by the brilliantly illuminated palace. Women prostrated themselves and threw their arms wide in greeting. Others held their babes aloft as if imploring a blessing. And long after the Prince had gone into the inner rooms to listen to the Indian musicians the multitude remained in the courtyard, faces anxiously upturned, longing for another glimpse of the Prince's figure. Later, when he departed, the Prince was given a more modern greeting. The crowd surged round his car, cheering and salaaming, making progress at anything more than a foot pace impossible.

Motoring for some fifty or more miles from Mysore to Karapur, the Royal Party spent Saturday and Sunday and most of Monday in the lap of nature. They lived a page or two from the Jungle Book. It began a couple of miles from the capital, for it is just about that point where the road shakes itself free of all the signs and tokens of sophistication and civilisation and stretches itself out into primeval India. But primeval India, where the soil and its fruitfulness, seedtime and harvest, are the beginning and end of man's philosophy are not immune to the idea of Kingship and Royalty. Every hamlet, every small group of steadings worth the dignity of a name, sent forth ambassadors to convey greetings to the Prince. The young men for the most part were working in the fields. But the elders and children, and above all the women—most in indigo, a few in gayer plumage, all garlanded with flowers—provided a worthy and a vocal embassy.

The courtesy and the veneration of the peasants, however, were not the business of the day. Neither were the beautiful valleys athwart which the route rose and fell and which by their fertility, their lakes, and the encompassing purple of their hills reminded some of the travellers of the vales and scaurs of Westmoreland, others of the hills and glens of Scotland when the heather has gone. The purpose of the journey began to appear when cultivation ceased and gave place to the jungle—thick, dark, mysterious; the jungle where the rule of "nature red in tooth and claw" is disturbed only by the passage of the forest officer and his servants. It became plainer when the cars turned off the main road, climbed a hill, and came to where several tongas and nondescript wheeled vehicles were assembled. And it revealed itself completely when on the arc and the chord of a slightly cleared segment of a circle the outlines of *machans* appeared.

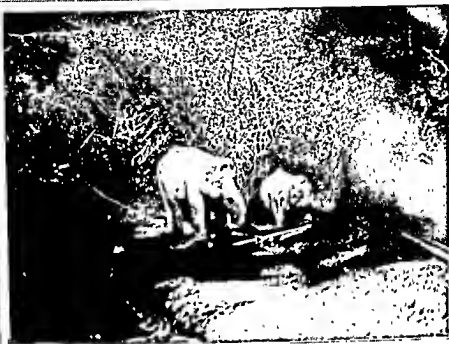
In Mysore, they shoot tiger from *machons*. The method has its advantages, at least, from the tiger's point of view. To shoot the tiger from one of a narrowing circle of elephants leaves him about as much chance of escape as has a murderer in the condemned cell. But in thick jungle with the marksmen in *machons* placed at fairly wide intervals the tiger has a chance of breaking through to freedom which increases as the incapacity of the marksman grows. All that apart, tiger shooting seems to be a vast deal of sack to a ha'porth of bread.

The preliminary jolting along a jungle track over nullahs and ditches is good for the soul and the liver. There is mild excitement, too, in the hurried whispering, the allotment of stations, especially when one knows that the tiger crouches not a furlong off in the thicket. But thereafter tedium reigns for a space. The whoops and howls of the beaters break the deathlike stillness of the jungle periodically but in the intervals one has leisure to listen to the mellow "Chonk! Chonk!" of the copper-smith bird, which, with the occasional flurried clucking of a jungle fowl, is all that shows the teeming life of the forest to be dormant, not dead.

At last, after an hour and a half of somnolence, the tiger, disturbed by a more than usually determined hullabaloo, broke cover. He came out near the Prince's *machon*. Half a minute's tense excitement, a scarcely distinguishable tawny body rustling the tangled undergrowth, a few shots, a coughing roar or two, choked evidently by the rush of blood from the lungs, a last terrific flurry of the grasses in the death agony, and all is over. He was a fine beast, nine feet three from nose to tip, sleek and well fed.

On Sunday the Prince witnessed the last stages of the kheddah operations, that is, the capture of a herd of wild elephants. The early stages of the operations had been completed during the previous month, and a herd wandering about, plucking the branches from trees, or wallowing in within a twelve acre enclosure of jungle. Within the boundaries—a wide deep ditch and a stout stockade—of this enclosure they enjoyed a modified liberty. From a lofty platform raised on tree trunks one glimpsed the herd wandering about plucking the branches from trees or wallowing in the pools. But when they were still, so thick were the undergrowth and the creepers, so broken the ground, so elusive the light filtered by the foliage of the trees, and so much has nature coloured the animals like massive rocks, that it is next to impossible to see them.

A bugle gives the signal for the start and at once the *koomkies*, the decoy elephants, each with a mahout and a spearsman, or a man armed with a gun on his back, move out of their concealment. They seek to drive the herd before them, aided by shouting, the noise of bamboo



Wild Elephants in Mysore.



Captured Monsters.

clappers, the firing of guns and shrill cacophonies from trumpets. But the herd is not easy to deal with. For one thing, it contains two or three cows which have been through the hoop before and have escaped from captivity. Again and again, led by the gamely fighting tusker, they break through the encircling *koomkies* and steadfastly refuse to enter the inviting funnel shaped opening which will lead them to a life of useful toil and comfort.

But in the end, bewildered by the noise, harassed by small shot, and pierced by lances, a part of the herd makes a rush for the declivity which seems to be the only comfortable spot in the jungle. Too late they realise that the arching overhanging greenery they have passed under is a massive camouflaged gate. Too late they realise that their companions are tame elephants, with businesslike men on their backs. Crash! The gate has shut, and freedom is a thing of the past. Then begins within the small circular stockade a scene half comic, half pathetic. The captured elephants struggle against the *koomkies*. They show temper. Tears of vexation come to their eyes. They sulk like a human being. They trumpet angrily and throw themselves down on the ground. But they are met with stolid calmness. They are hustled, kindly but firmly. And finally, sad but subdued, they are roped and noosed and led away for further processes of domestication between two tame cousins.

But there are other sports to be had in the Mysore jungle than tiger shooting and watching the trapping of elephants. The bison haunts the jungles. He is a tricky beast, shy as a deer and much more restless. It needs an infinity of patience to come near enough a herd to get a shot. The Prince's staff went out after bison on more than one occasion, with fair success. The Prince himself was content with what the camp and its immediate environs had to offer—lawn tennis, riding and polo. Besides this there was mahseer fishing. It is good sport and most of the visitors cast a line into the tumbling stream where these monstrous fish abound. They do not give nearly as much trouble as a well grown salmon, though they are far from easy to land. But when you have hooked and safely landed your fish, a glow of pride suffuses you. It is so truly monstrous a prey. Stood on end, it is as long as a well-grown man and its girth is great. Grilled in steaks it makes good eating for a hungry appetite, but, for a delicate palette, perhaps its flavour is on the coarse side.

The Prince returned to Mysore City on the afternoon of the 23rd and left for Hyderabad at night after a thoroughly agreeable five days in which ceremony was mostly in abeyance.

CHAPTER XII.

CHANGING HYDERABAD—FEUDALISM AND MODERN IDEAS—ARABS AND AFRICANS AT THE COURT OF FORMER RULERS—AN ASTONISHING COUNTRY-SIDE—THE CAPITAL AND SECUNDERABAD: ENGAGING CONTRAST—A REVIEW OF TROOPS—PERSONAL RULE & THE NEW AGE.—(JAN. 25.28)



HERE is no doubt about it. Hyderabad is changing. It used to be as recently as ten or twelve years ago the place in India where barbaric picturesqueness was sure to be found. It was the last stronghold of Islam and mediævalism. It was a model of the feudal system which wore itself out in Europe six centuries ago. In the streets one could see the mamelukes of the palace guard, tall Abyssinians, with thick lips and knowing grins. Lounging on the bridges were to be encountered groups of Arabs chattering interminably, aimlessly. They looked too indolent for action. But they needed caution in dealing with them. It was not for nothing that their belts were stuffed with faggots of daggers, that a chased pistol or two peeped from the folds of their robe, and that a long musket leaned against the parapet. Let a stranger treat them with too little respect, and like as not he would find himself struggling in the river below or on his way to the Elysian Fields, alit from gizzard to chine. And occasionally one met stately Arab chiefs, the descendants of one time refugees from a family vendetta or a political feud in Arabia, themselves now feudal lords of the Nizam, who had given them sanctuary and welcome in the name of Allah.

But times change. The Arab feudal lords die out. Their retainers, who once provided the State with irregular troops, scarce equalled in valour anywhere, melt away like the snows of yesteryear. The bearing of arms in the streets is at least frowned upon, if it is not penal. Private vendetta has lost caste, and a solicitor's letter, not a thrust with a dagger, will ensue upon calumny of an Arab soldier. Pale ghost of its former self, the African guard still parades. But they are not the grinning Abyssinians of former days. These settled down and took unto themselves wives of the country, so that now their descendants only occasionally in their features show traces of their paternal origin.

Twenty years ago there were no bazaars in the whole of India whose



H. E. H. THE NIAH OF HYDERABAD, G.C.S.I., G.B.I.

reputations were as bad as that of Hyderabad. An expedition to buy brass was an expedition indeed. The traveller went attended by an armed escort. Never a noble came into the city but he was attended by a troop of mounted retainers, all armed to the teeth and not shy of a fight. It was an exact reflection of the last century of the Roman Republic when the representative of no great family dared go abroad without his following of armed men and street brawls were commonplaces towards which few troubled to turn their heads. But now it is chastened. There are still nobles with armed escorts. There is still the petty land-owner who acts as his own escort, his belt stuffed with every weapon in the armoury. But on the occasion of a Royal visit they seem to keep far in the background, or merge themselves with the troops of irregular foot and cavalry that take a legitimate part in the pageantry. And so it is safe for the wandering stranger to penetrate at will the bye-streets and the narrow alley-ways of the Nizam's Capital.

Yet, though the city is changed, though it has partially capitulated to modernity and possesses a municipality and a conscience for drains and the width of its streets and bye-laws, though it yields to the latest ideas about administration, and though the city differs in many other respects from that which a former Prince of Wales saw sixteen years ago, yet it remains at the threshold the same and will remain "to the last syllable of recorded time."

Surely nowhere else in the world can there be such a countryside as greets the eye of the traveller approaching Hyderabad in the morning. On all sides he sees a profusion of low hills and monstrous rocks, cast nonchalantly about in every grotesque design and arabesque. Vast boulders huddle together to make a giant's castle. Yonder Nature, as if aping the art of man, has produced with grey black granite a perfect rectangle surmounted by a dome as smooth as chunam. Farther beyond, in careless profusion, are scattered obelisks, walls, mushrooms, crenelated bastions, mere formless agglomerations, and uprights and cross bars. It looks as if some young Titan had juggled with the mountains, and taking Stonehenge for a model had sought to bring art into a desert place.

It was with a sense of bizarre contrast that one came from this grotesque profusion into the midst of the ordered glory of an official Royal reception. The spick and span uniformity of the guard of honour, the spotless white of the Nizam's chief officers, the State carriage and the groomed horses, the variety in similarity of the different regiments which lined the streets, the flags and the triumphal arches—all these seemed to belong to a different world from that we had just emerged from. Yet there lingered the dominant note. Outside there was careless disorder

and profusion. Within there was ordered bounty—bounteousness of pageantry, bounteousness of troops, and above all bounteousness of the people.

To estimate a crowd under the most favourable of circumstances is difficult. To estimate it when it is thick as berries on a bush in one street and strung out like jewels on a necklace in another, when thousands of it watch from house tops and thousands more are but eyes glued to peepholes in the purdah, and when fifteen thousand of it—this is the only certain number—are school children marshalled on an open space—to estimate such a crowd is a task fantastically impossible.

The Prince drove in procession, accompanied by the Nizam, through the city's main street and acknowledged the enthusiasm and plaudits of the large crowd who had assembled to do him honour. The processional drive ended at the Faluknama Castle, perched on the top of a rugged bluff. Here it was that the Prince stayed during his five days' visit. From the terrace whereon the castle is set—the castle itself a massive white pile in the Palladian mode—an incomparable view of the city and its surroundings is to be had. The city below fills a shallow basin, girdled with trees. Glittering white houses and walls, painted balconies, the minars of a few mosques and, overtopping all, the towering outlines of the Char Minar, the gateway set in stately magnificence athwart the city's highway—all these sweep to the horizon in kaleidoscopic profusion. One sees the white ribbon of road leading to Secunderabad and the snowy walls and red roofs nestling among the trees of the cantonment. Far to the left are the craggy steeps on which is built Golconda Fort which defended for eight stubborn months the ancient capital of the Kutb dynasty against the Moghul assault. All round the fort and the ruins of the once proud city there is a region that seems to have been blasted by some curse. Everywhere is the uttermost barrenness. It is a repetition of the scenes at the threshold of the State, but without the rude efforts at symmetry. Tradition explains the profusion of boulders and loose rocky ground very simply; it is the dumping ground for all the refuse left over after the gods had completed their task of making the world. The pitiful barrenness seems to have stricken them with remorse in the end for they have in some measure redeemed the wilderness by placing therein a wide placid lake that glitters amidst the surrounding barrenness like a great sapphire.

Shortly after the Prince had arrived at the Faluknama Castle the usual exchange of formal visits took place, His Exalted Highness calling first on the Prince and the latter returning the call after a short interval. The visits were each characterised by the stately ceremonial and old-world courtesy peculiar to such occasions. But, by contrast, one could not fail

to note how modern, how European was the aspect of the Nizam and his chief officials. The Nizam wore a simple light grey frock coat. He was as unlike the traditional oriental potentate as he well could be. The uniforms, both civil and military, of his officials and ministers were reminiscent more of Constantinople or even of some German State than of the East. The white frock-coats and gilt sword belts might have been the undress uniform of some Prussian regiment of guards. It needed a glance towards the eastern bazaars of the city to remind one that these ceremonies were taking place not in a European capital but in the premier Mahomedan state of India.

At night there was a State banquet given at the Chow Mahalla Palace. Two hundred guests were entertained by the Nizam. It was the longest banquet of the tour—not in duration but in space. The banqueting chamber was long and straight and narrow, all the guests sat at one long table, a hundred on each side. One unfortunate result was that the speeches of the Prince and the Nizam were barely audible by those at either end of the table and the acoustics were not aided by the whizzing fans. In proposing the health of the Prince, the Nizam said that his visit to the capital of the State was an event of profound gratification to him. Hyderabad had enjoyed a similar honour by the presence of two royal visitors who were now King Emperor and Queen Empress and to welcome the heir apparent to the British throne was an abiding pleasure and a great honour. For more than a century his house has been in unbroken alliance with the British Empire, an alliance that had been marked in moments of peril and danger by the closest ties of mutual service and assistance. The world-wide war was but one more test of the indissoluble bond existing between the Asifjah and the British Crown. To maintain and perpetuate the traditions of that friendship and alliance was the duty he had inherited from his forefathers, and he asked the Prince to convey to Their Majesties the assurance of his sincere and unalterable devotion. The gracious presence of His Royal Highness added to the warmth of those sentiments of affection he entertained for the Royal House. H.E.H. the Nizam paid a tribute to the charming personality of the Prince and said that the memory of that evening would ever remain an enduring recollection of the visit that was the source of joy and pride to him.

The banquet had a rather striking prelude in the illuminations. One had noted earlier that the city streets were lined with wooden trellis, by night this burst forth in living twinkling flame as the oil *cherags* hung upon the trellis were kindled, so that the whole route became a wonderful avenue hedged with fire. Beyond the screen of flames, which threw a vivid dancing light on the foreground but cast the farther regions into

gloom, could be dimly discerned the city populace—grotesque, half-lit shadows who, none the less, belied their ghostly appearance by the heartiness of their plaudits. The palace itself which has, by day, no mean claims to beauty, became ethereal in its network of lamps, on the one side soft crimson, on the other delicate green, and these, caught and mirrored in fountain basins and a placid pool, created a sense of memorable beauty.

Six miles separate Hyderabad from Secunderabad, six miles in space. But there is all of six centuries between them in time and development. Hyderabad is throwing off many of its age-long characteristics, as has been noted. But it is still a city of the East and gives besides that peculiarly blind blank impression that is gained from acquaintanceship with all Mahomedan settlements. The narrow streets of all such are bordered with staring blind walls. The roofs on the top and fretted balconies assure you that they are houses. But the heavy wooden nail-studded doors do not suggest human intercourse and hospitality. The houses are dead to the street. It is within the courtyard, round which they are built and in which the women, jealously guarded from the bold eye of the stranger, take almost their only exercise that they are alive. Secret mystery is the prevailing note that a Moslem city strikes. So it is with Hyderabad. It is little else than a long straight street bordered by the blind walls of houses, which are broken occasionally by the more extensive walls that shut in lovely gardens in which are set the town houses of some of the State's noblemen and high officials. A few glittering minarets mark the presence of mosques. These and a college or two stand for architectural glory which does not shine brightly otherwise except in a few palaces. The bye-ways which lead off the long main street invite one by their promise of mystery. But the mystery remains when one has penetrated them and the doors abide seemingly ever-closed and the walls perpetually blank.

Secunderabad is different in all respects. There is no close huddling of the buildings. It is typically the Indian cantonment. Everywhere within its boundaries one senses the initial presence of the army engineer, perpetually considering how to get the maximum of light and air for the troops. Space at all costs—wide streets, open spaces and gardens in abundance, good buildings, solid and suburban prosperity—these are the impressions one gathers from a visit to Secunderabad. Primarily it is a military centre. But the development of industrial enterprise and commerce that the past decade or two has witnessed in Hyderabad has encouraged the concentration there of a considerable business community. Nor should the fact be forgotten that the railway, that primary civilising



The Procession under the Char Minar.

force, has a headquarters there, the headquarters of the Nizam's Guaranteed State Railway.

On the morning of January 26 the Prince drove from Hyderabad to review the troops at Secunderabad garrison. The drive thither is markedly pleasant. After one's car has passed the Residency the prospect opens out and the countryside, smiling and prosperous, is revealed. For part of its length, the road skirts a considerable lake, one of the chief scenic beauties of Hyderabad. A wide stretch of water, bordered by craggy banks which are crowned with white buildings that glitter brightly in the morning sun and cast their spotless reflections into the azure waters beneath, it is not only a thing of beauty but adds utility to its functions by keeping the air cool in the heat of the day. At mid-day near the lake there is always a movement of air and it is several degrees cooler than at any other spot in Hyderabad. Not that one troubled much about coolness on the morning when the Prince drove to the review of the troops. The air was sharp enough, in all conscience, and one was grateful to the early morning sunshine for the little warmth it diffused. When one had passed the lake a gateway, like an ancient castle keep, beneath whose arch paced a British sentry, warned one that the outskirts of Secunderabad had been reached. A mile or so beyond is the parade ground. It is not the usual dusty rectangle where one is accustomed to see troops manoeuvred. One of the largest, perhaps the largest in India, the Secunderabad parade ground consists of a wide expanse of rolling down to which only the need of the moment sets limits. On this ground were drawn up the troops for review, to the number of 3,513.

There were on parade the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, the Cavalry Brigade of the Hyderabad State troops, two batteries of Field Artillery, two incomplete battalions of British Infantry, a battalion of the Camatias, and armoured car, and hospital corps detachments. There was little remarkable about the parade, nor in these days, when heroism has proved itself to be world-wide and gallant deeds the commonplaces of warfare, about the units reviewed. Without doubt each one of them has in the last seven years wrought traditions which will die only when the army dies.

But there was one unit which is pre-eminent even among the flower of heroism and gallantry. It is "L" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery. Somewhere in France in 1915 there chanced a foggy night. The mist was so thick that troops had only the faintest notion of their whereabouts. The men of "L" battery bivouacked on the spot where they had worked their guns all day. In the morning, when the fog had cleared, they woke up to discover that their friends had vanished into the blue. That there was in front of them no infantry screen, but a battery of heavy German

guns which had somehow and noiselessly blundered thither in the night.

The horse guns decided discretion to be the worse part of valour and stayed to argue things out. They worked like demons, keeping within range of the enemy, on whom they inflicted monstrous damage. But they themselves suffered also, and when they took themselves off at the end of the day there remained a wounded officer or so, four gunners, and a single workable gun. There also remained just a little in the future a couple of Victoria Crosses.

Thus was the story told me in Secunderabad. As befits a battery with such tales in its annals, the gunners made a wonderful show. It is no discredit to the Cavalry, who rode and galloped like men, nor to the infantry, who swung past with inspiring precision, to say that as a spectacle they had to yield place to the horse guns. The manner in which they galloped past the Prince, going as the phrase has it, "Hell for leather," practically in mathematically accurate alignment, was a sight for the gods. Certainly it thrilled the spectators. For as one man they rose and cheered and shouted in wild enthusiasm.

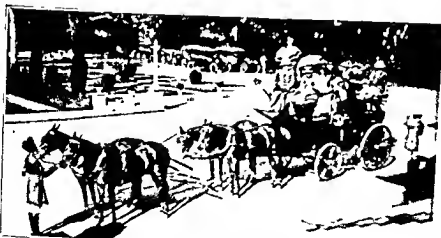
Among the spectators, of whom there was a great throng, the Prince's keen eyes discerned a large group of school children at the most distant end of the review ground. Before he left the ground he rode down to the children's end and gave them the opportunity so earnestly longed for, so enthusiastically seized, of saluting him. Later the Prince was the guest of the Commandant of the 4th Dragoon Guards at lunch, when no doubt there was between the host, who is an international polo player, and the Royal guest much interchange of confidences about the game of games.

As in other Indian States, so in Hyderabad the demands made on the Prince were not onerous. A great part of the time was left to fill in at his own discretion. Hyderabad embraces some of the finest stalker country in India. The Prince's tastes, however, do not that way lie, and no shoot was arranged for him. They are mainly equestrian. He can do his bit with a gun or a rifle, but he is happiest when, astride a horse, he can gallop across a bit of difficult country with a couple of hair-raising jumps artfully lying in wait somewhere. Even happier is he on the polo field. Already a keen player before he left England, his keenness, and with it his skill, developed greatly in India. At many places he had an opportunity of seeing some of the world's finest players at play. At all he was able to put in some hours' playing himself and a good deal of his leisure in Hyderabad was devoted to polo, the Fatek Maidan furnishing an excellent ground.

One cannot be in Hyderabad long without forming some opinion of the virtues of personal rule. The largest, most important and wealthiest



H. R. H. visits the Nizam.



The Residency Four-in-Hand: H. R. H. leaving for Fero

State in India, Hyderabad cannot escape attention as some of the smaller and less important principalities can. But it emerges from any criticism levelled at it with credit. It enjoys in the first place unique advantages which are not possessed by other communities of a like size. Its position as the ally of the British Government frees it from any fear of external aggression. It needs no navy. Troops are necessary only in a limited degree, first to fulfill the State's obligations according to the treaty of alliance and secondly, according to the discretion of the ruler, for such free contributions towards the Empire's military might as may be deemed desirable. Anything beyond these numbers is maintained purely for ceremonial purposes.

Thus, great revenues are released for purposes of social welfare and material development which principalities elsewhere in the world cannot hope to enjoy—so great a fraction of revenue must be devoted to defence. The opportunity for the most part has been wisely employed. Industrial development proceeds apace. Coal, iron-ore and lime-stone are found and are widely worked and will be more intensively exploited in the course of years. Recently, mica and manganese, the latter stimulated greatly by the needs of the war, have claimed attention. But the bulk of the people are still agriculturists—many of them are uncivilised to a degree, some of the most primitive tribes in India being found lurking in the hills and fastnesses. Their condition compares very favourably with that of those in any other part of India.

The Nizam is an absolute ruler—there is a saying current in his Capital that "not a leaf can fall in Hyderabad without his consent." He rules through his ministers who are chosen not for family reasons, still less for religious, but with a sole view to ability in the discharge of their functions. Acquaintance with any of the Nizam's chief servants makes one confess that the choice is usually excellent. In this regard, the existence of a State such as Hyderabad within the confines of India opens up avenues to talent which are not open in British India. It needs, or has needed—times change in British India—long years of hard service before a man, Indian or European, could aspire to the higher posts in the Executive. But a man might find himself Prime Minister in Hyderabad before he had completed his third decade. It has always been a lure for the talented Indian and the roll of distinguished State servants includes many names of Indians who have not been natives of the State. It thus retains something of the romantic quality that characterised the Court of the Moghul Emperors at which all young men of talent, particularly military talent, were welcomed and given a chance to win fortune and fame by the might of their right arm or the subtlety of their intellect.

Most of the official literature distributed in Hyderabad is wrapped in covers of staring yellow and tied with a blue ribbon. The uniform of the higher officials and noblemen of the State is usually a blue frock-coat with gold buttons and a yellow turban which is not exactly cylindrical and comes to a high peak without being quite conical. The ensign of His Exalted Highness is a yellow flag with a blue circular device in the middle. By these colours and this banner hangs a tale. The legend runs that the blessed Nizam-ul-Mulk, scholar, general, diplomatist, who founded the Hyderabad dynasty, was setting out on a campaign. A fakir blessed the enterprise and gave the prince as a talisman a *chapatti* tied in a yellow cloth. On the conclusion of the campaign it was directed that the ensign of Hyderabad should be a yellow banner with his talismanic *chapatti* as its device.

A wise tolerance has always been the keynote of the policy pursued by the Nizams of Hyderabad. Mahratta and Kanerese, Ghond and Bhil, Telegu and Tamil, Arab and Persian, Eurasian and native Christian, Shia and Sunni, whatever be their race and religion, are in full enjoyment of their rights and privileges and have their full share of State employment. That is a most agreeable feature of the life of the State. Another is the extremely cordial relations existing between Europeans and Indians. In no part of India, not more even in Bombay, is social intercourse freer between the two races and nowhere do they in greater degree understand and respect each other. Much of this good feeling is due to the personality of the late Nizam in whom sound commonsense, clearness of vision and personal dignity united in a singular degree. Educated in the best traditions of East and West, he combined in his character some of the finest traits of both. He was a sportsman, but he was at the same time a brilliant conversationalist, had a keen appreciation of literature, and was a writer of Urdu poetry remarkable for its beauty of thought and cadence. It is written of him that "he was kind and considerate as a master; as a friend he was generous and warm-hearted to a degree. He never forgot a service rendered, nor did he consider that all obligation on his part ceased when he had rewarded the doer of the service. This trait marks the true son of his house. The gratitude of the Nizams is proverbial and extends to the third and fourth generation."

On his death he was succeeded by his eldest son His Highness Osman Ali Khan who was raised to the dignity of His Exalted Highness the Nizam for conspicuous services rendered during the war. Among the most prized of the many titles he bears is that conferred upon a long dead ancestor, namely, "Faithful Ally of the British Government." Eleven years have passed, four and a half of them those years so fraught



Hyderabad Cadets.



An Officer.

with peril for the Empire, since he assumed the supreme power over the Nizam's Dominions. They have been fruitful years, marked by steady advance and betterment of the administration. The material wealth of the State has increased. Education has spread. Industries have prospered. It is said of His Exalted Highness that had fate called on him to play a more humble role in life he would inevitably have succeeded in whatsoever he had undertaken. Particularly, it is thought, would he have succeeded in business life. Indeed, he brings to his work as a ruler just those qualities of shrewdness and foresight which make the successful business man.

Especially does he display in financial matters all the sparing economy that characterizes the Scots and the Swiss. Just like them his vigilant economy is apt to be misunderstood by the hasty and to be confused with niggardliness and parsimony. In reality he is economical, that is he insists that every penny spent, either on account of the State or on the satisfaction of his own simple tastes, shall show an adequate return. This trait, coupled with a genius for choosing men who will serve him well in the onerous posts of public service, is chiefly accountable for the excellent condition of the State's finances. There are, in the Hyderabad Treasury, reserves of a strength equal to almost any emergencies while rumour places the accumulation of the Nizam's private fortune at a figure which would bring the blush of modest diffidence to the cheeks of some of America's multi-millionaire.

More than in outward aspect, which grows increasingly urbane, does Hyderabad change. The creation of a municipality to look after the city's amenities has been noted. Whether the modern note will be re-echoed in the larger affairs of the State one cannot yet say. It is, however, hard to believe that Hyderabad can long resist the march of modern ideas. The prejudice against personal and absolute rule, how just and good soever it be, is everywhere strong and gathers strength. Many of the States in India have followed the current and, though the rulers have not abdicated their functions, they have abated much of their privileges and rights. More and more do the advanced Native States associate the educated classes in the governance of the State's affairs. Legislative assemblies, partially elected, are increasing in number within the princely states and nowhere have the results of democratisation been otherwise than good.

Affairs of state in these times when the functions of government begin to include activities which were never contemplated in the past—state regulation of industry and the financing of great industrial projects, to mention two—become increasingly complex. The old form of a centralised

government in which a ruler, with whom a small cabinet of advisers with strictly limited powers is associated, keeps all the threads of administration in his own hands, is apt to be overwhelmed in the complex rush of affairs. The diffusion of power and control is everywhere sought and attended with practical benefits. But whether Hyderabad at an early or a later date, or not at all, changes as others have changed, there is naught in the past to be ashamed of in the record of government. Painstaking conscientiousness and keen abilities have united to make personal and absolute rule as acceptable as it can be.



CHAPTER XIII.

IN CENTRAL INDIA—NAGPUR: A GROWING COMMERCIAL CENTRE—THE INDORE VISIT—A BOLD MAHRATTA CAPTAIN—THE FAME OF AHILYA BAI—GATHERING OF CENTRAL INDIA CHIEFS—IMPRESSIVE DURBAR AT DALY COLLEGE—THE TROOPS AT MHOW REVIEWED—A YOUNG LADY COMMANDANT.—(JAN. 30—FEB. 3).



NAGPUR is not a thing of beauty. To four out of every five railway travellers it is known in its most uninviting aspect. As the approaching train slows down, a forest of tin chimney stacks rises up to greet it. Little mean looking factories, some long deserted and ruinous, others puffing busily in ludicrous self-importance, cluster together on the low-lying ground below the railway embankment. Acres of track, twisting interminably, spread before them. Farther off, they see trees in which roads disappear and the hint of buildings, which mark the locality of the city. Still farther is to be seen the country which, remaining unknown to civilisation for countless centuries, has since leaped into prominence and importance as the great supply centre for much of India's coal, and for still more of the manganese ore which contributes to no mean extent to the revenues of the land. Coal and this ore will make Nagpur. What they will make of it is still a problem.

At present the city is at a kind of cross roads. The old industry of weaving, which produced so many beautiful fabrics famed wherever the beautiful products of looms are prized is said to be dying out and hastening ever faster to its demise. Cotton has come to displace it. Busy mills take the place of the cottage looms, the railway facilities grow apace, and more and more the city becomes a bustling entrepot, one, also, which may in the future become the most important distributing centre in India. As evidence of its growth and as earnest of its future commercial greatness, one finds a new and vast railway station. It is so new that it was not quite complete by the end of January, but it was sufficiently advanced for use and it received its baptism from the Royal and the supplementary trains. These arrived about ten o'clock on the morning of January 30, having travelled for forty hours across Hydera-

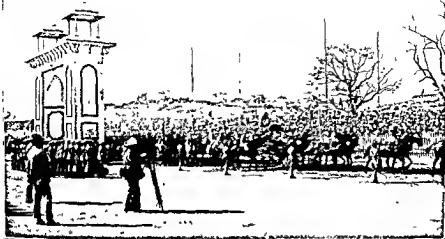
bad territory and the great plain of Maharashtra. And they came to a splendid welcome.

The followers of Gandhi had been active in Nagpur as in other places. They had worked hard in a "boycott the Prince" campaign, but the loyalists had been as active as they. A campaign just as brisk and as persevering as the other had been carried on with "greet the Prince" as its slogan. Events proved it to have been far the more successful of the two. Candour compels the concession of the non-co-operators' success, such as it was—a few shops closed, a number of tongas off the streets, several thousands behind closed doors in their houses, and that is all.

But for every one who observed hartal there was at least one who most certainly did not. He it was who came out and piled himself up in crowds upon the glacis of the fort. He it was who tested the accuracy of the engineer's calculations of strain by packing himself closely upon the big railway bridges. Here he had as his neighbour one who apparently compromised his Gandhi-ite principles with his desire to see the Prince by coming to one of the railway bridges and thence viewing proceedings from a distance. And again, he it was who lined the route in thousands—thirty-five thousands or so, along a two and a half mila route—and salaamed profoundly to the Prince as he drove from the station, breaking now and again into shouts of "Uvaraj Maharaj-ki-jai." He it was, in short, who laid the foundations well and truly of the success of the Royal Visit.

The pageantry was contributed in various ways, first at the station by the gorgeously attired Feudatory Chieftains of the provinces, and chiefly along the route by the triumphal arches. For the most part these were made in the conventional Indian design, bestriding the street like the gateways of Hindu palaces; but one or two were monuments in quite a different style, though less in style than in material. One reared itself aloft on bales of cotton. Another was a rustic bower, while still a third was made of oranges. Perhaps one does the populace an injustice in imagining the greatest assemblage of the folk to be here and to be due to a hope that the disintegration of the arch would result in copious fruitfulness to themselves.

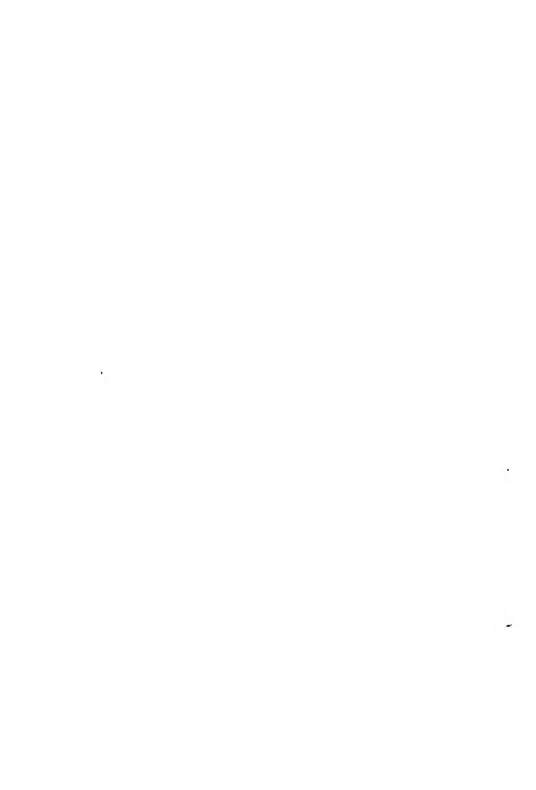
Immediately following upon the arrival of the Royal procession at Government House, the Prince spent a few minutes with the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. The Nagpur Scouts and Guides looked as cheerful and efficient a body of young lads and lasses as do Scouts and Guides anywhere. Further, they have immense initiative; for after their inspection was completed and after they had cheered the King-Emperor and the



Arrival at Nagpur.



Arch Erected by the Empress Cotton Mills.



Prince, one among them started to sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Hastily, if a little late, the others joined in and there succeeded a splendid rough and tumble of harmony. The platoons on the left seemed to reach the final note well ahead, leaving those on the extreme right, who refused to hasten and were attempting a measured dignity of cadence, many bars in the rear. But that matters little. They may have failed as an impromptu glee party, but they magnificently succeeded in conveying their hearty loyalty and enthusiasm for the Prince.

A couple of hours later the Prince attended a Durbar in a durbar tent in Government House grounds. The proceedings were dignified and impressive, occasion being taken by the Legislative Council to present an address of welcome to the Prince. This address offered the Prince a cordial welcome to the province and expressed the loyalty and devotion to the throne and person of the King-Emperor of the people of the Central Province who bore in grateful remembrance the solicitude of Queen Victoria and her successors for their motherland. The deep personal interest of the Royal House was still fresh in their memories, for the people of India deeply valued and cherished those personalities of love and affection which were bound to the Throne. The Prince's active and manly participation in the great war had struck their imagination and endeared him to their hearts, and they had heard with gratitude of the thoughtful regard and keen personal interest which His Majesty and His Royal Highness evinced in the health and comfort of the troops from India. The address expressed regret that the Prince's stay in Nagpur was to be so short, but they knew the strain to which his prolonged tours throughout the Empire were subjecting him and appreciated the willing cheerfulness with which he had faced the task of conserving goodwill and harmony throughout the Empire. They were grateful to His Royal Highness for the visit and were supremely conscious that though fleeting it would leave behind it warm memories of affection and loyalty which would endure for many generations.

In the afternoon the Prince inspected in Government House grounds 250 men of the District Police and Special Armed Force and afterwards the pensioners and the ex-servicemen of the Indian Army from all parts of the Province. After dining at Government House the Prince attended a reception given in Telinkhedi gardens, by prominent Nagpur gentlemen and gentlemen of the adjacent districts. He was met by Sir G. M. Chitnavis and conducted round the gardens, which were brilliantly illuminated. The proceedings were informal but during the evening a number of presentations were made. The function was preceded by a spectacular display of fireworks, watched by large crowds.

The Prince left Nagpur for Indore at half past eight on the following morning. Sir Frank Sly, the Governor of the Central Provinces, was at the station to bid His Royal Highness farewell. The departure was private but a large crowd assembled near the station to see the Prince leave. A few moments before the train left the public were allowed on the platform and gave the Prince a rousing send-off.

Twenty-four hours' progress across the level plains of Central India brought the Prince to the Mahratta State of Indore on a three days' visit. As Indian States go, Indore is the merest infant. A hundred and twenty years ago its present capital was a tiny insignificant village. Kampail was the capital then. It was at Kampail that Malhar Rao, the founder of the State, established his throne. It was from Kampail that he set out in 1724 as a trooper of the Mahratta Horse to enter the service of the Peshwa, rising until he became commander-in-chief and general of the right wing on the fateful day of Panipat. It was not until after the death of Malhar Rao that Ahilya Bai built the city of Indore, and in 1818 the Court was removed to the new centre where it has remained ever since.

The State itself, like many another, was born of those stormy times when the Moghul Empire, sapped by internal decay and assaulted by enemies without, was hastening to dissolution. In those times, when viceroys disowned the suzerain power and became themselves kings, appointing lesser viceroys who in turn threw off allegiance to their overlords, when power was constantly shifting and none knew who on the morrow would be a king in Babylon and who a Christian slave, rewards to a bold captain and a courageous and victorious sword were swift and magnificent.

Since the time when the grant of land made to the victorious Malhar Rao created the nucleus of the present principality, many vicissitudes have attended the history of the State. It waged war during most of its early career, sometimes with success, sometimes without. It came near extinction, and at a critical period of its development it threw up as a ruler a woman, perhaps the greatest in India's history, the memory of whose just acts and personal care for the welfare of the people still lingers and attains ever greater dimensions.

The founder of the State Malhar Rao was a remarkable man. Even in those stirring times when the Moghul Empire was disintegrating and none knew what was to take its place, when the adventurous youth need never despair that one morning he would wake up and find himself both famous and powerful, Malhar Rao's career was extraordinary. But it was, after all, the typical career of the adventurer, spurred by thoughts of glory and power. Far more notable were the life and work of the Maharani Ahilya Bai who for thirty years ruled over the destinies of



H. H. THE MAHARAJAH HOLKAR OF INDORE, G.C.I.L.

the State which the armed prowess of Malhar Rao had carved out. She exercised a general supervision over all the State, and in all questions of peace and war she wielded supreme authority. It is written of her that "she was actuated by a high sense of duty and her piety and lofty principles commanded the respect of all. She personally attended to the transaction of all public business. Her assessments were moderate; and she entertained an almost superstitious reverence for the immemorial rights of village officers and the proprietors of the soil. She established courts of equity and arbitration, and so strong was her sense of duty that she is represented as having been unwearied in the re-examination of the pettiest cases appealed to her. Her mode of life was simplicity itself and her charities have become legendary."

"Considering the stormy age in which she lived, it is a remarkable testimony to the success of her administration and the respect in which she was held by her neighbours that, except on one occasion when the Rana of Udaipur made an incursion into Holkar territory and was compelled to sue for peace, none dared invade her territories. Her great pleasure in life was to promote the prosperity of all around her. Her relations with neighbouring and tributary chiefs—many were her feudatories—were marked by a spirit at once conciliatory and resolute. She spent a great deal in the erection of religious edifices and in gifts to Brahmins. Temples in many parts of India attest to her munificence. She died at the age of sixty in 1795 at Maheshwar where a cenotaph is built and where large charitable and religious establishments are kept up by the State in her memory."

In view of such a record it is not surprising that pious scholars in Indore enshrine, from time to time, her fame in massive monographs or that no formal oratory is spilt within the boundaries of the State without earnest and ardent tribute being paid to her glories. So successful had been the rule of Ahilya Bai, so keen was the memory of her just acts and her personal care for the welfare of her people, that at one time petticoat government looked like becoming a habit at Indore. For, a few years after the death of Ahilya Bai, the favourite concubine of a later ruler contrived to establish herself in the regency. As far as one can see, she was an unpopular lady. She was a woman of great talents and education, yet during her regency the fortunes of the State reached their nadir and her Court was an open scandal. It may be that her vanities and caprices became too burdensome, or it may be that an increasing tendency to assert the superiority of her sex led the men of her Court to fear for the lordship of man. But it is certain that she met with a violent end, being murdered in her palace by the officers of her mutinous troops.

But these be ancient tales. The city of Indore to-day seems to have little relation to the days of violence and intrigue. It straggles amiably and pleasantly on the plain. It is full of engaging contrasts. You pass along one street, packed with decayed beauty, where old houses of timber with deep verandahs still display wonderful carvings. In the next street you come upon that antithesis of aestheticism, the money-lender, in the full blast of his calling. Trees and palaces enclose one prospect. Cast the eyes the other way and they encounter the brick smoke-stalks, the ugly brick rectangles and the fuliginous grime of industrialism. For be it not forgotten that the revenues of Indore are fed by at least a slight trickle from several cotton mills established there. The city is indeed too new to possess very many objects of archaeological interest, too prosperous to present the picturesqueness sometimes associated with poverty, not wealthy enough to boast of those architectural beauties on which from time immemorial pious Indians have cared to spend their wealth. The storied gateway of the palace, the Lal Bagh and the Residency, scarred with the bullets of the Mutiny, are the only features that detain the curious.

But if the State cannot boast of much antiquarian interest, it has yet a special interest of its own. It is an admirable example of a well governed native state, none better in Central India, and its institutions are modern. Public works, of a magnitude to arrest attention anywhere, have been completed during the past decade or two and have materially added to the revenues of the State.

The present ruler of Indore is Maharaja Tukaji Rao Holkar III who succeeded in his minority his father Maharaja Sivaji Rao Holkar who resigned the gadi in 1903. Educated at Mayo College, Ajmer, he impressed his fellow students with his courtly, dignified and gentle bearing. On leaving the College, he studied law under a sessions judge of the State, toured the districts so as to gain first-hand knowledge of the work of administration and generally devoted himself to those pursuits which are designed to equip a prince with powers for the proper governance of his people. He visited Europe in 1910, meeting many of the most notable figures in European public affairs and conversing with many of the foremost men in the counsels of the Empire. On his return to India in the following year he was invested with ruling powers and from that date he has followed the sound lines of administrative policy laid down and consolidated by the council of regency which managed the affairs of the State during his minority. Like the rulers of other Indian States he placed all the resources of his State at the disposal of the Government of India during the war and the contributions made by the State to the sinews of war were generous and fruitful.



H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF DHAR.

The Prince arrived in Indore early in the morning of February 1. He was received by the Maharaja and with him drove in procession to the Manik Bagh Palace where he stayed during the visit. All the official arrangements for the arrival of the Prince were admirably conceived and carried out. But as in all essentials, in the guard of honour, in the escort of Imperial Service Cavalry, in the decorations of the streets and in the formal exchange of visits between the host and his Royal guest, they were exactly the same as those which characterised the arrivals at the other capitals of Native States nothing need be said of them.

But there is one little picture which ought to be recorded. When the procession had reached the Manik Bagh, there was to be seen an aged man among the shrubbery, whence he peeped as from a purdah. He stood by a vehicle which looked a little like a low spindle-wheeled dog-cart. But, as round its middle there were wound many yards of slim horse, and as the custodian bore an enormous brazen helmet on his head, it did not need the gilt inscription on the front to tell that this was the Indore Fire Brigade. There were no fires during the Prince's residence at the Manik Bagh. Had there been, one could have placed implicit confidence in this old gentleman. He would have let no fires take any liberties with him.

The subject of fires leads the mind back to an earlier part of the journey to Manik Bagh. There are many centres on the road from Nagpur to Indore which were eager to accord a welcome to His Royal Highness. There were, to mention only two, Bhusawal and Khandwa, the latter the point where the broad gauge joins the metre gauge line. But they were denied the full glory of a Royal Visit. However, with the time at their disposal they did the very best they could. They assembled their school children, they invited their citizens, and they marshalled their war veterans in or near the railway station, and thus they honoured the Prince. At Bhusawal the Prince left his train for a few minutes and inspected the school children. He was rewarded for his courtesy with a splendid reception. Khandwa had the advantage of a night visit. Accordingly it put out its prosaic electric lights, and jewelled the darkness with thousands of fairy lamps strung out, it seemed, to infinite horizons.

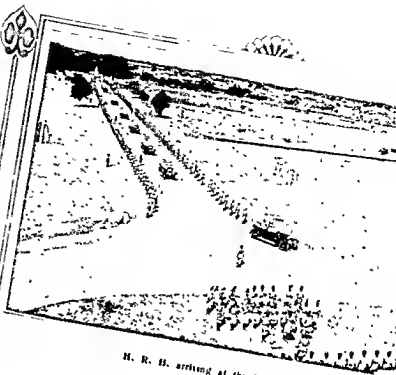
A hundred guests were present at the State banquet given in the Lal Bagh Palace on the first evening of the visit. Oriental without, the Palace is occidental within and the room where the banquet was held might have come straight from one of the palaces of the French Louis. The drive which led from the high-road to the Palace was picked out with fairy lamps and festoons of Chinese lanterns glowed among the trees on the wide lawns, furnishing a charming picture. After the loyal

toast the Maharaja, toasting the Prince, said he felt proud of the intimate relations that existed between the British Crown and the princes of India, ever since the mutiny, when to dissipate the apprehension of the Indian princes Queen Victoria gave them the assurance of her resolve to maintain scrupulously all treaties and engagements. He reminded his audience that it was to uphold a treaty, that England entered into the great war, to the success of which India had contributed her share. The Maharaja further said the present upheaval all the world over had given birth to a new order of things. It was His Highness's desire to direct within his State these new and vital elements into their proper channels, and utilise them in the direction of order and progress.

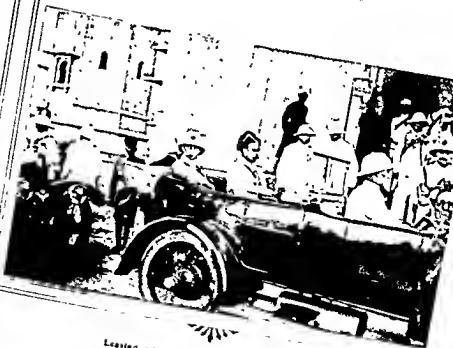
The Native States of India are so many and so diffused throughout the land that it is inevitable that many of their rulers, who might expect to receive the honour of a visit from the Prince in their own States and who would welcome it above all things, must be disappointed of their desire. There are, in Central India, not a few ruling princes who had hoped that a visit to their States might be included in the Royal tour. When they learned that it was impossible to meet the desires of all, they were naturally disappointed. Indore, however, is a convenient centre and an opportunity was given to all the ruling princes and chiefs of Central India, whom the Prince was not to visit in their States, to meet His Royal Highness in ceremonial Durbar there.

The Durbar was held in the great Hall of the Daly College, an imposing marble building approached by a long straight drive from the gates of the College grounds. A contingent of the Malwa Bhil Corps lined the carriage-way, wiry, natty fellows, most business-like soldiers. The Durbar was timed to commence at eleven o'clock, but the first of the ruling chiefs began to arrive, in inverse order of precedence, shortly before nine o'clock. Before that the thunder of cannon shook the heavens as guns proclaimed the dynastic salute of each arriving chief.

Ceremonial and ritual are observed and honoured in India above all countries. Especially by the ruling chiefs of the country is any breach of time-honoured ceremonies and privileges looked at askance. Now more than ever, when they see the world they knew visibly changing before their eyes, when the positions they occupy are widely challenged by radical minds and voices, is there need to emphasise their status and make manifest to the sensual eye the appurtenances of their dignity and rank. The need was recognised at the Indore Durbar. Each of the honoured guests as he arrived at the Durbar Hall was received with all due ceremonial. They arrived at intervals of five minutes and, accompanied as they were by glittering groups of Sardars and Officials of their



H. R. B. arriving at the Dair College



Leaving with H. H. the Maharaja of Dhar

States, they presented to the beholder a series of brilliant and changing colour pictures.

Equally brilliant was the scene within the Hall. Upon the walls hung pictures of the ruling princes who form the governing body of the College and shields emblazoned with their armorial devices. Many of those portrayed were present in the flesh. Many more of the Durbaris were renewing acquaintance with the spot where they had received their education and which probably ensnared some of the happiest memories of their lives. At the far end of the Hall was a small dais covered with cloth of gold on which was placed the gold and red velvet throne for the Prince. In front of the throne two semi-circular rows of seats, draped in gorgeous brocades, were set for the Ruling Princes and behind them row upon row of seats for their Sardars and Officers.

By 10-40 the arrival of His Highness the Maharaja of Dewas (Senior) had completed the gathering of Durbaris. The Guard of Honour was doubled and augmented by its band, and the sound of the Royal Salute preceded the entrance of a stately procession headed by the staff of the Hon'ble the Agent to the Governor-General, who immediately preceded the Prince.

As soon as the Prince was seated on the throne the proceedings commenced. First came the presentation of the 18 Ruling Princes and Chiefs, each preceded by the reading of his style and title, (one of them—His Highness the Maharaja of Dhar—was not presented, as he was present as a member of His Royal Highness' staff. His Highness the Maharaja of Rutlam would have been present in the same capacity, had he not been incapacitated a few days before by an unfortunate polo accident at Delhi.) Each prince was led to the Throne by a political officer, two such officers being deputed in the case of Their Highnesses the Maharajas of Dewas, and received a hearty hand-shake from the Prince. It was noted that His Highness the Raja of Sailana, though crippled by illness, had refused to forego the privilege of attendance and was practically carried from his seat to and from the Royal presence. The presentation concluded, His Royal Highness rose to address the assemblage and it is not too much to say that the clearness and obvious sincerity with which his speech was delivered made a deep and lasting impression on all present. There followed the reading of a vernacular translation for by no means all present were ex-pupils of the Daly College and there are many tracts in Central India where English is not spoken.

The Durbar then entered on its final stage, which was heralded by a procession of chobdars bearing the golden apparatus of *itr* and *pan*. The latter was distributed first by His Royal Highness in person to the Ruling

Up to and for some period after the time of Wazir the policy of the British Government had been one of strict non-interference. In 1818, however, this policy was reversed and the project which had been dear to the heart of Wazir, namely alliance with the British, was achieved. Bhopal being one of the first States in India to conclude an alliance with the paramount power. The ruler at this time was Nazar Muhammad. He was accidentally killed by a pistol shot, accidentally discharged by a child and, after a period of dissension regarding the succession to power, that remarkable woman Sikander Begum was proclaimed ruler. For nearly a quarter of a century she guided the destinies of the State and, when she died in 1868, she left behind a name that will long be held in honourable remembrance as well on account of her steadfast loyalty to the English in their hour of need as on account of the wisdom and beneficence which she displayed in the administration of her territory. Not only was she a wise ruler but she did not allow her sex to interfere with a natural love for field sports. The contemporary political agent of Bhopal has recorded of her that she "rode, speared and shot grandly" and that "she talks exactly in her way like the fastest European woman you may happen to know, for example, mixing politics with her personalities." Her daughter Nawab Shah Jehan Begum succeeded her and worthily maintained the traditions of the State.

The present ruler, Nawab Sultan Jehan Begum, is the third woman in succession who has occupied the gadi of Bhopal and the three together furnish conspicuous illustrations of the capacity of Oriental womanhood in government. The first of the three startled her people by casting aside the restrictions of the *purdah* and entering vigorously into all the tasks and responsibilities of administration. The present ruler is no less emancipated, but, as a concession to orthodoxy, she appears at all public functions closely veiled. Accordingly, it is only from portraits that one becomes acquainted with her features. These show a decided resemblance, perhaps more in their acquired characteristics than in their natural lineaments, to those of Queen Victoria. The resemblance is further heightened by the small but stately figure, the leisurely gait and the dress. For the type of dress which Her Highness wears is such as were worn by the ladies of England in the 'nineties of last century.

Her Highness is a true Mussalman, a staunch upholder of the tenets of her faith and a firm believer in the efficacy of religious training for the young. The progress of her State is her earnest care, but it must be progress along the broad paths of constitutionalism. Nothing heterodox is welcome in Bhopal. The very marked respect with which she is regarded throughout India and even beyond its shores is due, in no small



H. H. THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL.

degree, to this aspect of her mind and also to the simple austerity of her life. She has a vigorous and original mind and she has applied it to good purpose. The girls' schools in her State were practically pioneers in Islam. She was among the first to call attention to the decadence of the Yunani system of medicine and, backing criticism with performance, she established within her State a school for the training of practitioners in the indigenous system of medicine. Believing that the advantages of social intercourse among women and the opportunity of exchanging ideas are best secured through the western institution of the club, she has overcome the disabilities set by the *purdah* and has founded in Bhopal a *purdah* ladies' club which has done much to broaden the minds and amplify the lives of the ladies in Bhopal. One of her pet projects is the foundation of a University for the sons of Indian princes and chiefs. She would, doubtless, accomplish this alone if it were in her power to do so; and if an effort is ever made to give practical effect to her proposal, it will receive her hearty co-operation. In spite of the heavy work which her administrative duties and her many outside interests have entailed on her, she has found time to acquire many accomplishments. She is an expert needlewoman, she sketches and paints admirably, both water colours and oils, she has written and published several books, including the story of her life, all of it instinct with a steadfast and simple faith and much sound philosophy on the conduct of life, and she keeps very closely in touch with the march of affairs in the world, being ready and able to converse admirably on all topics of moment.

The Prince reached Bhopal on February 4. He was met at the little station by Her Highness, veiled in a lilac *burkha*. It was early morning and it was cold. Very palpably we were approaching the Himalayas. For the first time in the year, for the second time in the tour, the air came laden with the breath of their snows. It was wonderfully tonic. Yet, only a fortnight from the steamy languours of the South, imperfectly broken in by a gradual but rapid approach and plunged into its midst about the dawn of the morning, one felt that a tonic might be too bracing and air too fresh and keen. Grrr! but it was cold when we arrived in Bhopal. At a quarter to eight in the morning, with the sun just up, we shivered in overcoats and marvelled at the heroism of officials who could brave the morning clad in white uniforms. Nor was the cold that elusive Indian chilliness which yields to the sun in a couple of hours and becomes burning broiling heat. At three in the afternoon the sun was a grateful presence and it was not the shadows that one sought but the sunshine.

Large crowds, wrapped about in cloaks against the chill of the morning, enthusiastically greeted the Prince as he drove with the Begum to

the occasion of the State banquet at night at which a hundred people were present. Her Highness gave the toast of the Prince in Urdu, but a translation of her speech was provided for each of the guests. "The Prince's visit at this juncture," she said, "could not but be fraught with far-reaching consequences to the people of the whole country who, in these times of excessive unrest and rapid change needed peace more than anything else if their orderly progress was to be maintained and the edifice of their prosperity, built up so laboriously under the aegis of the *Pax Britannica*, was to be saved from evil happenings." Her Highness dwelt at length on the activities of Bhopal State and the steps taken to establish closer relations between her Government and the people of the State, to which end she proposed to establish an elected legislative assembly. The Prince in his reply struck the same note, evoking cheers when he referred to what Her Highness had done for the women of India.

On the following day the Prince went into camp at Kachnaria and for two days and a half sampled the sport which the Bhopal jungles have to offer. Assuredly there is variety, and the Prince and his party, who were under the guidance of the Begum's third son Nawabzada Hamid-ullah Khan, enjoyed excellent sport, the total bag being three tigers, one panther, eleven sambur, one cheetah and two nilgai.

Some thirty miles from Bhopal is Sanchi. Few people who find themselves in these regions omit to visit it. There is a tiny railway station, a dak bungalow and a few peasants' cottages. But a mile from the railway station, towering more than three hundred feet into the air, is the broad flat-topped hill on which are set the largest and most important of the ancient Buddhist monuments to be found in India. In contrast with other famous centres of Buddhism, such as Buddh-Gaya, Sarnath, or Sankisa, Sanchi had no connection with the life or acts of the Buddha; nevertheless, its buildings are now the most magnificent and perfect examples of Buddhist architecture in India. Perhaps, according to an authority, it was the interest taken in the spot by the great Emperor Asoka, who was to Buddhism what Constantine the Great was to Christianity, that accounts for the splendour of these structures. Tradition has it that one of the queens of Asoka, Devi by name, came from Vidisa (an ancient city that stood near where the modern settlement of Bhilsa now is) and it was on the hill of Sanchi, then known as Chetiyagiri, that a monastery is said to have been built for his son Mahindra. Whether the tradition is true or not, the fact remains that the earliest buildings here, date from the time of Asoka and that this Emperor is commemorated here more than anywhere else in India.

The buildings on the plateau are of the usual kind to be found in ancient Buddhist monuments. There are *stupas* (the Burmese pagodas) erected either to enshrine the relics of the Buddha or of one of his saints, or to commemorate some particularly holy spot. There are memorial pillars of majestic size and appearance set up by the Emperor Asoka or by some other devotees in later ages. There are chapels or *chaitya* halls in which the worshippers met together for their prayers and the shrines of mediaeval date in which the images of the Buddha were set up—it is interesting to note that in the early stages of Buddhist sacred architecture the image of the Buddha was never represented: he was symbolised either by the tree under which revelation came to him, or by the wheel or umbrella or some other attribute. And there are the monasteries or convents in which the monks and nuns lived side by side.

Many of these have been restored to the positions they occupied and the appearance they presented two thousand years ago. It is an experience not without weirdness to climb the gently rising path that leads on to the hill-top and there, in the silent sunlight or, better still, in the ghostly light of the moon, to contemplate this restoration of a vanished epoch. One may conjure up visions of a past that will never return. The pathways round the terraced *stupa* peopled by the circling crowd of monks solemnly rotating in the acquisition of merit rise spectrally before one. Once again the chapels seem to be full of anxious devotees seeking the purgation of their souls from all evil and imbuing them with love and joy. It seems an ideal spot in which to cultivate towards the whole world—above, below, around—a heart of love unstinted, “unmixed with the sense of differing or opposing interests.”

Did those devotees, one wonders, find it easy as the time passed to free their souls from thoughts of all unrighteousness? Did their minds ever waver? Surely, for they were human. It was no more easy then to achieve the emancipation of the heart through love than it is in the present day or through other creeds. For the Buddhists realised that the spirit of man is bound and must be laboriously freed. It was bound to earth by doubt and sensuality. It was oppressed by hatred and love of life on earth. It was deluded by thoughts of life in heaven, inflamed by pride, puffed up by self-righteousness and misled by ignorance. It had to contend with the four intoxications—bodily passions, the passion of becoming, the intoxication of ignorance and the infatuations of delusion. Its feet were chained by the five hindrances—hankering after worldly advantages, the corruption arising out of the wish to injure, torpor of mind, fretfulness and worry and a wavering mind. But when the bonds have been broken,



Procession to the Durbar Hall.



In the Durbar Hall.

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when a terrible victory has been won over the intoxications and when the hindrances have been cast under his feet, then the devotee has attained the state of man made perfect. He has reached the harbour of refuge, entered the cool cave, attained the island amid the floods, has drunk the medicine for all evil, has eaten of ambrosia and so through every imaginable figure that the poetic mind can suggest. Among the flowery poetry of their religion one sees, refreshing and robust, a faith in this world which must hearten Buddhists as none of the creeds that look to an after-life for perfection can do. They may fail to extinguish from their hearts the "fell fires of the three cardinal sins—sensuality, ill-will and stupidity." But at least they regard as naught any creed which does not make perfection, attained during life through these means, a possible and sought for ideal.

As one walks through the empty echoing rooms that once sheltered the meditations of devout monks, as one climbs to the topmost platform of the great *stupa*, as one makes the full circle of the processional paths and sees before one the flat plain stretching towards distant dim horizons, some sense of the majesty of mankind's religious creeds invades the mind. Curiously, also, one notes the passion at religion's birth for withdrawal from the busy world of men and the aspiration towards the heights for the building of the fanes in which the worshipping of the god is to be carried on, an aspiration which worked itself out to lofty ridicule in the figure of the pillared Simeon. The descent from the old Buddhist enclosure to the plain below, the walk to the station and the waiting train are more than physical acts. They are symbolic of a passage from an old world to a new which have naught in common, compact the one of silence the other of busy noise.

Besides being able to visit Sanchi, those who did not go to the shooting camp had an opportunity of making closer acquaintance with Bhopal. There was much to see and to do, much to amuse and to edify. There were, for example, the yachts. Time was when to think of Bhopal was to think of its lakes and the sailing they afforded. The younger members of the Ruling House were keen yachtsmen and fostered and helped to maintain interest in this sport. Interest has waned somewhat, but it is still fairly lively and grows livelier at the least opportunity. The Prince's visit presented a good one and an informal regatta was organised on the third morning.

On the more serious side, there are the library and the museum. Especially is the former of these worth a visit, for therein the curator keeps with reverent care a number of beautifully illuminated manuscript *Kotans*

and priceless old editions. There are several two hundred years' old books of Eastern travel which with their quaint illustrations and the charming naivete of the narrative promise hours of unalloyed enjoyments.

An At Home given by the members of the Sultan Jehan United Service Club brought the visit to an end and the Prince left for Gwalior on the evening of February 7.



CHAPTER XV.

INDIA'S CHIEF MAHRATTA STATE—GWALIOR'S EARLY DAYS—A TYPICAL WELCOME TO THE PRINCE—TRUE ORIENTAL MAGNIFICENCE—A NEW PARK FOR THE PEOPLE—IMPERIAL TROOPS REVIEWED—SHOOTING PARTIES—A VISIT TO THE FORT—THE CITIES OF AKBAR AND SHAH JEHAN—AT FATEHPUR SIKRI AND AGRA.—(FEB. 8—12).



THE early history of Gwalior, the greatest Mahratta State in India, is wrapped in 'obscurity and embellished with a thousand legends. Most of it is indissolubly linked to the story of the Fort. That, according to tradition, begins three thousand years before Christ. According to another tradition, it begins only eighteen hundred years ago. But the authentic records of the State date back only to the period when the Mahrattas, under Shivaji, looked like overrunning India and achieving supreme power throughout the whole country. After the death of Shivaji the Mahratta confederacy flew apart and the principality of Gwalior assumed separate entity much in the form which it possesses at present. At first opposed to, and actually in arms against, the British power, Mahadji Rao, the greatest ruler in the history of the State, came to see the advantages to be reaped from alliance with the British and by a treaty concluded in 1782 laid the foundations of those excellent relations which have existed unimpaired between Gwalior and the paramount power from that day to this.

Inter-mingled with the story of the great Mahadji Rao's life is that of the man who has been described as "pre-eminently the foremost European figure between the departure of Warren Hastings and the arrival of the Marquess Wellesley," Bensit la Borgne, more commonly known as De Boigne. It is said that the bond between Scindia and De Boigne was productive of events the effects of which are still potent in the life of India to-day. However that may be, the military genius of De Boigne kept the integrity of the State inviolate against the menace of a formidable confederation of Rajputs which was finally broken on the field of Merta when the flower of the Rathor Rajputs flung itself again and again, with fiery ardour, against the unflinching bayonets of De Boigne's Square. Compton finely describes these heroic charges. He says "Again and again they fling themselves against that hedge of bayonets with merciless mad-

and priceless old editions. There are several two hundred years' old books of Eastern travel which with their quaint illustrations and the charming naivete of the narrative promise hours of unalloyed enjoyment.

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LT-GENERAL H. M. THE MAHARAJA SCINDIA OF GWALIOR, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O. G.B.E. LL.D. A.D.C.

baled grass; the State further contributed for direct war purposes £250,000, for war charities and other relief institutions, £530,000 and furnished financial accommodation amounting to Rs. 3,05,00,000. The total cost of the War to the Gwalior State, including the Loyalty Hospitalship, the Convalescent Home at Nairobi, the Fleet of Motor Ambulance Cars inspected by His Majesty, but excluding money loaned, was £2,344,000.

Administratively the State has gone on improving steadily since the assumption of ruling powers by the Maharaja. Some of the larger measures of reform may be mentioned, as also his ameliorative acts and effective organisations. He has pushed agriculture by adopting a wise settlement policy, and founding an Agricultural Department with an agricultural machinery section. These efforts are supplemented by propaganda through the agency of a large staff of paid preachers and the organisation of local sabhas. Their Central organisation is called the "Zamidar Hitkarni Sabha" or the society for the benefit of the landlord and the cultivator. The prosperity of agriculture is further assured by the construction of large Irrigation Works some of which are amongst the largest in the world—to name only two, the Parbati system costing Rs. 1,37,00,000 and Tigrā. The State has been covered by a network of irrigation works and the State has already spent on them over Rs. 2,00,00,000. Just as irrigation works have been built on an extensive scale, so also the State has a large road programme; the total mileage is already over 2,000 and it is being increased from year to year. The State maintains a system of Light Railways extending over 250 miles and also owns Broad Gauge Railways worked for it by the Great Indian Peninsula and Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway Companies.

These many-sided activities have naturally been attended by industrial expansion. There is a Board of Economic Development on which in addition to the officers of the State sit leading men of business from the different Provinces of India. There are various kinds of works and manufacturing and altogether the State is fast developing commercially. To assist this development the Maharaja founded the Gwalior State Trust with a capital of Rs. 2,40,00,000. This organisation is managed by a joint Board of the officers of the State and the representative of a leading financial House in London. Chambers of Commerce and Trade Associations have already sprung up, although they are still in their infancy. Not the least important act of administrative importance has been the reform of the Judiciary and the creation of a body of laws suited to the social and industrial conditions of the State. The separation of the executive and judicial functions was effected as long ago as 1910. The Maharaja has

been gradually associating the people with his services in the administration of the State—the first step he took in this direction was to nominate unofficial members to his Legislative Council (*Majlis-i-Qanun*). Since then he has formed divisional, district and *pergana* boards, with power to suggest improvements in specified matters of public welfare and to spend sums of money allotted. He has revived the ancient system of village Panchayets and founded over 150 what are called Panchayet Boards—and quite recently he has called into existence a *Peoples' Representative Assembly* (*Majlis-i-Am*) with power to move resolutions, concerning a large range of subjects, though not with the right of interpellation.

The Maharaja is assisted in the task of administration by an advisory body called the "*Majlis-i-Khas*" of which the members are the ministers in charge of portfolios. In recognition both of his suzerain rights and the improvement in his administration his jurisdiction over the bulk of his feudatories has been recently restored and the unique position of his State partially recognised by bringing him into direct relations with the Government of India, *i.e.*, on a parity with Kashmir, and Baroda. Gwalior also deserves notice as the State that led off with Excise Reform in Central India. The introduction of this reform was a difficult matter on account of its straggling border and the interlacing of jurisdiction within its territories; but nothing daunted, it launched the reform, persevered in it and has brought the control, manufacture and vend of liquor and hemp drugs up to a high standard of efficiency. All outstills were abolished years ago, the distilleries are well managed and the price of country liquor is gradually increased as conditions permit. Similarly, in regard to opium, Gwalior's co-operation with the Government of India has been invaluable, especially since the China Treaty. It is doing Gwalior bare justice to say that it is an example to other States in its management of the liquor, hemp drugs and opium problems. It has consistently taken effective measures to prevent smuggling and has also invariably co-operated effectively in tracking down smugglers. In short, the Excise Department is well organised and the Excise Law is administered with the necessary severity.

The Maharaja has received many honours, and few men have more worthily received them. He is a G.C.S.I., an honorary Lieutenant-General of the British Army, a D.C.L. of Oxford and since 1901 has been an Aide-de-Camp to the King-Emperor. In 1900 he received the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal and in 1903 the G.C.V.O. He attended the Coronation of King Edward VII. and during his visit Cambridge University conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. When their present Majesties, then Prince and Princess of Wales, visited Gwalior in 1905 the Maharaja



On Itiraga: The Prince with the Maharaja setting out

was made Honorary Colonel of the first Regiment of Skinner's Horse originally raised by Colonel Skinner, one of the famous De Boigne's officers and for the magnificent services rendered by himself and his State in the War he received the honour of the C.B.E.

This list of honours, however, gives little clue to the Maharaja's personality. The rare charm of that few who visit Gwalior can ever forget. He is the perfect host, full of courteous solicitude for the welfare of his guests, making it always a personal care that they shall enjoy to the full every moment of their stay in his State. He knows as it were by instinct just when his guests desire those few hours "off duty" which may be devoted to quiet restfulness. Wide and generous, his hospitality yet never obtrudes itself. In conversation His Highness is quick-witted and shrewd, his comments always illuminating, always well informed. His manner is simple and direct, open and frank. He loves a jest and, in his hours of ease, he displays an almost boyish heartiness and vivacity. His nature is far removed from indulgence in that pomposity which often passes falsely for dignity. But it is impossible to meet him once without conceding to him that best of all dignities, the dignity of simplicity and sincerity.

People familiar with the official literature of Gwalior State are familiar with Gwalior thoroughness. They know with what meticulous care the departments gather the facts for their reports and with what scrupulous exactitude they are recorded. They know also with what eager zeal the departmental officers suggest remedies for shortcomings and draw attention to improvements carried out during the period on which they are reporting. And they know that the zeal and keenness which inform the administration of Gwalior are in large measure due to the universal vigilance of His Highness the Maharaja Scindia himself, who never fails to preface the yearly administration report with a lively essay on statecraft. In the knowledge of these facts, one would expect thoroughness to be a signal characteristic of Gwalior's preparations to welcome the Prince. Of this thoroughness, documentary evidence was furnished immediately upon arrival. The official programme handed to us was far more than a programme. It was a complete handbook to the visit. In its pages functions were assigned almost to the last man of the city's inhabitants. Each contributed his quota of service to the general sum, each had his share of responsibility. Clearly and definitely, the part played in the reception was assigned to each one of the officials and the citizens. Only of the spectators was no specific mention made but they, like many of the words in grammar books, were understood.

Thoroughness, however, was only one aspect of the welcome which

Gwalior gave to the Prince when he arrived on the morning of February 8. Frequently when on former occasions during the tour some spectator had marvelled audibly at ceremonial glories another had said "Wait till you get to Gwalior." To arrive in Gwalior on a ceremonial occasion is to be converted to the "wait and see Gwalior" school. For, now that Hyderabad has lost its Arabs, given birth to a Municipality and made its streets safe for the visitor, Gwalior has become the real authentic home of Indian pageantry and gorgeousness. On the morning of the Prince's arrival we were admitted to the inmost precincts of the house. All that there is of old world grandeur, all that there is of regal splendour, of barbaric magnificence, of stateliness, of sublimity, was displayed to deck the progress of the Prince from the railway station to the Jai Bilas Palace.

Immediately upon his stepping out at the station the Prince was greeted with a charming little ceremony. The young son and daughter of the Maharaja presented him in true Hindu fashion with rose leaves and incense. There is more in this than courtesy, more than joyousness. In the west they "fling roses riotously with the throng," signs and tokens of wanton pleasure. But India consecrates the rose leaves to worship and, offered as they were with incense on platters of bronze to the Prince, they stood for a sign of worshipful reverence.

Stepping from the shadowed station platform into the early morning sunshine, the Prince beheld part of the glories which were to accompany him. Round the outer yard of the station were grouped nineteen elephants, each more monstrous than his neighbour, each more lavishly coloured, more wondrously caparisoned, carrying a more resplendent howdah. But greatest of all, most shining, most illustrious, bearing in conscious pride a golden howdah, was Hiraguj and upon the back of Hiraguj, (for that is the name of the king of the elephants in Gwalior), did the Prince and the Maharaja in due course climb to be borne off in a see-sawing procession.

The whole of this procession, veiled from view at the station by its tremendous length, I later saw framed by the fretted window of a palace gateway. In front was a wide straight street curving to disappear round a building at a distance of quarter of a mile. It was fringed with the populace and marked in a neat rectangle by an almost unbroken line of red—the tunics of the Gwalior State Infantry standing shoulder to shoulder. The roll of drums, swelling in volume as the drummers stationed at intervals caught up the signal each from his neighbour, heralded the first move of the vast procession. Round the distant building and into the vista of the street moved the first units. First came the officers and troopers of the Gwalior Regular Horse riding small horses with a very long stirrup. Standard-bearers on horseback followed, the horses shying at the proxi-

mity of elephants who put to shame the tiny equestrian pennants with huge banners. Behind these, stalked a very stately beast. There was reason in his stateliness, for he bore the Moghul emblems of sovereignty. Next came a crowd of bearers staggering beneath the weight of gilded and silvered *polkies*, and then with a harsh rattle of drums a cavalry band. The Cavalry and the Guns came after, to be followed by the skirl of reeds playing Indian music. A whole host of standard-bearers, men at arms with steel pikes, men with maces, men with flags, men with fans, men with fly whisks, men with nothing in particular, and a single sword-bearer streamed forth in ordered profusion before the royal elephant paced into the vista, the howdah and the gold trappings and umbrella scattering broadcast the gilded rays of the sun. Ten furlongs of unalloyed magnificence. To see it all, needed little short of half an hour.

Two hundred of the State's landed gentry later assembled in the great Durbar Hall of the Jai Bilas Palace to do homage to the Prince. Few more magnificent settings for such a function exist in India than this hall. Its great spaciousness, its lofty roof, lofty as a cathedral church, its hangings of dull gold, its vast crystal chandeliers do not speak of the Orient. But they produce that atmosphere of magnificence and impressiveness that is the correct setting for this ancient ritual that has survived from Imperial times. Not even these qualities, how supreme soever they be, can lift a durbar out of the commonplace in the eyes of those who had witnessed or participated in close on a dozen in as many weeks. But a new note was struck by the Gwalior durbaries. It was not in the fact that the majority of them were Mahrattas. Poona had made us familiar with the gaily cocked hat of the Mahrattas with its warlike challenging red. We had met it again at Baroda and more emphatically in Indore. Nor was it the magnificence of the dresses worn by some of the Mahratta noblemen—splendid brocades, elaborate gold embroideries and gauntlets of gold. It was the fact that the durbaries presented an epitome of the history of Central India.

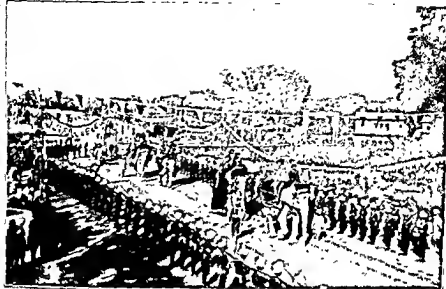
As was fitting in India's greatest Mahratta state, the Mahratta noblemen predominated. But there were to be seen also the pale gray eyes and impassive features of Chitpavans whose subtle intellect and whose aptness for political intrigue has ever kept them in the seats of the mighty, often made them the real power behind the throne occupied by some simple soldier-conqueror and still to this day make them a powerful force in Indian politics. And there were present not a few Mahomedans, descendants of those men left behind when Mahratta chiefs had wrested from the languid hand of the Moghul Emperor territory and power. Central India is, indeed, like a geological formation. One tide of invasion sweeps

over it, ebbs and leaves a deposit which crystallises, only to be overwhelmed by a fresh tide which leaves its mark permanently upon the rock foundations of the land and the race.

In "old, forgotten, far-off times" a material part of a 'durbar ceremony was the presentation to the honoured guest of gifts which varied in costliness and beauty with the altitude of the guest's station. In return the guest made presents to the host. It was an expensive if showy form of courtesy. It exists no longer, but it survives in the form of a pleasing ritual. No gifts are actually exchanged, but the Prince in whose demesne the durbar takes place assembles costly and beautiful objects—jewels, swords, lances, horses. The guest—a Viceroy, a Royal Prince or a Governor—touches the gifts in token of their remission and so courtesy is satisfied. Among the gifts of ceremony at Gwalior, which were both noble and magnificent, were elephants and horses gorgeously caparisoned in gold embroidered cloth, the elephants being besides painted in grotesque brilliance wherever a square foot of hide escaped the glittering trappings. They stood in the palace grounds while the durbar went on within, the elephants drowsily swaying backwards and forwards and swinging their trunks in equal rhythm, the horses pawing the ground in mettlesome impatience, never quite overcoming their natural antipathy towards their mammoth neighbours.

And now to return to Gwalior thoroughness. In the afternoon, His Royal Highness formally opened the new King George Park. This park owes its origin to the solicitude of His Highness for the people of the State. Hitherto, the facilities enjoyed by the people of Gwalior for outdoor diversion have not been great. The lack of them has been repaired with great thoroughness by the King George Park, which provides not only pleasant walks, shady nooks and picturesque garden corners, but tennis courts, a band-stand and an enclosure for specifically Indian games, to mention only a few of the facilities afforded. The ceremony was brief. The Prince arrived under a Royal Salute and the President of the Municipality in a short address outlined the history of the scheme whereupon the Prince with a golden key undid the lock of the gate and amid cheers declared the park open.

On the second morning of the Gwalior visit all were early astir, the occasion being a review of the Gwalior troops. We had seen these troops on the morning of the arrival, so many of them that they had to stand shoulder to shoulder along the processional route in order that their numbers might be accommodated. We had seen them in all the glory of their ceremonial dress—there are few armies whose ceremonial uniforms are so gaily magnificent as those of Indian troops. On this morning we were to



The Procession En Route.



Mounting Htzegei.

over it, cobs and leaves a deposit which crystallises, only to be overwhelmed by a fresh tide which leaves its mark permanently upon the rock foundations of the land and the race.

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The Procession En Route.



Visiting the Temple.

ON THE PARADE GROUND.

see them equipped as for war, in khaki service dress and full Gwalior contributes generously to the numbers of the Imperial troops and more than four thousand, horse and foot, were drawn along with horse artillery, field artillery and (shades of a battery of heavy pieces, each piece drawn by four gigantic

Fittingly the parade ground at Gwalior is situate beneath spreading ramparts of the hill on which the Fort is set. Like most grounds in India in the cold weather the parade ground at Gwalior is a smooth coating of thick ochreous dust. When the wind blows and when the troops on parade are at rest this matters little when the breeze gets up and the troops start to move, one had better regret it. But if cold weather dust is a major plague of India at least there is not the additional plague of changing winds to contend with throughout the day and so at a parade only the troops have to eat the dust and, later, brush it from their uniforms. The spectator may sit or stand in lordly ease secure in the knowledge that the organiser of the parade has not forgotten his duty towards those who come to see and cheer his troops. It is almost superfluous to remark that important details like this are never forgotten in Gwalior.

The troops marched past the saluting base with a fine martial swing, led in person by the Maharaja. As one would expect, the ranks were full of war veterans who bore their blushing honours thick upon them. Among the veterans were little Prince George and his sister Mary, the delightful children of the Maharaja. Marching in rhythm with the troops, their childish limbs stretched gallantly to keep pace with the onward advance, they made a charming picture in their private uniforms of khaki and their miniature rifles at the slope. Having saluted the Prince, they left the ranks and joined the group round the saluting flag whence they watched with acute interest the rest of the evolutions of their comrades in arms.

After the review there was breakfast at the Residency and then the first of several shoots. At Gwalior the shooting is unsurpassed in India. Big game and small game abound and into the business of their destruction Gwalior thoroughness decisively penetrates. If one receives from His Highness an invitation to participate in a shoot at Gwalior it is an invitation eagerly prized and accepted by the most instant return of post. For not only does Nature do its part by providing miles and miles of splendid

jungle and stocking it with a liberal hand but His Highness is the perfect host who thinks of everything that will conduce to the comfort of his guests and sees that it is done. On both Friday and Saturday there was shooting and the rate of mortality among tiger, bear, panther, sambur and more unconsidered trifles like hare and pig increased greatly during these three days. Not only the Prince and his staff but the numerous guests whom His Highness' hospitality entertained during the Prince's visit enjoyed excellent sport.

On Saturday the 11th a gymkhana was organised by the Race Club. In four of the races His Royal Highness rode. In all the fields were fairly big, and in only two of the races was the Prince placed. His best performance was in the Polo Scurry, in which he was beaten by a short head on Destiny by Fizzer, belonging to Colonel Harvey and ridden by Captain Metcalfe, another member of his staff. On Sunday morning the Prince went to church at Morar, a short service being conducted by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Nagpur.

Meanwhile, those who did not shoot nor saw the shooting, were at liberty to explore Gwalior (Gwalior being a convenient and loose term for anything in the way of a settlement within a five miles radius of the Palace). Be it, for instance, understood to embrace Morar, or again Lashkar which is the name by which the modern capital city goes. As to Morar, there is a church which was once on a time Scots and Presbyterian, but developed a tendency to ritual and is now good sound Anglican. But the world and the flesh find a place too, not least in a leather factory, which will not only supply you with boots, shoes and travelling bags at very modest prices, but will give you a lecture on economics as well, especially on that branch of the dismal science which deals with Indian industries. For these the struggle at first is hard, the upward path steep; but if they happen to find deserted barracks or similar unwanted buildings in which they may house their plant and their workers, then success, golden, rapid and rosy, is assured unto them. A point here to ponder for Swadeshi economists. How many deserted cities are there in India which, at present used as kennels for jackals and nests for crows, might house looms and lathes?

No matter, however, where the pilgrim in Gwalior goes, whether to palace or factory, park or hovel, he is everywhere dogged and pursued by the Fort. It is everywhere. It commands with a most peremptory gesture and, sooner or later, one must yield to its tireless importunity and scale its three hundred feet hill to see what it has to offer. There are two ascents of the hill, each by a paved road. One is steep and sudden, the other is gentle and gradual and accessible to motor cars. The latter

is the prosaic way of scaling to the topmost ramparts. Commend me to the former. It means a longer drive along a dustier road; it means passing through the narrow winding main bazaar of old Gwalior, where every second house is in ruins, every second shop empty, where everything proclaims a city in two minds as to dissolution, a city which has not achieved the dignity and silence of ruined desertion but elings pathetically, like a very old man, to its sluggish corporate life; but it means also the royal road to the Fort, the road traversed on the back of an elephant.

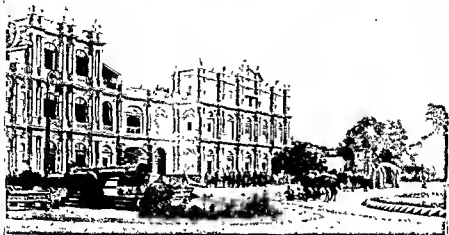
The elephant has wicked eyes and an obvious contempt for the authors of his servitude, but as an aid to progression he is unequalled. He is as sure-footed as a goat and as solid and comforting as a mountain. Nothing short of a landslide or an avalanche, one feels, will deviate him from the true and proper path. It is a pity that providence has given him such a clumsy gait—"woof, woof, jerk, jerk," that's how he goes. At every step all of one's innards rattle together. It needs another to bring them back to their proper location. The elephant heeds not. On he plods up a ramp at forty-five degrees, round a right angle corner, his great pads clutching the ground with the tenacity of suckers. He wheezes a little, and by the end breathes heavily. As the final gateway is passed, he heaves an indubitable sigh of relief, shakes his head and jangles his bells more heartily, and sets one down in the courtyard of a palace. One leaves him in the shade stripping the foliage from a tree and swallowing oranges and apples, immensely pleased with life, and so to an inspection of the palace.

Built in the fifteenth century, it is now little more than a monument. Indeed, at the moment of our visit it was in the hands of the stonemasons, who were fitting out some of its floors with new flags. It could not be lived in with anything like comfort. Not even the restoration of the gems which once encrusted its walls, not even the hanging again of the priceless tapestries which once draped the rooms, not even the restoration to life of the beautiful courtyard fountains could annihilate the unpleasant cramped confinement of the rooms. But what a place it must have been for intrigue! How its narrow winding stairways must have soaked up the whispers of plotting villains! How secret loves and hates must have bloomed and flourished in its secluded chambers, entrance to which was through a maze of passage ways and exit through a gloomy labyrinth! Touching the matter of hate, one may see the dungeon, deep, dark and damp, where a centuries-gone ruler immured his cousin, or his brother or some other troublesome relative. Filial affection could no further go.

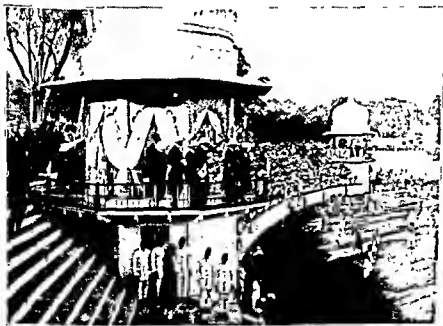
Leave the dungeons behind and climb to the terrace above. Thence the whole plain of Gwalior is spread before the eye, flat, arid, brown, lost in the mists of distance. Figure to yourself the watchman set on the outer rampart scanning the plain for the enemy. Hours before the hostile army could encamp beneath the hill, the defenders would be aware of his coming and the townsmen gathered with their chattels within the stone walls of the Fort. Descend again to the courtyard and the elephant will take you along the side of the crenellated wall, past machicolation, past ancient platforms for archers and modern gun platforms—the Fort was once upon a time used by the British forces and their barracks and fives—courts still stand—and so to a massive and wondrously carved Jain temple, an empty but beautiful shell whence the worshippers, the priests, and the jewelled images are long since departed. So to another temple, where carvings cluster even thicker, and then to an inspection of a few at least of the fifty-two tanks—one for each week of the year—whence the defenders of old drew their water. Much more than these is to be seen, but not in one visit. For the rest, that suffices to show one the downward pathway from the towering, jolting elephant.

The whole downward journey is haunted with rock carvings, figures gigantic and imposing of the prophets and the pontiffs of Jainism. Chief among them is a figure of Adinath, the first Jain pontiff, a very Colossus sixty feet high, who stands straight and stiff in an aspect ridiculously mild and benevolent. Attached to his chin for the nonce hung a swarm of wild bees, which gave him the appearance of a patient sufferer from goitre. The greater number of these hewn images are defaced and mutilated, done by the order of, the Emperor Baber, who appears to have been affected with the same false modesty which prompted the old lady to suggest that in the interests of decency the statues in the Luxembourg ought to be furnished with bathing costumes. Imagine the horrorstruck Emperor penning in his diary, as indeed he did write, "they have sculptured out of the rock idols of larger and smaller size. These figures are perfectly naked. I directed these idols to be destroyed." Poor old gentleman! His underlings cheated him. They left the images. They only chipped them, and at that we may leave it.

After Gwalior we penetrated to the very heart of the Moghul triumphs—Fatehpur Sikri and Agra, names for ever linked with Akbar and Shah Jehan, places magnificently crowned with monuments of a glorious imperialism. There were a bare two hours spent at Fatehpur Sikri, and not all of these could be spent among the buildings and the ruins of Akbar's deserted capital. They gave an opportunity for the



Gifts of ceremony at the Gwalior Durbar held in the Maharaja's Palace.



Part of the Sports Stadium in the new Gwalior Park opened by the Prince.

merest hurried promenade through the palaces and the courtyards, the gardens and the halls of audience, which even now, after three centuries of desertion, appear fresh from the builders' hands, inviting the completing services of the furnisher. There was little time to do more than glance at the spacious courtyard of the Dewan-i-Am, where Akbar sat above his thronging people to dispense justice and hearken to appeals. Hurriedly one passed through the secluded Chambers of the Queen's Palaces across the Zenana gardens, whence the flowers have vanished, and into the hall on whose chequered floor the Emperor, sated with experience, sought a new thrill in playing backgammon with fair dancing girls for pieces. A glance at the massive proportions of the Elephant Gate, whose flanking elephants were defaced by the fanatic fury of Aurungzebe, and one hastens to the great mosque built at the price of a king's ransom for Shaikh Salim Chishti, a saint of surpassing saintliness. Within the great slabs of sandstone of which it is built there nestles, like a pearl within its casket, the beautiful marble tomb of the saint himself, its inner walls all tracery and painting, the catafalque itself one mass of iridescent mother of pearl. And so out through the immense gateway of the mosque, built as a monument of his victory over the Deccan by Akbar, into the sunshine and the train for Agra.

But as one goes a sense of the waste of all the labour and all the beauty invades one. Why did Akbar build these miles of crenellated wall, raise these mosques and temples, palaces and tombs? Why are they were yet out of the craftsmen's hands, ere the statesmen and philosophers, the poets and the beautiful women who thronged his Court had well settled in their new quarters did he abandon it like a costly toy? As to the founding of this City of Victory, the legend runs that Akbar, returning from one of his campaigns, halted at Sikri. Sad at heart owing to the death of his twin children by Mariam, his Rajput wife, he visited Shaikh Salim Chishti, an ascetic who dwelt in an adjoining cave and consulted him concerning an heir. Chishti advised him to sojourn at Sikri, and some months later Mariam, in the cave of the Saint, gave birth to the son who became the Emperor Jehangir. In fervent gratitude Akbar built the city of Sikri. There he raised the towering Buland Darwaza, the Gateway of Victory. There he built his palaces and his fane. There he dug an immense artificial lake to lend freshness to the unbroken aridity of the plain.

As to its abandonment, fable has it that Chishti, for whom was built so wonderful a place of worship, and later so beautiful a tomb, besought him to leave because the importunities of his people made life a misery and the bustle of the city disturbed his pious meditations. Akbar com-

plied, for the wishes of the saint were sacred. But another explanation sums up the abandonment in one word—water. There was no source easily available. One imagines the lines of camels and the donkeys, laden with the dripping skins and the full jars, plodding daily across the plain from the distant streams and wells, and in the end a desperate Finance Minister urging the Emperor that the treasury itself must run dry if he insisted any longer on spending money like water—on water.

Agra is the Taj and the Fort of Shah Jehan. It is nothing else. Both these the Prince visited, and saw, and marvelled in rapt admiration as many another before him. Both are a restraint upon the imagination. Few pens, however powerful, but feel the futility of piling epithet upon epithet to describe perfection. How describe the massive delicacy of "the miracle of miracles, the last wonder of the world," how call up the marvellous beauty and pathos of the love story of Shah Jehan and Mumtaz-i-Mahal, enshrined in the Jasmine Tower of the Fort, its epitaph writ in the gloomy crypt and the towering dome of the Taj Mahal? Some may welcome such a task, I hasten to leave them to it.

In order to give the Prince every opportunity of seeing Shah Jehan's city, there were only two functions arranged. One was an inspection of pensioners, of whom there was a large assemblage, and the other was a party given within the Fort itself by the Chiefs of the United Provinces. At this also there was a large attendance.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRINCE ARRIVES IN DELHI—STATUE OF KING EDWARD UNVEILED—MILITARY EDUCATION IN INDIA: THE KITCHENER COLLEGE—A GATHERING OF THE INDIAN PRINCES: BRILLIANT DURBAR IN THE DIWAN-I-AM—SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS REVIEWED—PATIALA AND JODHPUR AT POLO—THE PEOPLE'S FAIR: ROUSING POPULAR RECEPTION.—(FEB. 14—19).



IN the afternoon of February 14 the Prince arrived in Delhi, the most historic city in all historic India. He came, not as so many other Princes have come in the past at the head of a conquering army bringing death and destruction upon the inhabitants of a great city and on the people of a fertile country-side. He came as the welcome and honoured guest of the Government of India and of at least a very large section of the people, bearing, not fire and a sword, but the credentials of an ambassador of peace and good-will.

Delhi has been the cradle of many Empires. Of as many it has been the grave. To enter it is to enter the commonplace. A railway station as are all other railway stations, commonplace, useful roads, mean buildings, farther avenues of trees among which comfortable bungalows seek coolness and shadow, the long whale-back of the Ridge. But enter the Fort and the more recent of past glories reveal themselves. It is scaled by a big ramp, through a massive gate. Within is a bewildering succession of buildings—palaces, halls of audience, pleasant garden closes, and the perfect little gem of the Pearl Mosque. Leave the fort and travel towards New Delhi, the future Capital of the latest and, perhaps, the greatest of the Indian Empires. The ground is strewn with the relics of former ages. Tombs of forgotten saints rise ruinously from the ground. Heaps of rubble and bricks mark the site of the villa of some nobleman dead for centuries. The coping stones of wells which have long since ceased to give water mark the route as if with milestones. Magnificent and monstrous, the tombs of Emperors and Empresses, Viceroys and warriors, scarred and lichened, deserted and ignored, cut the sky-line. Beyond the gaunt derricks and the scaffolding which swathes the new buildings of the Capital is the Fort of Tukulakabsh and, at the farthest limits of all the Delhis, the Kutb Minar where Moslem fervour once aspired piously to the heavens.

For miles around there exists a happy hunting ground for archaeologists scarce excelled by the environs of Rome or Athens.

The Prince was met at Selimgarh station by the Viceroy, the members of the Government of India and other high dignitaries. Simple but solemn ceremonial attended the occasion. The barbaric splendour which shone through the reception accorded the Prince in Gwalior was lacking, nor was there any attempt made to vie with the magnificence and opulence displayed by other Native States. All that was necessary to the outward state and dignity of the Heir to the Throne—that and that alone was done.

A few presentations, an address read by the President of the Delhi Municipality, to which the Prince replied, preceded the Prince's departure in procession for Viceregal Lodge. The procession had a drive of several miles to complete. The whole route was lavishly decorated. Indeed, the decorations of the Capital were no none others. Many of the streets were bordered with rows of pylons, built solidly of brick and painted white, which endured as embellishments of the streets many weeks after the Prince had departed. But it was less the pylons and the bunting, the arches and the inscriptions that one noted than the people. One's expectation of the number of people who would gather to see the Prince were, for many reasons, moderate. As it happened, the numbers were very large. By some unknown agency, the walls of Delhi had been freely placarded with the resolutions of the Bardoli conference—the meeting of the Non-co-operation leaders which decided to give over boycott and hartals—exhorting the people to refrain from a boycott of the Prince and not to close their shops. There was a ready response. At least, one supposes it to be a response. In the result, there were few of the shops shut. Business was as usual except that it was interrupted on occasion by attendance at one or other of the public functions held in honour of the Royal visit.

On the following morning it seemed that the clerk of the weather had joined the non-co-operators, for he made a feeble attempt to pour down rain upon Delhi. It did not come to much, however, only about a hundredth of a millimetre falling—being spilt describes it better. It was scarcely enough to lay the dust, it did nothing to suppress the vivacity of half a dozen military bands which started to play marches soon after reveille, and it did nothing to dim the lustre of the ceremony performed by the Prince in the King Edward Memorial Garden. This ceremony must have had a particular and intimate appeal for it was the unveiling of a fine equestrian statue of his grandfather, King Edward the Seventh.

Like all Delhi ceremonies it was impressive. No one who goes to Delhi, modern Delhi, can escape being impressed. Let him go to any function and it will be odd if he come away in any state other than shiver-



H. E. THE VICEROY: THE EARL OF READING, P.C., G.C.B., G.M.S.I., G.M.E., K.C.V.O.

ing awe. In attendance will be the mighty ones of the Government of India, consciously bearing on their shoulders the sorrows of millions and gloomy care on their brows. The Army Department will be arrayed in majesty before him, the history of countless campaigns painted on their breasts, every second man at least a major-general. Secretaries and under-secretaries of departments, simply stuffed with the details of all that goes on in India, hover in the background, immobile but alert. From every quarter will come an emanation of serenity and altitude, of unbending dignity. In the bright glare of the radiance, humility shrivels and dies. It is most impressive. Sometimes, indeed, it must distract attention from the function itself. On this day it failed to do so, but only because the statue unveiled was a memorial to one of the greatest of British monarchs and the hand that unveiled it that of the most popular figure in the Empire. A lesser occasion would have had little better than a dog's chance against the impressiveness of Delhi.

The spectators had assembled but a few minutes when the thud of guns at eleven o'clock proclaimed that H. E. the Viceroy had left Viceregal Lodge. A few minutes afterwards a band near the main gate of the garden played the National Anthem and Her Excellency Lady Reading was escorted to her place on a dais set before the shrouded figure to be unveiled. H. E. awaited the coming of the Prince at the gate. On arrival the latter inspected the Guard of Honour and walked slowly in procession up the path leading to the dais. When he had taken his place thereon the Viceroy on behalf of the Memorial Executive Committee, delivered a short address. To this the Prince briefly replied and thereafter, accompanied by the Viceroy, he stepped out upon the terrace whereon the statue stands, pressed a button which set hidden machinery to work and amid the thud of guns and the blare of the National Anthem the shrouding Union Jacks slowly fell away from the statue, revealing the nobly proportioned equestrian figure.

The Prince when he left received a rousing send off, everybody present cheering and waving their hats. Outside the enclosure there were many thousands of the uninvited, many hundreds of them on the steps of the Jumma Masjid which forms a noble background for the gardens and the statue, and many thousands more on the side of the roads leading from the garden to Viceregal Lodge.

On the morning of the 17th the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the Kitchener College at New Delhi. This college, when completed, will house and educate several hundred boys preparatory to giving them specialist training for commissions in the Indian Army. It is the outcome, perhaps the indirect outcome, of the Reforms. For one of the essentials

of responsible government is the capacity for self-defence and the evolution of a genuine system of national defence must go hand in hand with political development. In the nature of things the process cannot be very rapid. As it exists to-day, the Indian Army is the inheritor of a magnificent tradition. For more than half a century the British officer, working with his Indian comrade and carrying the confidence of the rank and file, has led the Indian Army to victory on many fields. Further, he is the force that has welded the various races and faiths which make up the Indian Army into the firm whole which has given that army its fine fighting value. This is not to be disturbed, much less broken up, until there is something equally strong to take its place. The essentials of such a substitute are a highly trained and disciplined Indian officer class which will command the confidence of the rank and file, not only in the easy days of peace, but also under the strain of war, possibly the terrible strain of a universal war.

The Kitchener College will train the sons of Indian officers for a military career and prepare them for entry into the Indian Sandhurst. The college will ensure, not only an efficiently trained officer class, but a class with esprit de corps and a tradition, possessions of great value. For many reasons it is fitting that the college should bear the name of Kitchener. The chief among them is, as the Commander-in-Chief at the opening ceremony reminded his hearers, that fifteen years ago Lord Kitchener, fully appreciating the fact that the Indian officer is the backbone of the Army, urged the promotion of the Indian officers to the higher regimental ranks—a step which led to the grant of King's commissions to Indians. The college which bears his name is another step on the same journey—the journey which leads to the destination of a national army, officered by Indians, at the call of a national legislature fully responsible to the country. An important adjunct to the ceremony performed by the Prince was the march past of the Indian Army. Symbolically, that was what it amounted to. For three representatives of every Indian regiment, from the Peshawar to Cape Comorin filed before His Royal Highness at the salute.

In the afternoon a *darbar* was held in Delhi Fort. Nowhere else in the modern world could a scene of such impressive magnificence have been staged. Alike in the setting and the actors it was unique. There exists no audience hall richer in historic fame than the Delhi *Dewan-i-Am*. Elaquently it speaks of the glories of the Moghul Emperors and seems haunted by the ghost of Akbar. Nor could any more important occasion than the formal welcome by the Government and the Princes of India of the Heir-Apparent to the Imperial Throne be imagined. To the impressive magnificence of the setting for the welcome many things

contributed. There were the guards of honour, the massed bands, the great concourse of spectators occupying, to the number of three thousand, tiers of benches fronting the Hall of Audience and representing all that is best and most significant in India's official life. There was the vast sweep of the pillared building, the slow and stately pacing of the processions, the dramatic eloquence of the Viceroy, the speeches, instinct with loyal homage, of the ruling princes and the rapid incisive tones of the Prince. Prominent among these were the ruling princes, fifty-three of whom had assembled to complete the tale of the Capital's welcome to the Prince. Glittering in their ceremonial robes, hung with jewels worth the ransom of many kings, with jewelled aigrettes in their pugris and jewelled swords in their belts, they made a shining picture to see which is vouchsafed to few and to these only once in a life-time. Nor were they mere empty display. In periods as jewelled as their persons, they affirmed their ancient traditional loyalty to the British Crown and, particularly to the occasion, an affectionate welcome—which many of them had already extended in princely hospitality in their own states—to the Heir to the Imperial Throne. The duty of voicing the sentiments of India's princely houses was given to the Maharajas of Gwalior, Bikaner, Patiala and Nawanganar who were chosen for the duty by the suffrages of their peers.

His Excellency the Viceroy, said:—

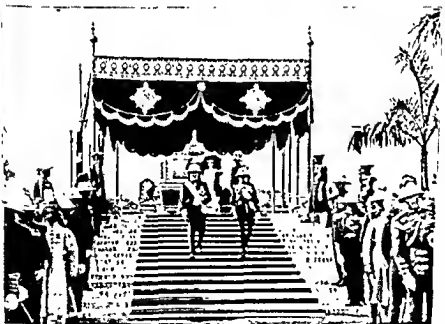
Your Royal Highness, Your Highnesses and gentlemen,—We are met here to-day to extend on behalf of the Government of India, the Ruling Princes and the two Imperial Legislatures, our loyal greetings to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on this his first visit to the Imperial Capital of India. On myself, as the representative of His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor, falls the pleasant duty of initiating the proceedings on behalf of the Government of India, and in doing so I need not say how fully I appreciate the opportunity of tendering to His Royal Highness our warm and hearty welcome in these historic surroundings, where His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, a year ago, inaugurated the Chamber of Princes. I feel that the ceremony of to-day is a fitting symbol of the bond of love and sympathy which binds India to the British Crown, not merely the India of the Reformed Councils, but the greater India of the future, in the Government of which the Princes and people of India will bear an ever increasing part. His Royal Highness comes, however, as I have said on more than one occasion, not as the representative of any Government to promote the interests of any political party but as the Heir to the British Throne, anxious to acquaint himself with the thoughts

and wishes of India. His Royal Highness made this clear in his first speech after landing in India when he said to the people of Bombay: "I want you to know me and I want to know you." It is in this spirit that we greet His Royal Highness to-day. We feel that during the past three months the goal of mutual understanding and trust has already been reached throughout the great part of the Indian Empire. In Bombay, Calcutta and Madras the great cities identified with the commercial enterprise of the earlier British settlers in the East; in Lucknow and Benares and now in Delhi, the homes of ancient culture and civilisation; in Burma, the latest aspirant for responsible Government; and in the great Indian States of Baroda, Rajputana, Central India, Hyderabad and Mysore. His Royal Highness has already by his sincerity of purpose and charming personality established himself in the hearts of those with whom he has been brought into contact. He has learnt to know them and they have learnt to know him. In Delhi, the capital of so many Kings of old and the seat of the modern Government of India, where memory clings proudly to the glorious days when Her Majesty Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, where the coronation of His Majesty King Edward was celebrated and His Majesty King George V. himself held his Coronation Durbar, our greeting has a special significance here. Our hearts naturally go out with affection towards the Prince who has already endeared himself to the people of Great Britain and of the Dominions beyond the Seas, with whom India hopes before long to be enrolled as a full partner in the great British Empire. In Your Royal Highness we acclaim the new spirit of the age, purified by the trials and tribulations of the past seven years, eager to right wrongs and sooth distress and, above all, to foster and maintain the glorious cause of justice and freedom throughout the world. Your Royal Highness, I tender to you on behalf of my colleagues and myself our warmest and most loyal greetings.

His Highness the Maharaja of Bikaner, said:—Your Excellency, Your Royal Highness,—The deep-rooted and abiding loyalty to the person and Throne of our beloved King-Emperor is the proud heritage and unbroken record of the Princes of India and is to us the very breath of our nostrils, and no words that I use to-day can give adequate expression to the sentiments of devoted attachment with which we are inspired towards His Imperial Majesty and his House, sentiments of which we trust Your Royal Highness has received ample and unmistakable testimony during the course of your triumphant progress through India in general and of your visits to several of our principalities in particular. But I do, indeed, feel honoured at the fact that through the courtesy of my brother Princes, this opportunity has been afforded, me, in the presence of such a disin-



The Prince Arrives at Delhi.



King Edward Memorial Tunnel.

guished and representative gathering, and in this historic capital of the Indian Empire, of following His Highness the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior and adding a few more words of respectful welcome and greeting to Your Royal Highness on the united behalf of the Princes of India.

Your Royal Highness' arduous tour, undertaken at no small sacrifice of personal comfort and convenience, is now drawing to a close, but I would beg to assure you that many will be the memories associated therewith, pleasant and grateful memories which will be treasured throughout the length and breadth of this vast country. Through Your Royal Highness' gracious and winning personality, and the remarkable success which has attended your visit, yet another link has been forged in the golden chain which binds the Princes and peoples of India to the British Crown. His Imperial Majesty, in his gracious message which Your Royal Highness delivered on the day of your first setting foot on Indian soil, was pleased to give expression to this belief that when you leave our shores, our hearts will follow Your Royal Highness and that yours will stay with us. It is beyond doubt when the time comes for Your Royal Highness to set sail from India, you will carry away our hearts with you and we sincerely hope that India and its people will have the good fortune to have also found a corner in your heart and that Your Royal Highness will not fail to gladden our eyes by honouring the Princes and peoples of this ancient land with another visit at no very distant date.

His Highness the Maharaja Jam Saheb of Navanagar, said: In my happy and, I trust, not unfruitful earlier days in England, I was once vastly astonished to find myself described in cold print as a conjuror. Would that this description were true, for following as I do their very eminent and very eloquent Highnesses, the Maharajas of Gwalior, of Bikaner and of Patiala, I surely need, and sadly lack, some magic power in order even to attempt on behalf of my brother Princes, by whose gracious choice I am now speaking, in order, I say, even to attempt a tribute of welcome to Your Royal Highness in terms in any degree worthy of our Royal guest. On this paramount occasion I fail for lack of power but not in burning warmth of desire. Your Royal Highness, the Ruling Princes and Chiefs of India, united here offer you above all a welcome of unity, the unity of our order in deep and enduring loyalty towards His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor, towards the glorious House of Windsor and towards Your Royal Highness, his beloved and so distinguished heir. Nay, further, the unity of our order with the rest of India in the mighty fabric of the British Empire, as true members of that great body politic, with unity as the keynote of our welcome, we salute Your Royal Highness as a most happy and most successful instrument of unity and of



A memorable scene: inside the Diwan-i-Am, Delhi, during the progress of the Durbar of India's Ruling Princes

It was an epitome of the Army's history. For each section taking part in the ride wore "period" uniforms of the Regiment. One section wore the uniforms in which the Hanoverian troopers hunted down the Jacobite fugitives of the '15 rebellion, across the moors and through the glens and forests of Scotland. Another seemed to have come straight from Dettingen. In just such uniforms were clad the troopers who hacked their way out of the trap into which foolish leadership had taken them and built victory on defeat. Nearly a century later, and the regiment as it skirmished and charged in the Peninsula and in Flanders circled and wheeled before our eyes, brilliant in light blue tunics and light blue overalls. Then on to the scarlet of Victoria's early days, thick braided tunics of broadcloth. Thus it was that they campaigned in winter snow and thus again were they expected to face the heat and dust of the tropics. Truly a century ago they thought little of a soldier's comfort and much of the grandeur of his appearance. Again, we saw the regiment in the uniforms which thundered down upon the Russian guns in the immortal Balaclava charge and so to the ceremonial dress of the present day. After the musical ride had been completed a number of Indian cavalrymen gave a display of trick riding and others, when darkness fell, danced a weird, wild Khuttak war dance round a great log fire which spelt in every motion fierceness and bloodthirstiness.

At night the Prince was entertained at dinner by the ruling princes. Several of the hosts are "orthodox" and did not actually attend the dinner, coming into the banqueting hall before "The King." In all, two hundred and eighty were present to hear the Maharaja of Gwalior, on behalf of all the Princes, propose the health of the Prince, which he did in an apt little speech, clearly and pointedly delivered. No less admirable was the response made by the Prince, both in sentiment and phrasing, and it was received with great enthusiasm. The Maharaja spoke as follows:—

Your Royal Highness, Your Highnesses and Gentlemen,—As President of the Reception Committee, it is my privilege to extend to Your Royal Highness, on behalf of my brother Princes and myself, a warm and loyal welcome. It is not necessary for me to say how much we all appreciate the honour of Your Royal Highness' company and how extremely delighted we are to have the opportunity of entertaining You to-night jointly and as Members of a recognised Order. Your Royal Highness has now been in this Country for three months during which you have met several of us here and there and indeed some of us in our States and homes. We trust this personal experience has served to strengthen the conviction, if indeed it needed any strengthening, that the



H. H. THE MAHARAJA JAM SAHIB OF NAWANAGAR.

common tradition of the Imperial House of Windsor and our Houses is a living reality, the tradition, namely, that the cause of our Houses is one, that there is perfect identity between our aims and ideals which may be summed up as the permanent endurance of the British Empire, an Empire which is destined to progress continually towards greater solidarity, harmony and peace, that is destined to remain united, to work for a common end which is the happiness of its members and destined also to ensure the peace of the World. My heart is too full, at the thought of the glorious possibilities of our beloved Empire, to suffer the desecration of a long conventional speech. My task may, therefore, well close, by my ending as I began, with expressions of our sincere and hearty welcome. And now, Your Highnesses and Gentlemen, let me ask you to drink a bumper to the health and ever widening fame of our illustrious guest His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

A military parade service on Sunday on the brigade parade ground was attended by the Prince who, after the service, presented colours to three regiments—the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the 16th Rajputs and the 10th Jats. To everyone's surprise and the intense delight of the Indian regiments, the Prince addressed them in Hindustani, expressing his pleasure at presenting the colours and his hope that they would, as in the past, be covered with glory in the future.

Two hundred policemen paraded in the grounds of Viceregal Lodge on Monday morning for inspection by the Prince from whom one among them received the King's police medal for conspicuous services to the country. After the police parade, a deputation of the Anglo-Indian community waited on the Prince with an address to which the Prince replied. The reply was a warm tribute to the worth of the work done by this community in India. He had received, he declared, much information regarding the careers open to the community, their success in various ranks and their record of military service. The useful and honoured place they filled as citizens in the Indian Empire and their devotion to the cause of India did them credit and he personally would watch the progress of the community with the greatest attention.

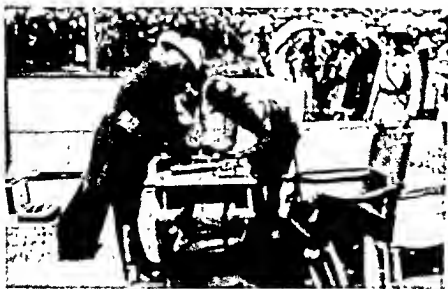
Thereafter the Prince left for the Gymkhana polo ground to witness a tent-pegging competition for a gold cup presented by the Maharaja of Dhar. Two dozen competed, all wonderfully expert, and it must have given the judges "furiously to think" before they were able to select the competitor who should receive the Cup from the Prince's hands. The ground lay adjacent to the horse lines of King George's Horse. These the Prince visited, taking the regiment by surprise—at the time of the visit the men were grooming their horses. But in shirt sleeves, en-

cumbered with buckets and brushes, they turned out and acclaimed the Prince in stentorian voices.

In the afternoon, the Prince captained a polo team of Indian maharajas which played a team of British officers captained by the Commander-in-Chief, the latter team winning. Immediately afterwards, the final of the Prince of Wales' Commemoration Polo Tournament between Jodhpur and Patiala was played. The Prince and the large and distinguished assembly present had the good fortune to see a magnificent game. It was a case of age and experience versus dash and youth—the combined ages of the Patiala team (which contained at least one player whose name is famed wherever polo is played) must have been nearly double that of the Jodhpur players. At the end of five of the fastest and finest chukkers ever seen on any polo ground Patiala led by five goals to four. It seemed assured that they would win. But Jodhpur played with magnificent dash and during the last five minutes scored wonderfully a couple of goals and won a thrilling final by six goals to five. The heartiness of the response to the Prince's call for cheers for the teams when he presented the cups was a fitting meed for a great struggle and a great victory.

Six hours before departing from Delhi, the Prince attended the popular fair on the Maidan. Here an opportunity, not given before, was granted to the people to make manifest their welcome to him. The fair was open to the general public. No exclusive provision was made for the attendance of any kind of privileged people. Secretaries and under-secretaries were on the same footing as their own office *chuprassis* and these had to mingle with despised brothers from the *chamars*. Caste was overwhelmed. Distinctions died. Demos unalloyed held sway and over looked like being dethroned. At the lowest computation a lakh of people were present, drawn from all grades of society. Among them the Prince freely moved. Well, he moved, mounted on a horse. But it was no easy progress. A force of military and police had been entrusted with the task of keeping something like a clear pathway round the ground of the fair. They succeeded but indifferently in their task. The people's loyalty and enthusiasm defeated the attempts to regulate them in rows and marshal them in squares. Good humouredly, the police let them have their way. So they surged and swayed towards the Prince. They ebbed and bowed as one section of people, having gazed their fill and cheered their loudest, withdrew slightly in favour of the ranks behind them.

Somewhere in the midst of the maelstrom of people there were enclosures for the sports which were to have been the chief attraction of the fair. But the wrestlers showed off their cunning devices for overthrowing their opponents in vain. The runners ran only into a crowd



The Prince signed the document which was returned to the
foundations of the Kaiser's League, 1910.



Photograph taken at the Berlin Exhibition.

where their fleetness of foot availed them nothing. The camels, which were to have contended against each other for a prize for speed, succeeded only in knocking over a perspiring photographer who sought to judge their merits and then in super-superciliousness, gave over all efforts. But the people cared little. They had forgotten that the purpose of their presence was a fair. It was sufficient for them that they saw the Prince, saw him, not in gilded splendour, but at close quarters, among them, one of them.

It is doubtful whether, anywhere on his world travels, the Prince has been confronted with such a scene as that on which he looked down from his horse on his last afternoon in Delhi. On that occasion, the Capital spoke nobly for all India, expressing a sentiment which intriguers have vainly tried to stifle, the attachment of the people to the Crown. Never were the Republicans and those who dream of India outside the British Empire more forcibly answered than they were by that memorable spectacle. On this day a fresh bond of union was forged between the Crown and the people of India, a bond compounded of mutual confidence and understanding.

At eleven o'clock at night the Prince left Delhi on the last stage of his tour which was spent in the Punjab and the Frontier Province.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE HEAD OF THE SIKHS—FOUNDATION AND HISTORY OF PATIALA—HIS HIGHNESS AS A SPORTSMAN—PATIALA IN THE WAR—THE SIKH RELIGION—FUTURE OF THE SIKHS—FUNCTIONS IN PATIALA.—(FEB. 20—24).



AFTER Delhi had been left behind the rate of the tour was sensibly speeded up. When the Prince left Delhi he had been in India for ninety-seven days and in that time had made twenty-six halts for periods ranging from one till eight days. There remained to him 23 days before he was due to embark at Karachi on the *RENOWN* and in these twenty-three days he visited eleven different places, making his longest halt at Lahore, the Punjab's capital. His first halt was made at Patiala, where he enjoyed for three days the hospitality of the premier chief of the Punjab.

Patiala's history as a separate State is comparatively of recent origin, dating from 1763, when the conferring of the title of raja upon the then chief by Ahmad Shah Durrani was followed and, as it were, consolidated by the conquering and partitioning of Sirhind. As was natural in a young State, which had scarcely found its feet, the first twenty years of its existence were marked by cautious government. Early in the eighties an interesting situation developed. The chief who had succeeded to the gadi was a minor and the Dewan was appointed Minister-Regent. A section of the people within the State's boundaries had become recalcitrant and had challenged the authority of the Government. Being unable, or fancying himself unable, to quell their recalcitrance with his own forces, the Minister-Regent called in the aid of the Mahrattas. When the Mahrattas entered a place on a mission of help they usually helped themselves and soon made it evident to the original inhabitants that they had come to stay. This they did in the case of Patiala and for an exciting few months it seemed that they would succeed in a complete and peaceful penetration of the place. But the young Raja Sahib was, in the colloquialism, not having any. The action of the Minister-Regent in calling in the Mahrattas led to his downfall. The administration of the State fell upon the young shoulders of Sahib Singh. His first action was to appoint his sister Sahib Kaur Chief Minister.

The princesses of the Patiala House have more than once shown themselves capable administrators and plucky military commanders. Sahib Kuar succeeded where the Dewan had failed. She victoriously repelled the inroads of the Mahrattas and rid the State for good and all of their pressing and unwelcome attentions and she reduced her own recalcitrant people to submission. Later, when her regency had come to an end and Sahib Singh had taken over the government, it was he who entered into those agreements with the English which brought the State under their protection.

Since that date the history of the State is a record of steady development and of loyal maintenance of the obligations due to the paramount power, often in the face of the most trying circumstances. Thus, during the disturbances of 1857-58, no prince in India showed greater loyalty, or rendered more conspicuous service to the British Government, than the then Maharaja of Patiala. As one of India's historians has written, "He was the acknowledged head of the Sikhs and any hesitation or disloyalty on his part would have been attended with most disastrous results, while his ability, character, and high position would have made him a most formidable leader against the Government. But following the honourable impulses of gratitude and loyalty, he unhesitatingly placed his whole power, resources and influence at the absolute command of the English and during the darkest and most doubtful days of the Mutiny, he never for a moment wavered in his loyalty, but on the contrary redoubled his exertions when less sincere friends thought it politic to relax theirs."

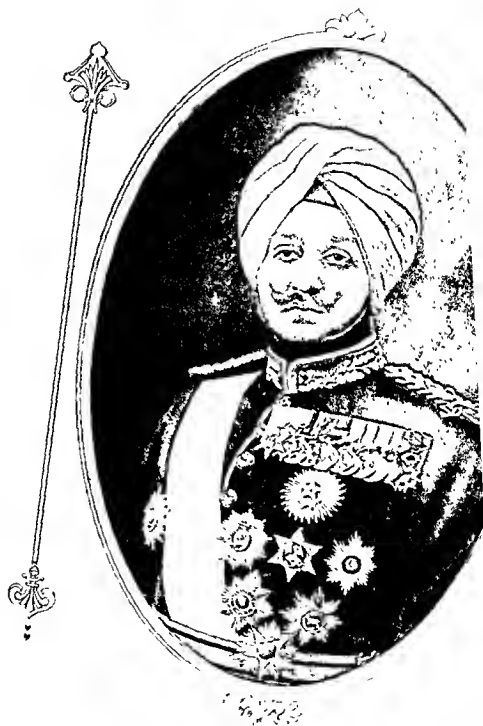
Patiala has been called, and with justice, the cradle of the Imperial Service Troops in India. It was in Patiala that Lord Dufferin announced the inception of the scheme in 1886. The scheme arose out of a suggestion made in 1887 by the Patiala Council of Regency that it should place the whole resources of the State at the disposal of the Imperial Government in the event of the outbreak of a war on the North-West Frontier. This generous offer took a practical form later on in an engagement to maintain for service, side by side with British troops, a specially trained corps, numbering 600 cavalry and 1,000 infantry, fully equipped and ready to take the field at a moment's notice.

The example thus initiated by Patiala was soon followed by other Native States and this method of contributing military aid to the Empire remains the one in force to the present day.

The present ruler of Patiala State is His Highness Maharaja Bhupindra Singh, who was born on the 12th of October, 1891. During his minority, which terminated in 1909, a Council of Regency managed

the affairs of the State. He received his education at the Aitchison Chiefs' College, Lahore, and early displayed those qualities which have served to make his rule in keeping with the great traditions of the State. He assumed charge of the administration in 1910, being formally installed by Lord Minto, then Viceroy, in the same year. His Highness is a much travelled man and is an engaging conversationalist on the peoples and customs he has seen in his travels in Europe; most of the capitals and many of the provinces he has visited during the past ten years. It is, however, as a sportsman that His Highness is chiefly known, apart from his qualities as a ruler of a great State. On a horse he used to be unsurpassed and his interest in and keenness for that great Indian sport polo has been among the greatest assets that have helped Patiala to reach its present pre-eminence in Indian polo. As a cricketer, also, His Highness cuts a worthy figure. Never as good as that greatest of batsmen His Highness the Jam Sahib, he yet was always a sound forcing bat and has many good performances to his credit. He was chosen to captain the All-India cricket team which visited England in 1911, a team which, though it did not quite have the success it was expected to have, yet impressed people in England with the high standard which Indian cricket had attained in its comparatively short career.

With the outbreak of the Great War began a new chapter in the history of Patiala. At the very outset His Highness placed unreservedly all the resources of the State at the disposal of the Indian Government, and through his efforts Patiala continued to pour forth a stream of men, money and material till its record of War Services stood unsurpassed by any other State in India. In response to the Premier's appeal in April, 1918, His Highness at once offered to raise three new Battalions, and took a leading part in the memorable Indian War Conference which met at Delhi the same month. His zealous services in the cause of the Empire were signally recognised by his selection in 1918 as one of India's representatives on the Imperial War Conference and the Imperial War Cabinet. During the War the Patiala State contributed about 25,000 men. The Patiala Imperial Service Troops served in all the main theatres of War, and won no less than 125 battle distinctions. Besides maintaining its fighting forces at a cost of over 60 lakhs, the State furnished 1,000 Camels, 259 Mules and 400 Horses for Transport and Remount branches. Rupees 35 lakhs were subscribed to the War Loans, and the Patiala State helped the Government of India to tide over the Currency crisis by a timely loan of 10 lakhs of silver coin without interest. Altogether the State contributions in money amount to nearly $1\frac{1}{4}$ crores, and in material to about 9 lakhs. In the recent Afghan War, His High-



MAJOR-GENERAL H. H. THURGOOD

ness at once volunteered his personal services along with those of his troops, which were accepted by the Government of India, and worked as Special Service Officer on the staff of the General Commanding North-West Frontier Force.

When the Prince arrived in Patiala he found that the Maharaja, thinking that the incessant ceremonial of Delhi had given the Prince more than his fill of formality, and had earned for him a few days of complete recreation, had arranged for a considerable simplification of the official programme. The formalities of an interchange of visits were dispensed with and the functions arranged for the first afternoon were shifted forward to the morning. Thus, the review of the State troops on the Patiala Parade ground, notable for the magnificent appearance of the cavalry in the glory of their full dress, mounted on fine big war horses, and the meeting with the retired Indian officers of the Indian Army in the grounds of the Motibagh Palace, were completed before lunch, leaving the afternoon and the other two days free for sport and recreation.

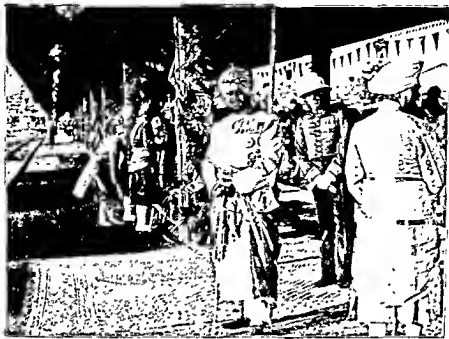
The visit to Patiala was our first introduction of the tour to the Sikhs. To see the stalwart forms and the handsome bearded faces of the troops and the inhabitants of the Patiala bazaars was to reflect on the origins of that religion in the profession of whose tenets has been bred a race which has, physically, no superior in India and possesses martial qualities that have stood the Empire and India in good stead during troublous times. It was indeed in no martial spirit that their faith arose. In its origin, it sprang from a desire for greater spirituality, the attainment of which was thwarted by a tyrannical priesthood. It may have been part of that great wave of religious fervour, that yearning for freedom in spiritual matters, which caused the Reformation in Europe, of which indeed it was contemporaneous. At all events, the first Sikh guru or religious teacher denounced the idolatry and superstition of the Hindu priests, the greed and narrowness of the Brahmins and the arbitrary restrictions of caste with all the zeal of true reforming faith. But the path of reform was far from smooth. Yet it cannot be doubted that the early struggles against tyrannous authority gave a back-bone and virility to the new faith which it might otherwise have lacked. For persecution, they say, is the life-blood of a church. The hand of the Emperor Aurungzebe, that misguided zealot, fell heavily upon them. Though tried beyond endurance, the Sikhs did not rise against his persecuting bigotry. They had sworn allegiance to Akbar. They felt they owed it to his descendant. But their oath of fealty ceased to be binding—so Sikh tradition had it—provided they offered a willing sacrifice. The ninth guru, Tek Bahadur, offered himself for immolation and delivered himself up to the Emperor

at Delhi, Bribea and torture did not shake his faith, so he was falsely accused of casting his eyes on the windows of the imperial zenana. It was in reply to the charge of this crime that he uttered the famous and remarkable prophecy:—

"Mine eyes gazed not, O Emperor, upon thy private apartments, nor upon thy queens; but far beyond them into the West upon the fair-haired hosts who shall come from beyond the seas to tear down thy *purdahs* and destroy thy palaces."

Such an utterance was, of course, tantamount to high treason. It sealed the fate of Tek Bahadur and he was put to death. But his death freed the Sikhs from the bonds of their oath of allegiance and their espousal of their faith and their opposition to, the fanaticism of the last of the great Moghuls grew apace, fanned by the religious zeal of Tek Bahadur's successor, Govind Singh, the last and greatest of the Gurus. With him changed the character of the religion. He played to it much the same part as did Cromwell to the English Parliamentarians. For he forged the sword of the Sikhs and gave their religion a definitely military bent. They went forth to battle against the tottering power of the Moghuls and wrested from their grasp great tracts of the Punjab, and then, under Ranjit Singh, they built up a uniform kingdom from the Khyber to the Sutlej. And then the prophecy of Tek was fulfilled. Four great battles the Sikhs fought with the British, stubborn and desperate fights, and only when their field army was shattered beyond reformation at Gujerat was the Punjab finally annexed and the suzerainty of the British acknowledged.

Since that date it has not been easy to reconcile the personal character of the Sikh and the martial aspect of his religion with the conditions of a great modern peaceful polity and administration. The long *Pax Britannica* has conferred upon the whole country inestimable advantages. But to the military races of India, and they are many, the end of internecine strife, of the irruptions of military races, bent on conquest, from the passes of the Himalayas has not brought unmixed blessings in its train. How could it, since it has taken away the chief aim of their existence and destroyed their profession. Chiefly have the Sikhs suffered thus. It is true that an outlet is found for Sikh valour by the enrolment of regiments for service in the Imperial forces. But that outlet cannot absorb the whole stream and even that compares ill with the old tradition when every man went to sleep, as it were, with his harness on his back and with battles and the prospect of battles, and much virtue to be won from them, always imminent. The life of barracks, of parades and manoeuvres, is not war and can easily become more monotonous



Awaiting the Prince: The Maharaja of Patiala on the railway station platform.



The Prince inspecting the Patiala Lancers.

than that of any clerk in a modern commercial city. Still, there is always the frontier to be guarded. A soldier's life there is by no means lacking in incident. For the rest, the Sikh is an agriculturist and a trader, successful and thrifty in both callings. He rather resembles the Scots and the Swiss in his careful economies, that savour of parsimony. Some people think that the passage of years will tend to obliterate the military and chivalrous traits in Sikh character and leave him plain agriculturist and trader, a bit of a *bania* in both, absorbed in the petty affairs of small holdings and little stalls in the bazaars.

This must not happen yet awhile. Whatever the character and complexion of the Government in power in India, there will always, for as far ahead as we can see, live on the lean lands in and beyond the Himalayas fierce predatory hordes of people in whose creed might, crude might, the might of one's own right hand, is right, who see in neighbours who are waxing fat upon a kindly soil only an opportunity for plunder and who are constantly urged on, by the pitiless pressure of their growing population upon the sustenance afforded by the mesgre lands they live in, to seek a dwelling place in the kindlier lands of the South. With these fierce peoples, who have ever lived hand in hand with death, the Governments of this country have maintained a struggle that has been almost ceaseless. And chiefly it has been maintained by the martial races of India. When the qualities that have made these peoples what they are are allowed to die out, it will be an ill day for India. Among the privileged classes it is possible, easy indeed, to keep kindled the spark of personal courage and contempt of danger. Indulgence in the sports of the field has in all countries come to take the place of those military exercises in which the soldiers of other days were trained to their calling, and who shall say that the quality of courage and resource has changed for the worse by the change of gymnasium? At least as much as in any country, far more than in most, is it possible to cultivate these qualities in India. No one who has ever dipped into the annals of tiger-shooting, or bear-shooting or of pig-sticking but has come across tales of matchless daring and of magnificent resource in the midst of great perils. And from these one may deduce that the hardihood, toughness of physical fibre and physical courage will be assured in the officer class of the Indian Army in the future. But, for the rank and file, these qualities will have to flower in an environment not nearly as favourable.

Most of the time available for him in Patiala the Prince spent in pig-sticking, in which he had had no opportunity of indulging since he left Jodhpur nearly three months before, and in polo. On the second

day of the visit the Prince, after a good gallop, rode down and speared a big pig. On the last day he went pig-sticking again, in preference to joining a large shooting party which had been organised. He had, however, no luck. In the afternoon he played polo. The visit came to an end with a State banquet. Held in the fine Durbar Hall of the Old Palace, the banquet was a brilliant function. The gateway of the palace and the palace courtyard itself were beautifully illuminated, a fitting prelude to the beautiful interior. Herein more than two hundred and sixty guests sat down to dinner and had an opportunity of seeing the famous and wonderful Patiala pearls with which the person of the Maharaja was jewelled.

Late at night the Prince left Patiala for Lahore, but broke his journey early the following morning to perform a good work at Jullunder. The purpose of his visit, which extended to a little more than two and a half hours, was to lay the foundation stone of one of the King George's Royal Military schools. As the Prince was careful to point out in his speech, these schools owe their inception to a kind thought of His Majesty the King, who has graciously directed that the King Emperor's patriotic fund shall be used to build boarding schools. For the present, two such schools are to be built—one here, the other, of which His Royal Highness will also lay the foundation stone, at Auangabad Serai. Accommodation for two hundred boarders will be provided, and the education will be both literary and military. The Prince drove to the venue of the ceremony by car, and the ceremony was performed without loss of time. Colonel Lascelles, representing His Excellency the Commander in Chief, delivered a short address explaining the purpose of the school and inviting His Royal Highness to lay the foundation stone thereof.

When the stone had been well and truly laid and the speeches delivered, the chief civil and military officers were presented to His Royal Highness as well as several hundred retired Indian officers. These and pensioners from the ranks made perhaps the most notable feature of the ceremony. All told, they mustered 4,000 officers and men. Large as the number was, it represents only a tithe of the pensioners who had expressed a desire to be present and to meet His Royal Highness. The lack of railway accommodation and even more the lack of funds compelled the severe limiting of the numbers in attendance. These, however, were carefully chosen. In every sense of the term they were representative.

Every arm of the service was there, and every campaign in which the Indian Army has taken part since 1857 was represented. The depths of the loyalty of some of those present may be gauged from the



The spoils of the chase: Camels bringing back the victims of a pig-sticking expedition at Pailala



fact that most of them made long journeys to the railway, on foot; several hundred Dogras, indeed, trudging for four or five days to the nearest railway station. All of them paraded in some kind of uniform, some of the older men wearing the ceremonial dress of Queen Victoria's day. But the most moving sight was provided by a few aged men who wore on their breasts the medals won in the campaigns which have long been ancient history and in which their ancestors, as far as three generations back, took a gallant part. These veterans regarded the Prince with the deepest veneration. It was to be expected that they would display the utmost enthusiasm in receiving him. It was so. But it was also notable that many of the townspeople came out and lined the route, crowding round the site of the school in order to cheer the Prince. The latter resumed his journey to Lahore at midday.



lay in the multitudes who came out to welcome the Prince. The whole of the route, long and circuitous, from the railway station to Government House, was thickly and consistently lined with people. And they cheered. They cheered nobly with strepitous clamour, so that the noise of them came back to us many hundreds of yards behind the royal carriage. True, thousands of them were folk from the districts. But that was only fit and proper, since Lahore is the capital and furnished the best opportunity for the people of the Punjab to see the Prince. But by far the greater number were obviously townfolk—artisans, clerks, students and professional men.

Nor did the crowd lack picturesqueness. No Indian crowd does. But a distinctive note was given to the crowd in Lahore by the presence at one part of the route of a long double row of camels looking as if the hundredth name of God spelt camel and bearing two, sometimes three, riders on their backs. Yet the authentic note of the north was struck by a group of Baluchis clad in flowing white robes, with eagle beaks and twinkling eyes, their faces for the rest being little else than a jungle of black hair. They made a wildly picturesque group as they stood indolently lounging, their belts full of daggers, and fondly clasping *jazzils* of immense length.

When the Prince had arrived at Government House a pleasant little function was held in the grounds. The majority of the ruling princes of the Punjab had come to Lahore to participate in the welcome to the Prince. At an informal garden party given by the Governor they were presented to the Prince and each had a few minutes' conversation with him.

The following morning being Sunday, the Prince attended a service conducted in the Cathedral by the Bishop of Lahore. In the afternoon came the great public festival at which the common people were enabled to offer their tribute of welcome to the Royal visitor. They did so by means of a *mela*. A *mela* is not easily to be described nor shortly to be defined. Acrobats perched upon poles; acrobats upon each others' heads; acrobats turning somersaults and handsprings; acrobats intertwined like inverse Siamese twins, and whirling like Catherine wheels; strong men piling teak with their teeth and breaking chains with their chests; tumblers leaping through space in all manner of gyration, and casting themselves through fiery hoops without a thought to their inflammability; men on stilts and men on crude pogo sticks; wrestlers fiercely striving and stalling. Place all these in a vast arena in the light of an afternoon sun, which warms but does not burn; ring them round with companies of bearded Baluchis and hairy hillmen; at a wider

interval set thirty thousand spectators from the districts of the Punjab and Lahore; set in their midst a shamiana and within it a dais and a canopy; provide purple music from a yellow band and a great volume of tumult, shouting, dust, *bheestis* rushing to empty bulging skins upon the dusty plain, and at least fifty men on the branches of a tree; and there you have the skeleton of the *mela* as it was enacted before the Prince. The *mela* represented the popular welcome of the province to His Royal Highness, and a very hearty one it was.

The Prince arrived at half past two. He rode twice full circuit round the arena and the people howled and cheered. Even after he had taken his seat beneath the canopy the people were not content. They pressed forward and at points carried the police, who kept the ground, before them. They invaded the sacred enclosure set apart for the sports. They quite spoiled the arena's neat circle, converting it into that favourite toy of mathematicians, an oblate spheroid. With difficulty they were got back to where they belonged, but they did not stay. When the Prince left they refused to be denied. They broke through the police barrier—the police indeed being similarly disposed were not very obstructionist—and as one man they made for the Prince's car, which they surrounded with cheers and shouts and waving of arms. It was a goodly spectacle.

And when the Royal car had shaken itself free of the people, they turned and made for the shamiana, invading it by hundreds to the vast embarrassment of the spectators it contained, and ranged themselves round in front of it, all for the sole purpose of gazing at—since they could come no nearer to it—the Prince's chair. They quite forgot that two doughty champions of wrestling had been vigorously contending for a quarter of an hour to see who should bite the dust. Like a sea they flowed over them and picked the wrestlers up on the crest of their wave, so that one fears this bout had to wait for decision till a later day. If anything had been needed to make glad the hearts of the *Mela* Committee—who, by the way, made most thorough and complete preparations for the great *tamasha*—it must have been the wonderful welcome with which the spectators crowned the day's entertainment.

An hour with the railway folk, a flying visit to the Aitchison Chiefs' College and an official visit to the Legislative Council of the Punjab occupied the Prince's morning on Monday. The railway shops are situated at Moghalpura, a couple of miles from Government House. To visit them and to see them is to be impressed; for they are a remarkable demonstration of modern power industry. Against the Prince's visit sheet upon sheet of memoranda had been prepared, strings of tabulation, lakh



Peierneque Egersa on the route of the Egersa procession. Balachs mounted on Camels

IN THE RAILWAY SHOPS.

upon lakh of figures. But the salient points about the loco. and carriage shops are that they cover half a square mile and capable of repairing at the rate of one locomotive a day, the of production of carriages being within the powers of the carriage that there are twenty miles of track running through them and employ something more than forty-two thousand men. For one may acquire endless knowledge of figures about brass copper and tin shops, pattern shops and paint shops, wheel and tool shops, and those beautiful things *machilicowlies*.

Most of the things the shops have to show were seen by the They were seen hurriedly, it is true, for his time was very limited the glimpse was enough to give His Royal Highness a rough idea the working capacity of a big railway headquarters. It was perhaps well that the Prince had only a very little time to devote to each the shops. One trembles to think what might have happened to had he stood for more than a couple of minutes at any one place. whole forty-two thousand of the shops' inmates, less three per cent absentees—this figure, by the way, was the record for good time keeping in many years—wanted to see the Prince and cheer him. They thought the best way to do this was to leave their lathes and other instruments and crowd after him. If the Prince walked down one alley between the machines a vast mob surged around him and rushed down the parallel alleys and clambered about the benches. If he stood still in the open the crowd swirled round him like a mammoth rugby scrum round the ball.

Fortunately, the workmen preserved some sense of proportion. They kept each to his own shop and did not invade their neighbour's. So it was that the crowd, always big, always pushing and jostling, always clamouring—they made so much noise that the machinery's hum was absolutely drowned—and always inflicting barked shins and bruised elbows on themselves, never became unmanageable. They gave the Prince a great welcome and a rousing send off as he passed from one shop to another, at which point it may be appropriate to record that a model of the saloon in which he had travelled thousands of miles in India was presented to His Royal Highness.

The Aitchison College is the second in order of importance of the Indian chiefs' colleges. It has been pronounced to be more akin to an English public school than any other in India. At least one tradition of the English public school, the "stinks merchant", finds a counterpart there, for in one of the studies which the Prince visited there was a fine collection of pickled reptiles. That, however, is a detail.

college shows every sign of excellent organisation and equipment and has an admirable cadet corps which the Prince inspected.

There appeared to be a full attendance of the Council to welcome the Prince. The latter arrived at half past twelve and took up his position at the head of the Council Chamber in the speaker's chair. As he entered in procession he was preceded by the President of the Council and the Council's mace, the Punjab Council being, I believe, the only one that possesses a mace. It is not in the least like the bauble at St. Stephen's. Of solid steel, it looks most distressingly businesslike. Well it might. For it is a Persian battle mace—no doubt, some warrior in Baber's armies once wielded it—designed for cracking skulls and not as a symbol of authority.

The main and the distinctive feature of the brief ceremony was His Royal Highness's speech. Delivered in a voice slightly hoarse from a slight cold from which he was suffering, it gained from that fact an emotional quality which it might otherwise have lacked. Not only so, but it struck a note which was bound to, and did, evoke the readiest response from the members, the note of comradeship. No passage in the speech was greeted with heartier applause—and there were many which were heartily applauded—than the passage referring to his early association with the Punjab fighting races during the war and his admiration for their achievements and their qualities. Indeed, in its qualities and its effects the speech must be accounted one of the most successful of the tour.

The afternoon was spent by the Prince on the polo field, the Punjab Chiefs' Association being at home to many guests. In the evening he dined with the officers of the Lahore district, after which he attended a concert given by soldiers in the Spencer Theatre.

It was generally regretted by the Special Correspondents on the Royal Tour that they were unable to see the closing scenes of the Prince's visit to Lahore. What could be seen up to the hour of the departure of the pilot train convinced us that they must have been remarkable. Soldiers bearing great flaring torches lined the streets. Somewhere near the station there were preparations for a fire dance. The normal illumination provided by a thoughtful municipality for the civil station had been extinguished. Instead, the trees, the houses, and the railings winked and twinkled with a thousand lamps. The railway station itself was a great facade of flaming colour. Within its walls, ingress past which was jealously guarded by battalions of suspicious policemen, military bands made melody in massive chords which reverberated double *fortissime* along the roof, while in front of the Royal



Frontier Types.



Baluch horsemen at the Lahore Mela.

train stood shoulder to shoulder a cordon of soldiers holding a long stout rope. From this it could have been surmised that it was the intention of the authorities to throw open the railway station to the public a few moments before the departure of His Royal Highness. If so, the rope must have been required, for thousands of people clamoured outside seeking a passage into the station yard. Lahore as we left it had all the appearance of preparing a send off for the Prince as stirring and memorable as those of Bombay and Rangoon.

Kashmir is known to hundreds of people throughout the world who have scarcely heard of half a dozen other places in India. As the land of "The Happy Valley," hymned by poets, extolled by song-writers and commemorated in essays and newspaper articles, it has won a celebrity not excelled by any other country in the world. The romantic beauties of its scenery are as well-known as the most picturesque spots of Switzerland or Scotland. Hundreds, indeed thousands, of visitors flock thither every year to idle in a bouse-boat, lapped in the beauty of the scene and drinking in the health and freshness which its lucent air imparts, that sweet "ambrosial air" which has made the Happy Valley the most wonderful of sanitarium.

It is in mid-summer that one visits Kashmir. To reach Srinagar after the burning heat of the journey across the plains of India is to reach paradise. But in the first or last months of the year it is something too bitter for anyone whose life is spent normally in a tropical or a sub-tropical country. Indeed, the Maharaja and his entourage and the government move down from the snows of Kashmir in the winter to the less Arctic atmosphere of Jammu. It was in Jammu, overlooked by the Himalayan peaks beyond which lies the Happy Valley, that the welcome of the Maharaja of Kashmir was extended to the Prince.

The history of Kashmir extends far back into the dim recesses of legend. Like other outlying provinces of India its annals divide themselves into four eras—pre-Buddhistic, Buddhistic, Hindu and Mahomedan. First comes an age of pre-historic monsters, probably representing the non-Aryan races, Nagas and others. Tradition relates that Kashmir Valley was at first altogether a lake, inhabited by a monster, Yaldeo, who was driven out by a Rishi. The holy man gave his name to the country left by the subsidence of waters upon the removal of Yaldeo. According to this account, the first inhabitants were Indo-Aryans, and the object of their worship, the Sun God. Buddhism found in Kashmir an asylum, from which its influence radiated north, south, east and west. Tartar devastations and invasions occupy a long period of its history. Mahmud of Ghazni entered the valley in the eleventh century; the Dardis

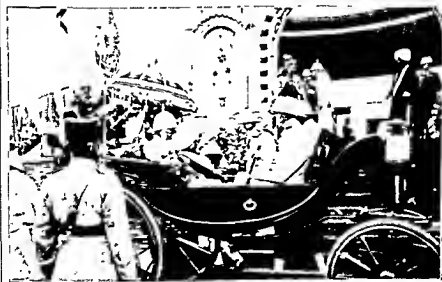
tan chiefs and Tibetan kings made incursions and forcibly married Hindu princesses; Turkistan sent down its hordes. The old Hindu Rulers found its final catastrophe in the death of the Queen of the last sovereign, who upbraided the Muhammadan usurper and stabbed herself. Muhammadanism was introduced in Kashmir in the fourteenth century A.D. during the reign of Shams-ud-din. In 1656, the country was conquered by Akbar, and became an integral part of the Mughal Empire. In 1751 it was subjugated by the Afghan, Ahmad Shah, the founder of the Durand dynasty, and it remained under Afghan sway until 1791, when it was conquered by the Sikhs. From that time it was ruled by a Governor appointed by the Maharaja of the Punjab, until the Sikh War in 1845.

Jammu has from time immemorial been the capital of a Dogra Rajput dynasty, and by the end of the eighteenth century had acquired some importance under a Chief, named Rana Ranjit Dev. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Ranjit Singh's service was joined by three great grand-nephews of Ranjit Dev, namely, Gulab Singh, Dhyani Singh and Suchet Singh. All the three were destined to play important parts at the Lahore Court, and Gulab Singh in 1820 brought himself into prominence by capturing the Chief of Rajaori. The principality of Jammu had by then been annexed by the Sikhs and Ranjit Singh conferred it upon Gulab Singh with the title of Raja. Dhyani Singh became the Raja of Poonch, and Suchet Singh, the Chief of Ramnagar, and within 15 years the three brothers had subdued all the neighbouring hill principalities. In 1843, the two younger brothers were killed and all their States, except Poonch, fell to the survivor, so that in the year 1844 Gulab Singh had acquired authority over nearly all the country included in the present Province of Jammu.

After the battle of Sobraon, which was followed by the British occupation of Lahore and the submission of the Sikhs, Gulab Singh had been deputed to treat for peace, and the result was the Treaty of Lahore on the 9th March, 1846. A separate treaty with Gulab Singh was concluded at Amritsar on the 16th March, 1846, placing him in possession of the Kashmir and Jammu principalities in return for a payment of 75 lakhs. Maharaja Gulab Singh had some difficulty in obtaining actual possession of the Province of Kashmir, as Shaikh Imam-ud-din, the Governor appointed by the Lahore Darbar, made for a time a successful resistance, and it was not till the end of 1846 that he was established in Kashmir with the aid of the forces both of the British and the Lahore Darbar. By this treaty he bound himself to acknowledge the supremacy of the British Government, to refer all disputes with neighbouring States to its arbitration, to assist British troops when required and never to take or



Punjab Princes, who met H. R. H. at the Lahore Garden Party.



The Prince arrives at the Jammu Camp.



retain in his service any British subject or the subject of any European or American State except with the consent of the British Government.

From that date to this the history of Kashmir is the history of its relations with the paramount power. Yet, from the fact of its geographical position, it takes an individual importance which is not enjoyed by other States. That situation, right on the northern frontier, gives Kashmir the strategic key to one entrance gateway to India. The military history of the last eighty years shows how faithfully and worthily Kashmir has fulfilled the obligations of such a position. Hill warfare against the border tribes, if it has not been the constantly recurring phenomenon which it is on the North-West Frontier, has yet been of sufficient frequency to keep Kashmir continually on guard. Thus it is that the Kashmir Imperial Service troops, besides being composed of some of the finest fighting material in India, hill Rajputs, are the largest body of such troops in India and are the most continually on active service conditions. And they have seen much active service. Kashmir troops took part in the Hazara and Agror expeditions of 1849 and 1868, while they rendered invaluable service to the British cause at one period of the Mutiny operations. But it was in the Henza-Nagar campaign of 1891 that the bravery, infinite patience and the wonderful resource of the Kashmiri rank and file were best exhibited. During this campaign the enemy were holding in great strength the fort of Nilt. The steep and craggy precipices on top of which the fort was perched had baffled the ingenuity of the attacking force. They seemed to be completely stalemated. But one Nagdu, with some others, volunteered to carry out the dangerous service of exploring the precipices by night in the hope of finding a road up which a storming party could be led. He succeeded. The road was found. The storming party scaled the precipices and the fort was taken.

On the outbreak of the European War in 1914, the Kashmir Imperial Service Troops were materially increased. Each of the two battalions mobilized for overseas service was brought up to a strength of 1,070, a strong depot was established and an extra battalion of infantry was created. The Kashmir Imperial Service Troops fought with marked distinction in East Africa and Palestine and gained warm commendation from General Officers Commanding. In the war with Afghanistan (1919), the Kashmir Troops also rendered considerable assistance to the British Government. One regiment of Infantry was despatched to the North-West Frontier and a Mountain Battery to North-East Persia. The Corps of Gilgit Scouts gave useful assistance in the war with Afghanistan in 1919 by guarding some of the northern passes leading into the Gilgit Agency and Chitral, and by the despatch of 3½ Companies to Chitral to

THE WINTER CAPITAL.

ment, the establishment of municipalities in the principal towns and Srinagar and the conservancy of forests after the fashion of India. During that period also the railway was extended from Jammu and two important cart roads were constructed, the rupee was substituted for the old Kashmiri coinage, an imperial telegraph service was introduced, hydro-electric installations were constructed at Jammu and at Mahora on the Jhelum river while silk and colleges have been established in both Srinagar and Jammu.

So much for the history and recent record of the State. We were permitted to make extensive or deep acquaintance with the main features of administration, nor even with the external characteristics of the capital Jammu. Only a day and a half were allotted for the Prince to Jammu and these were full to overflowing with ceremony, leaving time for casual exploration. But even had there been time, it would have been impossible to make close acquaintance with Jammu. A plague had been discovered in the city a day or so before the Prince due to arrive. It came near to marrying the success of the visit. Because of it the city was quarantined, and the crowds which would otherwise have assembled to greet the Prince were absent. Yet, without other aid, fair numbers assembled, coming for the most part from the surrounding villages, many of them also being from Kashmir, whence they had come down to take part in an arts and crafts exhibition which was held in Jammu in honour of the Prince's visit. These facts apart, there was little to differentiate the initial ceremonial from that of other States. The same decorated little railway station, the same profusion of soldiery, and the same winding route from station to camp with its pillars and venetian masts and floating bunting and banners but a route which, for the reason given above, was more sparsely lined than usual. Nor could one fail to note the lavish thoroughness of the Maharaja's preparations. The visit was to endure for less than thirty hours. Yet the arrangements were as thorough and apacious as if it were to be for weeks. A mammoth camp, made necessary at short notice by the plague outbreak in the city, had been at Satwari like the Prophet's gourd and sheltered a large number of guests invited by His Highness to be present during the Royal visit. Further, one inevitably noted as distinctive the situation and climate of Jammu. As we arrived in the early morning a scene of great beauty unfolded itself. A few miles off were the foothills of the Himalayas. Beyond them was a range of higher hills and behind them again, snow-capped, towered monstrosities of ten or twelve thousand feet. Rang, the range, the hills climb into the heavens, but on the morning of the farther view was obscured from the sight by cloud and

we were to learn that the cloud and the mist were full of sinister intentions. On arrival at Satwari we got our first glimpse of Jammu. It was the nearest glimpse we obtained. Viewed thus from a distance it was entrancing, a vision of glistening pinnacles, brass-sheathed temple towers embraced by a twisting white wall, rambling over the outer spurs of the hills. Perhaps it is the best way to see it. The beauty fades when stared closely in the eye, as in so many Indian beauty spots. Squalor, mean and narrow streets and uninteresting inhabitants are the reward of those who penetrate the city boundaries.

But if we could not see the city at close quarters, we were able to watch and enjoy the vagaries of the weather. This was as capricious as an English spring. When we arrived there was little sun and a gentle breeze kept the air cool and fresh. In such weather the early ceremonial was carried through. A distinctive note was given to the formal interchange of visits by the decorations, particularly in the great shamiana in which the Maharaja received the return call of the Prince. Here the stately ritual was enhanced by the beautiful and wonderful draperies with which the tent was lined—Kashmir shawls and embroideries of exquisite texture and the most delicate shading of colouring, perfectly in keeping with the grey half-lit skies of the day without. In the afternoon the pleasant morning weather "suffered a sea change into something rich and strange." The wind increased, which of itself would not have been altogether disagreeable but that it blew up monster clouds of dust, yellow and choking. The dust blotted out the landscape. The nearest hills were hidden and the city was barely discernible. Hung in the sky was a thick impenetrable drab curtain, a fair imitation of chaos before the creation. Polo had been arranged for the afternoon. It was thought it could not take place. Enthusiasm, however, triumphed over circumstances and a game, a rather dusty game and yielding, perhaps, the minimum of enjoyment, was played. As it ended, the wind dropped. Darkness fell and most of the inhabitants of the camp were in their tents changing for dinner when the patter of raindrops was heard on the roofs of the tents. They increased in decisiveness and it was soon raining with a steady vigour which promised a thoroughly wet night. There was considerable if subdued excitement in the camp. Except for a feeble little shower in Delhi, we had had no rain at all during the previous three and a half months. And after the State banquet the rain increased while a first-rate thunderstorm developed. It thundered and lightening up to the time when most of the guests went to bed.

But the weather, hard as it tried, did little or nothing to mar the success of the 'days' functions. After polo the Prince distributed sweet-



LT.-GENERAL H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF JAMMU AND KASHMIR, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., LL.D

meats to the school children and alms to the poor, a custom observed when the King-Emperor visited Jammu as Prince of Wales. Then, in the evening, while it was still raining hard, a State Banquet was held in the big shamiana of the camp. It was a brilliant function at which a hundred and twenty guests were present. Proposing the health of the Prince at the banquet the Maharaja said that forty-seven years ago his father had the unique honour of welcoming the late King Edward and seventeen years ago he had the peculiar good fortune of welcoming their Imperial Majesties. To-day the King-Emperor had sent his son to renew and reaffirm the pledge of affection which the Royal House of Windsor had given to Kashmir. As a result of the war there had been much unrest in the world and India had not remained unaffected. The Maharajah assured the Prince that the devotion and attachment of Kashmir to the person and the Throne of H. M. the King-Emperor remain as strong and as firm as ever. It was his great ambition that the Prince's visit could have been extended but to his regret an extensive tour programme did not permit his ambition being gratified. The memory of the short visit, however, would be ever cherished by his people. He hoped that on the occasion of the Prince's next visit to India, His Royal Highness would spend a longer time in Kashmir.

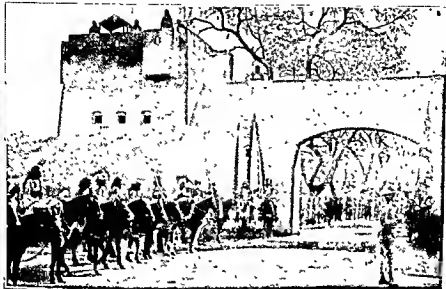
Again, in spite of the wet, there was a display of fireworks. They had gallantly resisted the damp. To be sure, some fizzled and spluttered a bit, but most of the rockets soared as high, the fire fountains flowed as copiously and the whizz bangs banged as heartily as they were intended to. We saw a Lama dance in Calcutta. We saw another at Jammu. The latter told a different tale and had a different intention from that in Calcutta. But in truth there was little difference. There was the same grotesque prancing, the same grunting from immense tubes, the same leaping, the same flowing flamboyant robes and the same macabre masques. The Prince watched the spectacle with evident relish and went home to bed on an elephant.

Next morning, before leaving at noon for Sialkote, the Prince reviewed the Kashmir State troops. Later he saw something of the people and the work of Kashmir. Kashmiris from the different districts had come down to welcome the Prince and on this day they paraded, each in the distinctive tribal or village dress. It ought to have been worth seeing. Alas! at that time we were on the point of being once more whirled off on the pilot train and their fabrics and shawls blushed unseen. But we saw the exhibition of arts and crafts. Even senses jaded by three and a half months of wonder heaped on wonder must yield in response to the beauty of the work and the delicacy of the craftsmanship revealed by the

exhibition. Shawls of incomparable beauty of texture and pattern, which had taken three years in the making, silver and gold boxes which might have tempted a saint to larceny, vases and bowls fit to call forth a poem comparable to the ode on a Grecian urn, which, exquisitely painted and exquisitely moulded, were yet neither porcelain nor pottery but were just—*papier mache*. And the carved woodwork in tables and boxes, in chairs, in frames, in what you please! There appeared to be no end to the articles, no end to the art. And there was a very marvellous box of jade. But with it only money in large quantities could have talked.

At noon the Prince left for Peshawar. But his journey to the frontier was twice interrupted, first at Serai Alamgir, where he laid the foundation stone of the second of the King George's Royal Indian Military Schools, the first of which he had laid a few days before at Jullunder. The purpose of these schools has been explained. But it should be noted that the school at Serai Alamgir will be a great boon to the district—Serai Alamgir is quite near Jhelum—which is one of the largest recruiting centres in India and for whose soldier people facilities for the education of their sons have been sadly lacking. The second halt was made at Jhelum itself where a great parade of the district's military pensioners was held and inspected by the Prince.





In Peshawar: One of the gates fortified against raiders.



At the entrance to the Khyber Pass: The Prince inspects a home-made and beautifully chased rifle.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VERGE OF CENTRAL ASIA—FRONTIERSMEN GREET THE PRINCE—THROUGH THE KHYBER PASS—RAWALPINDI—THE SECOND SIKH STATE—A LINGUIST PRINCE—DEHRA DUN AND THE KADIR CUP.—(MARCH 4 —14).



ESHAWAR was reached on the morning of March 4. There we had our first experience during the tour of what cold weather in India really may be. The hour of arrival was early morning, just the time when the blood is at its most sluggish and the bodily functions are just beginning to grapple with the notion of activity. So blue noses wrapped in shawls and goose flesh quaking in overcoats descended from the train at Peshawar railway station. But a little exercise revives circulation in the goose flesh and restores its pristine hue to the livid proboscis. Thus restored, one may savour the sharpness of the air with pleasure. Although in March Peshawar is long past the crest of the cold wave, yet still a great wind blows, growing ever keener and keener as the sun sinks. It is scarcely credible that there is in March in the whole of India such keen tonic air, which makes the cheeks glow and the blood tingle with vitality. Nor is it credible what a hell of fierce sun-baked inescapable heat it can become in June and July.

Yet Peshawar is not India. Look at its people, tall hillmen from the Central Asian Highlands or their barely urbanised descendants. Nor is it even a city, for there is no public building of any moment. It is but a huge and battered caravanserai, a huddle of houses which are only four mud walls and a flat roof. Its populace is here to-day and gone to-morrow. Its bazaar is the meeting place for merchants from the four corners of Asia. From Khorasan and Bokhara, from Merv and Samarkhand, names for ever instinct with romance and mystery, they come to sell their carpets, embroideries and silks. They do not stay long, for they are in the region where murder is a commonplace and vendetta the universal family heirloom.

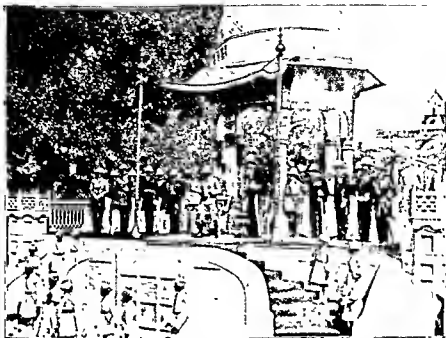
Walk through the bazaar. You see the merchants squatting two and three in the bare shops, spreading out their wares to likely customers or smoking their hubble-bubbles, or blowing charcoal fires which may have something to do with metal work or may be simply the climate; and there

stand in the street groups of picturesque fellows who may be merchants, but look like brigands. If you are walking, it is unwise to jostle against them. They turn with an ugly snarl and their hand fidgets with something beneath their shawls. Perhaps they were down looking for rifles; there were many in Peshawar just then and a rifle is a real hall mark of gentility among the frontier peoples. As someone has said, it is a title deed to wealth sighted up to three thousand yards.

At night there was a dinner party and a dance at Government House. In the ordinary way one mentions such a fact and leaves it at that. But the bitter cold of the night and the rigour with which Government House and its immediate environs were guarded made the function a trifle exceptional. The sentries appeared to have been trebled. No marmader, unless he had possessed Gyges' ring could have penetrated the cordon. Any genial brigand who had contemplated adding a Prince's ransom to those he had reaped in the past was courting an early death. Then there were two *chowkidars* at each of the doors of Government House. That is as it should be. It is the custom in Government Houses. But the great bulk of the stalwart Pathans on duty, their evident alertness and the big revolvers strapped round their middles were a reminder that we were on the frontier, where there is a great deal of law summed up in a blow and a shot, and not in any urbane Presidency city. Still, neither the cold (doors close shut kept it out) nor the consciousness of being closely guarded seemed to perturb the guests very much and the evening was of the cheeriest.

The following morning the Prince was busy reviewing detachments of the Frontier Militia and the Frontier Constabulary. These forces play an important part in the maintenance of peace on the Frontier. Chiefly they are recruited from the Afridis and trans-Border Pathans and the policy of holding turbulence in check by enlisting in the service of law and order men belonging to the turbulent tribes has proved to be fairly successful. Their future is not present in doubt. But, if the present Frontier policy, a legacy from the Viceroyalty of Lord Chelmsford, is steadily pursued, a policy which connotes continuous occupation by regular forces of strong points in the country of the tribesmen, their usefulness will gradually disappear. As reviewed by the Prince they were a fine body of men. Their handsome physique and bearing made a great impression on the spectators.

Shortly after the review of the militia, the Prince drove to Jamrud Road where he reviewed the troops of the Peshawar District. This parade of troops was the largest concentration of military force which the Prince had hitherto seen. There was a strong contingent of the Royal



Replying to the Peshawar Municipality's address of welcome.



Government House and grounds, Peshawar: scene of the garden party.

Air Force among the troops to remind us how important a part is now played by the aeroplane in maintaining peace and order in the wild lands of the Border.

Peshawar stands upon the plain into which the Khyber Pass debouches. On the second day of his visit the Prince went up the Pass. No one who goes to Peshawar ever does otherwise. No-one who does so but feels he has had an experience of unique worth. He has seen the postern gate of India, the gateway through which has flowed since time began the tide of fierce soldiers of the hills into the fertile plains beyond the Indus. He has seen the pathway of the invasions of centuries. And it changes little with the years. The journey to it is still through the same pitiless bareness, with feeble traces of vegetation as if a blight had fallen on a spot for ever dedicated to strife.

Suddenly the road emerges from the hedgerows and the rose gardens of Peshawar Cantonments into a dusty yellow plain. It goes on for a mile past a fort and an encampment, each heavily ringed with thick barbed wire, each fitted with electric lights so arranged that by night the inner circle is a pool of inky black and outside is brightest day. A poor lookout for even the stealthiest raider! By day the road is open, but at night it is closed, as are the fields—with the sweep of arid dust on either side of the road may be so called—with barriers more than breast high of barbed wire. This for the security of Peshawar.

On one goes, through the keen air which bites into the skin, piercing through many folds of clothing, until one reaches the fort of Jamrud (where at present the railway ends) looking like a baronial hall modelled by a child in plasticine. Here one feels is the entrance of the pass. But there is still a mile or two before one enters, almost insensibly, the jaws of the gorge. Then begins the climb—a continual zig-zag along the finest motor road in India. From the car one sees the white ribbons which are the other roads through the pass—along these the caravan of the merchants travel twice a week—and the tall standards and the ceaselessly moving wires which are the overhead railway, taking rations and the material for fortification and building to the men at the head of the Pass. But for these there is nothing to be seen except drab mountain enclosing a narrow prospect of blue sky, opening only into another vista of khaki mountain, deep gorge and sky like tempered steel. In the valley wherein winds the Khyber river there is a tenuous appearance of fertility. Some grain grows in patches, and groups of sumpter mules and donkeys browse, making a frugal meal. But the heights seem barren as a field of lava, offering no sustenance even to a mouse. Yet there are villages upon them, a huddle of mud huts, each with its watch tower of mud, each

continually vigilant and alert; for in the village not a quarter of a mile distant as a bullet flies lurk the hereditary enemy and all his tribe.

But the great game of shooting my neighbour wanes; slowly but surely it dies. Courts of justice look more sternly than heretofore upon the spilling of blood. The advantages of keeping the law and of settling quarrels by justice and not the knife or the bullet become dimly evident to the lullmen. For one thing, they are so much more vulnerable than they were. The perfection of the roads in the Pass and of the transport make every part accessible. The blockhouses, each with its door and windows and loopholes—these, for security, are no nearer the ground than twice a man's height and access is given by a moveable ladder—and the sangars of stone which crown the heights frown upon lawlessness, make indeed of the Pass on caravan days, when all the pickets are out above the roads, a thoroughfare as safe as Bond Street.

At the crest stands Landhi Khana—a height dominating the valley, crowned with a fort, sheltering a barrack. Thence one looks straight into Afghanistan. Indeed, one may walk into it; the frontier is but a stone's throw distant. A hundred miles away, but looking as if half an hour in a car would take one to their lower slopes, tower the snow-clad Hindu Kush, serene and beautiful. Nearer shadowed by its bounding ranges, is the valley of the Kabul river, and beyond, in a farther plain between the hills, a blue haze in the distance, is Jellalabad, whither in a few years the railway, of which the Prince saw the earthworks and the tunnels, will wind its steep and difficult way.

On the return journey to Peshawar the Prince stopped at Jamrud to inspect a *jirga* of Maliks, representative of the whole Afridi nation, assembled to do him honour. In accordance with the patriarchal custom, they presented him with sheep and goats "not in single spies, but in battalions." The sticklers for etiquette among them wanted to make a sacrifice of, at least, one of the animals and mark the Prince blood brother with its gore. But they were restrained from performing this impressive ceremony and remained content with the utterance of many and flowery benisons.

According to the official programme, the Prince was to have driven in State through the heart of Peshawar City on the morning of March 6 to the Hastings Memorial, there to receive an address of welcome from the whole of the North-West Frontier Provinces. On the previous day, however, there was some trouble in the bazaar. The Khilafat volunteers, or the gentlemen who had succeeded to the functions of that body, became very active, necessitating a number of arrests. As a result, there was a distinct tendency to excitement if not to turbulence. Whether or not it was due to this, the State drive—carriage and six, royal umbrella

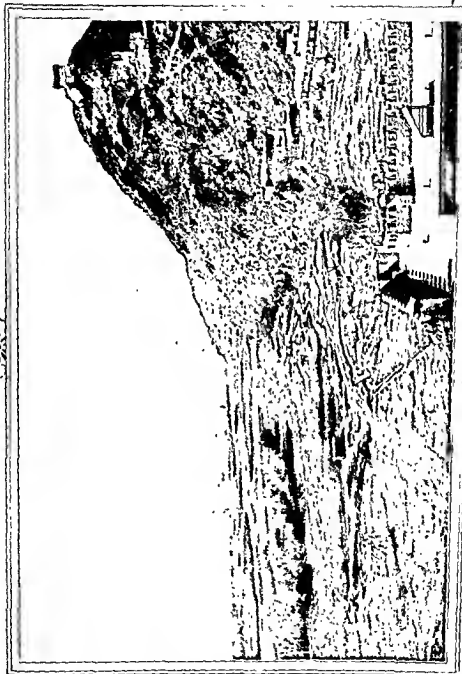
and full dress uniform—was abandoned. Instead, the Prince drove to the site of the ceremony in a motor car and was dressed in khaki.

We were prepared for a cold reception, for a hartal had been hurriedly organised. Fearful threats were hurled at the heads of the shopkeepers, and the latter knowing full well the force of the destructive powers and the vindictiveness that flourish in Peshawar thought it advisable to close their shops. But they sat on the doorsteps with the keys in their hands and lathis by their sides, quite prepared to prevent anyone from breaking into their shops, or to open the shops themselves for business on the least encouragement. Others who had no shops to close contented themselves with strolling about the side of the street, an exercise which later became impossible so that they took each the most advantageous station he could secure and there prepared to see the passing of the Prince.

So it was that the crowds were impressively large. I was through the City on the day of arrival when it was thronged by busy thousands. The thousands were there on the day of the drive. The only difference was the absence of business. The clatter and rattle of the coppersmiths' hammers was silent. There was no chaffering among the carpet dealers and the embroidery merchants, and the smell of cooking ghee was the smell of yesterday not of to-day. But the pause in the busy life of the city had this advantage—it gave the people an opportunity of conferring their undivided attention on the Prince. This they did. Eagerly they awaited him, good humouredly they joked in the interval before his coming and there was the minimum of bickering for the places of advantage behind the line of the troops.

A small minority of the Extremists, not content with having some among them arrested, determined to make their presence felt. So they took up their position in a side street near the Hastings Memorial—it was here that the address was presented—and during the reading of the address they shouted in praise of Mr. Gandhi and of the Hindu-Muslim unity. I say "they"; but in truth they were a solo, uttered Stentor-like by a very Bull of Bashan of a fellow, whose roar swelled out on top of a symphony of shrill childish trebles. They appear to have been moved away after giving tongue once or twice. But they were to be encountered on the homeward journey. They were all young, most of them only boys and their leader, he of the brazen tongue was a feverish, excited, flushed looking fellow about a third the size of his voice who looked as if he did not quite know whether he was in this or the next world. The Pathans regarded the whole affair with what appeared to be amused contempt.





population who had gathered on the main street in anticipation of his coming.

Rawalpindi was to have been from one point of view the most impressive part of the tour. In many places we had seen reviews of troops, whose numbers ranged from about two thousand to eight thousand. Everywhere one had noted that the troops were in the very pink of condition, that they were trained to a hair and that their appearance on parade did their officers and themselves infinite credit. But at Rawalpindi, the chief military cantonment of the north, the base and concentration point for all operations of any magnitude on the North-West Frontier, we were to have seen something more, to wit the troops under active service conditions. Manœuvres on a great scale had been organised and, although to be a witness of these would not have been the novelty it would have been ten years previously—the Great War had given most people quite enough of active service conditions—yet the possibility of seeing a complete military plan worked out, with all the details of attack and defence made plain, would have been not a little exciting.

Unfortunately, the manœuvres never took place. The retrenchment bug had bitten the Government of India. Economy had started actually within the duration of the Prince's tour. It was felt that the main purpose of the Prince's visit to the military centres of the North was that he should come in close contact with the officers and men of those corps which are the first striking force and the first line of defence against enemies from across the border. This purpose, it was felt, could not be readily achieved if the manœuvres were held. Thus they were abandoned in favour of a programme which included a review, inspection of pensioners and a few semi-private functions which were to enable the Prince to meet individually officers and men.

On the morning of March 10, a deputation of the leading citizens of Rawalpindi waited on the Prince and presented an address to him conveying a welcome on behalf of the civil population of the station. Thereafter was held the first of the military functions, the review on the parade ground of all the troops in garrison. It was a good review. In spite of the dust, which smothers the troops at nearly every review held in India, it was a fine spectacle, producing a march past of a spectacular quality and efficiency which were not excelled in the whole of the tour. It is not often that one sees more than ten thousand troops handled with such clockwork precision, such precision as one expects only from the handling of a battalion or a company.

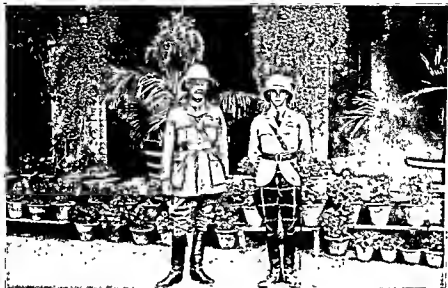
Imposing, however, as was the parade, it must yield place in

spectacular quality to the ceremony performed on the next day when five regiments, three British and two Indian, received colours from the hands of the Prince. As a ceremony, the presentation of colours to a regiment is always moving, and remains in an age when military pageantry has almost disappeared, the one reminder of the display which used to be inseparable from the army. But performed as it usually is, in the middle of a brown and dusty parade ground, it often loses much of its inherent impressiveness.

At Rawalpindi, however, the setting for the ceremony was perfect. It seemed that a charming glade had been imported specially for the occasion from England. Trees like pines waved their feathery tops round the greenward of the arena. A place more unlike the dusty cold weather plains of India could not well be imagined. A few knolls hid the colour parties from the view of the spectators, so that all one saw was the hollow square of the troops keeping the ground and the companies representing the regiments to which the colours were to be presented. This feature of the grounds assisted in conferring the last touch of pageantry to the ceremony. Massed bands played the regimental marches of the colour parties each of whom advanced in turn from the hidden station it had occupied. In effect the whole thing was like nothings so much as the last climatic scene of some spectacular drama.

As well as presenting colours, the Prince pinned on the breast of sepoy, Ishar Singh, the Victoria Cross, he so gallantly earned in Waziristan and presented the Bar to the Military Cross won by Captain Allen, R. A. M. C. The latter has already won such tremendous trifles as the Victoria Cross, the Military Cross and the Distinguished Service Order. An impressive morning all agreed, not least the little boy, the son of an officer on parade who desired to know where the regiments had got their thing so much as the last climatic scene of some spectacular drama.

An interesting interlude occurred at Rawalpindi when the Prince granted an interview to the Pir of Makhad. The Pir was accompanied by five Indian officers, representing his murids or followers. The Pir presented His Royal Highness with a sword, and fastened a sword belt round him. The presentation of these emblems from the Pirs of Makhad to the Emperors of India or their heir-apparent is in accordance with ancient custom. The Pir of Makhad requested His Royal Highness to convey to His Imperial Majesty his loyal devotion and gave voice to the assurance that it was the fervent desire of himself and his followers in the western Punjab that the traditional feelings of mutual goodwill which exist between the Mahomedans of India and the Crown and the Empire should be strengthened and preserved. His Royal Highness thanked the



The Prince and the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Rawlinson at Rawalpindi.



The Rawalpindi Colours presentation.

Pir and congratulated him on the steadfast loyalty and devotion to the Crown which had been displayed by his followers in the Punjab during the great war.

Nor was the lighter side of life neglected during the Rawalpindi visit. On the afternoon after the review there was some excellent polo in which the Prince participated. Then, at night, there was a ball at the Rawalpindi Club. Three rooms were used as ball-rooms. There were two, if not three, bands, including the delightful amateur jazz band—composed of officers from the Royal Air Force—which we had met at Peshawar. And there was present an overwhelming multitude. On the following afternoon a special gymkhana meeting was arranged on the race course. The Prince rode in five of the races and brought home three winners. Then, at night, the sergeants of the garrison had organised a ball at their Mess. It was the night of the Prince's departure. But, rather than disappoint them, the Prince dined early and visited the ball, staying for about an hour and dancing several dances, to the general delight of the sergeants and their ladies.

In Kapurthala, the last of the Native States to be visited, the Prince spent eleven hours on March 12. The second Sikh State in India, Kapurthala derives from that fact additional importance. Its real foundation as a principality dates from the time of Sardar Jassa Singh who took advantage of the troubled times in which he lived to annex territory on a large scale. By his intelligence and bravery, he made himself the foremost Sikh of his day and when he died in 1783, he was not only master of wide tracts of territory but had also won the respect of large numbers of the people he ruled over. About the history of the next half century there is not a great deal to be said. There was a certain amount of neighbourly bickering and there were some disputes with the paramount power. But during the second Sikh War, it is worth noting, the then ruler of the State rendered most valuable services to the British.

Again, on the outbreak of the Mutiny, the ruler, who was then Raja Randhir Singh, ranged himself at once on the side of the British. He marched into Jullunder at the head of his troops and helped to hold the Doab for the British Government until the fall of Delhi. He subsequently led a contingent of his soldiers to Oudh and assisted in the pacification of the disturbed districts. In recognition of the great services thus rendered the title of Raja-i-Rajgan was conferred upon the House of Kapurthala in perpetuity; the amount of the tribute due from the State was reduced; valuable estates in Oudh were granted to the Raja and to his brother Sardar Bikram Singh; a sanad of adoption was conferred upon the Chief of Kapurthala by Lord Canning in 1862; and in 1864 Raja

Randir Singh received the G.C.S.I from Lord Lawrence in open Durbar. Raja Rndhir Singh died at Aden, on his way to England, in 1870. His son Raja Kharak-Singh ruled the State for seven years.

When the idea of the formation of Imperial Service Troops was first mooted, the Kapurthala State, although it was paying a tribute in commutation of military service, greeted the idea with enthusiasm and made most loyal response. The State now maintains a regiment of infantry in a high state of efficiency. This regiment participated in the Tirah Campaign of 1897 and, shortly after the outbreak of the Great War, were sent to East Africa, returning in January 1918 after a campaign of 3¼ years in which the troops greatly distinguished themselves.

The present ruler of the State is His Highness the Maharaja Sir Jagatjit Singh Bahadur, who succeeded to the gadi as a child of 5 in 1877, but did not acquire full powers until 1890. He has now ruled the State, with its three hundred thousand inhabitants, for thirty-two years with marked success. His Highness, well-known in many parts of the world beyond India, is a highly accomplished prince and excels as a linguist, speaking with fluency English, French, Persian and Arabic and having a good working knowledge of German, Spanish and Italian. He holds advanced views on the subject of education and had all his sons educated in Europe. The hereditary title of Maharaja was conferred upon His Highness, together with the honour of G.C.S.I., at the Coronation Durbar in Delhi.

There has been marked progress in the State since the Maharaja's accession to power. He has done a great deal to promote education within the State. Recently he has opened both hospitals and schools at Phagwara and Sultanpur, both towns within his State boundaries, and a new college in the capital itself. Grain markets have been built at Phagwara, Sultanpur and Kapurthala and, in other ways, His Highness has fostered the growth of trade and commerce within his State. At the moment an extensive programme of public works is being completed.

Although the visit of the Prince to Kapurthala was, owing to pressure of other engagements, limited to a part of one day, the arrangements made were as elaborate as if the visit had been of several days' duration. The railway station was beautifully decorated, the platform taking upon itself the aspect of a Moorish terrace, huge canopies being supported by gold and silver poles. The guard of honour, consisting of a detachment of the Kapurthala State troops, were in full ceremonial uniform, a fine blaze of colour. The Prince alighted from the train and was received by the Maharaja to the strains of "God Bless the Prince of Wales." When the inspection of the guard of honour and the usual presentations



had been completed the Prince drove to the Palace in company with the Maharaja.

Within the Palace grounds the scene was as gorgeous as that presented at the railway station. The fountains, set in the beautifully ordered Italian gardens which were shaded by the plentiful verdure of majestic trees, were attraction enough in themselves. Their picturesqueness was enhanced by the presence of a dozen or so of wondrously caparisoned elephants which, with the simultaneous precision of circus-trained animals, salaamed with their trunks as the Prince drove up to the Palace entrance, while musicians seated within the howdahs played hymns of welcome on their instruments. The greeting was further enhanced by two horses which, decked out with the wonderful and precious—beyond—computing emerald harness formerly belonging to King Nadir, Shah of Persia, and bearing two old Sikhs attired in the garb of ancient Sikh warriors, were drawn up in front of the principal porch of the Palace. These were the object of the Prince's interest.

The Prince being a trifle fatigued, the immediately post-luncheon functions were cancelled. About five o'clock in the evening the Maharaja conducted the Prince to meet the officers and men of the State troops who had been on active service in different theatres of the Great War. The Prince, as was his wont, spoke individually to nearly all the veterans and the Maharaja seized the occasion to announce a further grant of five rupees monthly to every man, who had been disabled in the war. A garden party followed the visit to the veterans. It was held in the palace grounds the gardens of which, full of flowers in bloom, looked delightful in the rays of the setting sun. The Prince and the guests, seated at tables dotted about the grounds, watched with considerable interest some excellent tennis played by a number of well-known Kapurthala players. Later, the Maharaja accompanied the Prince through the main streets of the capital, which had lately been remodelled and rebuilt. Thousands of the towns-folk, hearing of the intended visit, collected along the route and heartily cheered the Prince as he drove past. There was no time to take the Prince on the river. The river at Kapurthala has a reputation. It claims to be reminiscent of some of the upper reaches of the Thames, and its claims are not without justice. The banks, thickly lined with trees, whose branches droop and trail in the easily flowing water, shade the river from the full glare of the sun, so that an excursion on its surface by boat is truly a delectable experience. Though the Prince did not go on it, he skirted some of its prettiest parts in the progress of his drive, which led him through the Shalamar Gardens to the Villa Buona Vista, the residence of the Heir Apparent, through the

delightful grounds of which the Prince and the Maharaja walked.

Returning to the Palace about 6.30, the Maharaja presented the Prince with a miniature of himself and the Palace set in a finely carved ivory screen, the work of which the Prince greatly admired. In return, the Prince gave His Highness an autographed photograph of himself, set in a silver frame. In the evening there was a banquet at which more than a hundred guests were present. The banquet was held in the magnificent Palace Durbar Hall, perhaps, the most beautiful room in a building that is notably distinguished. The speech in which His Highness proposed the toast of the Prince was couched in simple and sincere eloquence. Of all passages that which received the readiest and warmest response was the passage in which he reminded his hearers that the Prince was he who, "at an early age, set the peoples of the Empire an inspiring example by personally sharing with its armies the perils and privations of an arduous struggle, the parallel of which the world has never seen and, let us devoutly hope, may never see again. . . . Noblesse Oblige is an ideal which finds in Your Royal Highness its maximum consummation."

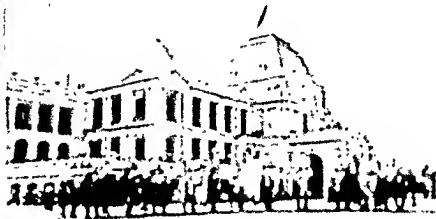
After dinner, the Prince and the guests repaired to one of the spacious terraces of the Palace whence they witnessed a remarkable conjuring entertainment and the elaborately illuminated grounds. A drive through the illuminated streets took the Prince to the railway station whence he departed for Dehra Dun at eleven o'clock.

Three hours on March 13 were spent at Dehra Dun. Dehra Dun, nestling at the foot of the Mussoorie Hill, embowered in beautiful trees, is indeed a charming place. But the Prince had little opportunity of exploring its charms. In the three hours of his visit he was continuously occupied. He reviewed three battalions of infantry, opened the Prince of Wales' Royal Military College, inspected a parade of pensioners, presented a cup to the winning team in the Gurkhas Brigade football tournament—Dehra Dun shares with Mardan the privilege of being the only permanent regimental headquarters in India—and presented colours to the Royal Military School, Sanawar. Of these, the most significant ceremony was the opening of the new College. This college forms part of the scheme for army education which has grown out of the resolve progressively to Indianise the officering of the Indian army.

The Army tradition has demanded for its officers a certain type of manhood, the chief characteristics of which are supposedly supplied by a public school education. Thus far, the Indian candidates admitted to Sandhurst have not all possessed these characteristics, a fact mainly due to the lack of instruction in India corresponding to that furnished by the



A group taken at the Foster Apartments



Receiving shipment of the general the Foster at the apt of at the Foster Apartments

English public schools. This deficiency will, it is hoped, be overcome by the Prince of Wales' Royal Military College, among other schools, which will be run generally on the lines of a public school, with a particular bias which will fit its scholars for Sandhurst. When the Prince formally opened it, there were thirty cadets on the roll and, as facilities increase, so will the numbers.

From Dehra Dun, the Prince paid an informal visit to Gajraula where he witnessed the last heats in the competition for the Kadir Cup—the blue riband of pig-sticking—and, further, surprised and delighted everybody by winning a cross country race, over very difficult country which he had never seen before, in competition with some of the best horsemen in India. On the fifteenth he boarded the train for his forty hours' journey across the Sind Desert which was to take him to Karachi and embarkation on the *REXOWN* for his journey farther East.



CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST DAY—A CONTRAST IN CLIMATE—DESERTS AND IRRIGATION—A MODERN SEAPORT—FEATURES OF KARACHI—THE PRINCE'S LAST INDIAN RAILWAY JOURNEY—WITH THE BALUCH SOLDIERS—A BUSY FEW HOURS—THE DEPARTURE FROM KIAMARI—EASTWARD HO!—(MARCH 15—17).



MARCH 17 was the Prince's last day in India. It was perhaps not his pleasantest day. In mid-March the climate of Karachi is not altogether enchanting, though assuredly none could call it bad. But it suffered by contrast from the keen and vivifying airs of the Hills from which we had departed a bare ten days. It is said that England has no climate, only samples. The remark is at least as true of India. Looked at as a geographical entity, India has certainly no climate. It has a progression, a regular progression, of seasons. But it has within its borders as many varieties of climate as Europe. Particularly is this so during the so-called Cold Weather. You have embraced in that term the mid-day heats and the evening sea-cooled breezes of the sea-board. From that, through every variety, you progress to the biting chill of the mountain passes of the North-West, often snow-laden.

On March 5 the Prince was stamping on the ground in the Khyber to restore his circulation after being all but chilled to the bone in a rapid drive against the vast wind which sweeps down the Pass. On March 15, in pleasant warm weather, he had embarked for the last time on the Royal train on which he had travelled so many thousands of miles. The forty hours' train journey which he accomplished after getting into the train at Gajraula must have left some impressions of India on his mind which were far from pleasant. For the stretch of railway from the north to Karachi provides one of the most unpleasant journeys in the world. Every mile of track traversed is a mile of desert. A wide waste, drab drear sand, relieved, or rather emphasised, by scrub and cactus is all that one sees from the carriage window. If you are wise, you see very little of that. You shut yourself into your compartment with every screen and window fitted by the railway company and you lie and gasp and swelter in the darkness, waiting for night to bring coolness. We had experienced the penetrating power of desert dust when crossing the Region of Death



After hearing the Municipal address at Karachi: The Prince leaves for the Baluch War Memorial.



A Group of Indian Princes, who bade the Prince farewell at Karachi.

from Jodhpur to Bikanir. We experienced it again on the journey to Karachi. It got past every barrier into the railway carriage and settled upon one's body and within one's throat with gentle but firm insistence.

But the desert of Sind has been partly and may be wholly conquered. Barrenness is forbidden now to Nature. Willy-nilly, she is being fertilised. Rivers which once rushed in wild spate to the sea during the rainy months and feebly trickled across the plains in the dry weather have been harnessed to the service of the cultivators. The dams and canals which the Public Works have made in India are among the greatest monuments of British rule and have brought untold blessings to the ryot. There is no place better than the lower Punjab and Sind for studying how the ingenuity and labours of man can combat the caprice and niggardliness of Nature. The rivers of India have eaten out low, narrow valleys for themselves. An ordinary dam would not be enough to raise the waters to the upper lands beyond the valleys, while simple channels could not reach them at all except at points low down on the river's course: cuttings would have to be taken off and led over miles of country before they could begin their work. The plan, therefore, has been hit on and adopted of intercepting the whole bulk of the rivers as soon as they enter the plains, and carrying it to the watershed that runs parallel with the course of the streams: thence, by gravitation it distributes itself.

In Sind you may study the result of this work, which has now been applied, fully or in part, to all the great rivers of the North. The Ganges has been intercepted at Hardwar, whence four thousand miles of main and branch canal lead it back to the natural bed at Cawnpore. In the Punjab the Ravi, the Beas, the Sutlej, the Chenab and the Jhelum have been similarly shed abroad on to the waste places and have brought into cultivation millions of acres which, a generation ago, were worthless waste. Irrigation has made Sind and will add to its importance with the years. Similarly, it has made Karachi as a port. As a convenient outlet for the produce of the North and the North-West, Karachi would probably have had its uses. These would have been added to by the necessity of a convenient import centre for these areas. But it is irrigation that, by multiplying the fertility of the wheat producing areas and by promising to make of Sind and the Punjab one of the world's great granaries of the future, has made Karachi the third port of India.

To the patriotic resident of Karachi, this is not enough. He will tell you that the day will come when Bombay and Calcutta will tremble before the might of Karachi. Its harbour will be deepened and extended. Its wharfrage will multiply three, even fourfold. The tonnage of its ships and the number that use the port will immeasurably increase. And the

volume of the merchandise which its workers will handle will be such that Karachi's wealth will be the wonder and envy of the Orient. These are pleasant prospects. But they will materialise, if they do materialise at all, at best very slowly. In the meantime, Karachi is a pleasant place to visit, if the visitor will only lend a patient ear to the eloquent utterance of native pride. It prides itself, and with justice, on its hospitality and it takes pains to see that a visitor shall not go away with anything other than a good opinion of it.

None of the blemishes that are to be found in the two biggest Presidency cities mar the aspect of Karachi. Even the docks maintain a certain air of rusticity. It would not surprise one to come across a bank of flowers near its quays. And these have something of the appearance of the piers on which frequenters of English sea-side resorts delight to take the air. If it has no public buildings of any moment, there are whole centuries before it in which they may be built. If it can point to no hallowed spots or lichened walls and say that here such and such an one died in the defence of right, it has the whole of time in which to make history, that perhaps better history of the future which will not concern battles, sieges and slaughter but will record the steady onward march of man in peace and prosperity. The chief charm of Karachi is undoubtedly its spaciousness. It has the infinite horizon of the sea on the one hand and the infinite horizon of the desert on the other. The spaciousness of sea and desert has invaded its city streets, the gardens and compounds of its bungalows (there is no need yet to pile flats upon flats in the Karachi streets). It is the very place for anyone suffering from that quaint complaint agoraphobia to dwell in!

Karachi also kept for us one last novel sensation—the sensation of having come to an end. For Karachi it was the beginning of the Prince's tour. That was plain from the elaboration of the decorations and from the exquisite care with which the long time table had been made out and worked like clockwork. It might in very truth have been the very first day of the tour. The streets bore the legend "Welcome", but there was no "long farewell". Nothing hinted that a few short hours would see the Prince on board the *RENOWN*, bound on a farther and eastward embassy. It seemed that he had come to the city not for a few hours but for many days. Even the salt stickiness of the air, the typically sea-board air of India, cast the mind back four months to the day of arrival in Bombay. There was nothing of the feverish hurry of departure in the day. Event followed event with quiet and ordered precision. It was only as one saw the Royal train shunted into a dock, preparatory to its return to Delhi for distribution, that the knowledge that the tour's final



H. H. THE AGA KHAN

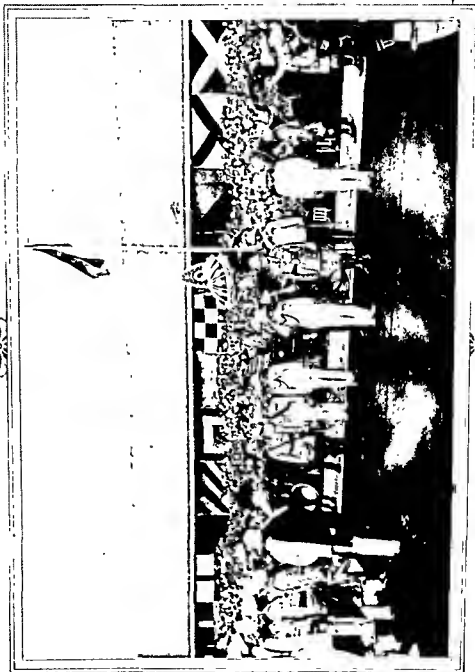
destination had been reached broke on one with force and conviction, conviction enhanced by the news that the Prince had sent the following telegram to the Viceroy :—

"I bid farewell to India to-day with feelings of the deepest regret. I prize the hand of friendship which India has extended to me and shall ever treasure the memories of my first visit in future years. By God's help I may now hope to view India, her Princes and peoples with an understanding eye. My gathered knowledge will, I trust, assist me to read her needs aright and will enable me to approach her problems with sympathy, appreciate her difficulties and appraise her achievements. It has been a wonderful experience for me to see the provinces and states of India and to watch the machinery of the Government with interest. I have noted signs of expansion and development on every side. It has been a great privilege to thank the Princes and peoples of India for their efforts and sacrifices on behalf of the Empire in the great war and to renew by acquaintance with her gallant fighting forces.

Finally, my warmest thanks are due to Your Excellency, to the officials of your Government and to the Princes and peoples of India by whose cordial assistance I have been helped at every stage of my journey to secure my cherished ambition. I undertook this journey to see and know India and to be known by her. Your Excellency's welcome at the outset and the encouragement which I have constantly received on all hands since landing in India has given me heart for my task. I have received continuous proofs of devotion to the throne and the person of the King Emperor and, on my return to England, it will be my privilege to convey these assurances of loyalty to His Imperial Majesty. I trust that my sojourn in this country may have helped to add some grains to that great store of mutual trust and regard and of desire to help each other, which must ever form the foundation of India's well being. On my part, I will only say that if the memories which I leave behind in India are half as precious as those I take away, I may indeed feel that my visit has brought us closer together. That India may progress and prosper is my earnest prayer. I hope it may be my good fortune to see India again in the years to come. Edward P."

To this the Viceroy made reply :—

"The heart of India will be stirred by Your Royal Highness' message of farewell. You came to India on an embassy of goodwill, the youthful heir to the throne, a veteran soldier of the King and India's friend. You leave India having won India's heart, for the



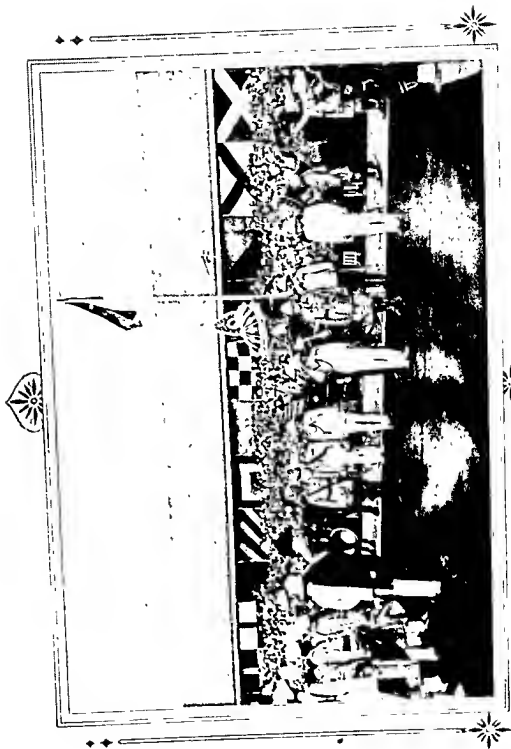
visit to the garden party given in his honour by the Mahomedan jagirdars and zemindars of Sind left him a bare half hour to return to Government House to prepare for his departure.

Then, last scene of all—the quay at Kiamani backed by the godowns of the Port Trust, their harsh outlines hidden for the nonce in a blaze of flags and bunting. A wide stretch of quay is cut in even rectangles by red carpets. At the jetty's side, low-lying in the shallow water of the lowest tide of the year, is moored His Majesty's cruiser COMUS, manned and dressed, which is to bear the Prince to the waiting RENOWN. Steam is up and escapes softly hissing through the safety valves.

A grand-stand of sand bags covered with rough and ready cushions, red and white, awaits the coming of the spectators. These begin to arrive soon after 5 o'clock. Motor cars with racing engines drive up in a steady procession and disgorge their freights. Rapidly the grand-stand is filled with close on a thousand folk. Upon the poop of the COMUS the band of the RENOWN is paraded and plays sweet airs which are caught up and hummed by the people on shore. When it ceases, the music is continued by a military band by the water's edge. The thud of ammunition boots on the hollow pier heralds the approach of troops. They arrive, a hundred men of the Royal Air Force to whom has fallen the honour of providing the last of the Prince's Indian Guards of Honour. They take up their station in front of the COMUS. Shepherded by police and penned along the spreading frontage of the godowns are the crowds who, with no open sesame to the grand-stand, have yet come in the hope of being able to bid God-speed to the Prince.

A stir among the farther crowds and the rising from their seats of the people on the stands proclaim the arrival of His Excellency the Governor. The bands are silent: a hush falls upon the assembled thousands. Then, after a silent wait of a quarter of an hour, the first troopers of the escort come trotting round the corner of the farthest godown. The cavalry, mounted on little ponies, is soon past; then come rumbling the battery of guns, and finally—for there were no eyes for the escort bringing up the rear—the scarlet coats of the outriders of His Royal Highness' State Carriage. The Prince himself, as soon as his carriage rounds the bend and comes on to the quay, is greeted with a storm of cheers. Hand at the salute, he alights. The Guard of Honour is soon inspected, and the Prince returns to the forefront of the crowd, bids goodbye to the dignitaries of Karachi, then to the Indian Maharajahs present, most of whom had the honour of entertaining him during the tour, then to the military officers, and last to his Indian staff and the Governor.

A few steps and he has climbed the gangway. He has mounted to



CHAPTER IV

The Tenth Muse—Her's Demeanor and Character—The Boy
The Youth and his Education—The Tutor—His
Familiarity to the Student—Good Effects on the
Student's Mind and the Heart

[illegible]

expected and indubitable display of devotion and loyalty by of Indians.

it may be asked, unexpected? Well, the omens of the visit too good. First, the visit was delayed by a year. It was planned to coincide with the birth of the country's new constitution. Prince was to have opened the new legislatures, imperial and

But the slight break-down in his health consequent on the the Canadian and Australian tours prevented that consummation, during the interval between the visit of the Duke of , who deputised for the Prince, and the time proposed for the e Prince himself, the situation in India had developed with ary rapidity. The Khilafat agitation had gathered force. It me a powerful ally of the "non-violent" non-co-operation initiated among the Hindus by Mr. Gandhi. This latter had quite broken through the iridescent web of theory spun by t and had worked itself out in practice as nothing but a rey movement against law and order, carried on through systematic o discredit and hamper Government, which culminated in the eak among the Moplahs. So bad, indeed, was the outlook in y generally that well into the middle of 1921 it was uncertain he Princa would come to India. But a good monsoon and at appearance of moderation among the extremists, following upon oy's early attempts at conciliation, decided the Court and the hat the visit might with advantage be made. So the preparady being made were completed.

at that there was a strong feeling among many in India that ught not to take place. The point was made that it only served ne non-co-operators a first-rate opportunity for applying their theories to a concrete case. It was an opportunity which was eized. "Boycott the Prince" was the edict issued by Mr. o his followers throughout the country. It was a bold and a ve, as many Indians have pointed out. For the attitude of owards the Sovereign and the Royal Family is something entirely from the matter-of-fact acceptance of a constitutional monarch eople of a western country. It is an attitude which is part of ion and embodies the belief that the Sovereign is the Shadow nd that the heir to the throne shares in that divinity. That may ademic point at this stage of history. Yet it is asserted that the beliefs attached to the idea of kingship prevented many political a from joining the boycott.

apart from the religious aspect, the discourtesy of the boycott

was patent from the start. The Prince was the guest of the country, which will one day be among his own dominions. The plea that he was merely the guest of the Bureaucracy is too feeble to merit attention. One has yet to learn that the Liberal and the Labour Parties in England abstain from a parliamentary welcome to a foreign Sovereign because he is the guest of a Unionist Government which is repugnant to their political sense. Besides, the whole non-co-operation attitude was based on a wilful misconception of the intention of the visit. They saw in it nothing but a "dodge," an attempt to use the Prince for political ends, to "bolster up," a discredited system. But one does not use Princes as poultices to bring a political situation to a head. The Prince's visit, as the Viceroy and other responsible men repeatedly said, was not political. It was the outcome of the conviction that the future ruler of the Empire ought, before his occupancy of the Throne ties him to England, to learn something at first hand of the Dominions. Further, as the Prince himself declared in his speech at the Guildhall, his visit to India was particularly aimed at thanking the Princes and peoples of India for the magnificent service they contributed to the Empire during the War. But that was much too simple and plain an explanation for the non-co-operators. So they stuck to their boycott and busily promoted hartals on the dates when the Prince arrived at important cities on the tour.

How these hartals fared has already been recorded by many pens. The record is not unanimous. But it is of one mind in at least one respect, that the hartals and the boycotts did nowhere—with the possible exception of Allahabad and Benares—come near the expectations of their promoters. Everybody knows that the failure to promote on his arrival a thorough boycott of the Prince was a source of the greatest chagrin to the extremists in Bombay and it was this chagrin that led them to the brutal excesses of which they were guilty. Similarly in Madras, where a signal failure of the extremists' tactics seemed certain, there were attempts to intimidate loyal citizens—attempts which led to the employment of force for their suppression. But in most places stringent precautions prevented the chagrin of the foiled non-co-operators from issuing in riot, assault and murder. At the best the extremists can claim that they induced sixty or seventy per cent. of the urban populace to stay away from the ceremonies attendant on the Prince's visit to their cities and to do this they did not scruple to employ the basest tactics.

But this computation takes no account of the great numbers who flocked in from the country to see the Prince, of the scenes throughout his journey when wayside stations were packed with eager crowds, when the workers in the fields at the passing of his train threw down their tools



H. H. the Nawab of Palampur.



H. H. the Maharaja of Datta.



H. H. the Mir of Khairpur.



and rushed towards the railway in the hope of getting a glimpse of the Prince, and, last but far from least, of the unanimous loyalty and enthusiasm of the welcome given by the rulers and people of the Indian States and by the officers and men of the Army. It is indeed impossible to come to any conclusion about the reception given to the Prince than that a large portion of the city populations abstained altogether from participating in any welcome to him but that the others and the people of the country and in the Native States were warm in their loyalty and their enthusiasm.

In these days we clamour for results. It is not enough for us to know that the Prince came to India, that he saw the country and met its peoples that he was received thus and thus. We want to know what effect the tour has had and will have. As to this, let the notion, which found frequent expression, that the Prince's personality and speeches affected the political situation one way or the other, be dismissed. The tour was intended to have no such effect. Not a single extremist in the country has been weaned from Gandhi-ism by any word the Prince uttered or by anything the Prince did. He caused no doubts about the expediency of their nihilism among the non-co-operators. If the presence of the Prince in the country had any effect upon the extremists it was by enabling them, through their boycott propaganda, to discover how far in any policy they can rely upon the support of the people of the cities.

But the extremists are far from being all India. And one great result, perhaps the most obvious of the tour, is the interest aroused in England and throughout the Empire in all things Indian. This interest will not readily die. Rather will it increase. Indian affairs will gain in prominence and importance in parliamentary debates. An ignorance and a lack of interest in Indian matters, too common among members of Parliament in the past, will come to be an unenviable stigma.

The good effect of the visit upon the army could not well be exaggerated. It is common knowledge that the non-co-operators, making capital out of certain economic grievances, hoped to find in the army and the classes from among whom the recruits for the army are drawn, a fruitful soil for their sowing. They had little success: the seeds of disloyalty fell on barren soil. But what little success they had was completely wiped out by the Prince. Through the reviews of troops which he held, through the ceremonies such as the presentation of Colours to regiments, through meeting and talking with Indian officers and his coming in contact with the rank and file, he renewed and consolidated the ties which bind the Indian Army to the Throne in loyalty and service.

a representative of the Royal House was present in the person of the Duke of Connaught, himself in no small degree a servant of India. These things are known to the members of the Legislatures and the close interest in India on the part of the Royal House which they mark has been and always will be a jealously prized privilege.

Nor should one omit to mention the official classes who, through the campaign of calumny and belittlement which was long waged against them, were hard put to it not to succumb to discouragement. It is undoubted that the visit of the Prince heartened and encouraged them. His presence among them was like a message from home, an earnest of interest in their work and appreciation of their services. No less did the Prince stand for encouragement to the Anglo-Indian community whose splendid work in the railways, the telegraphs, the post offices and other vital public services goes too often unacknowledged. By none was the Prince more generously received: to none did his presence make a more intimate appeal.

Finally, there are the Indian States. Every educated Indian recognises in the Crown the greatest link of Empire. He sees systems of administration change and crumble, governments totter to their fall, statesmen blaze for a moment before his astonished gaze and then pass into outer darkness, and he sees laws which once were potent shrivel in the testing fires of progress. But amidst all the baffling change, amidst the turmoil and unrest of politics, he sees fixed and immutable the Throne. And though he may never see the person of the Monarch who occupies it, or of his kinsmen who are often called upon to perform the duties of monarchy, yet he knows them to exist and has ever before his mind's eye a vision of authority embodied in a reigning family and of power symbolised in a person and a Crown. He knows therefore that though the acts of statesmen endure only through the sufferance of his successors, the Royal seal given to any act or institution is a sign of its enduring stability. For that reason he attaches no slight importance to the presence in the country at any time of a representative of the Royal House. If this is the view entertained by the educated Indian citizen, much more so is it that of the Indian Princes who see in the stability of the Throne a reflection of their own place in the polity of the Empire. So to the rulers of the Indian States the Prince's coming was doubly welcome. First he came in possession of qualities and accomplishments which for centuries have evoked the admiration of the Indian rulers. He came as a soldier: he came as a sportsman. A fearless horseman, a keen polo player, a more than proficient shot, with an insatiable appetite for every form of field sport, he won the hearts of those who have found a healthy outlet for the

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energies spent by these adventures on the field of battle in horsemanship and hard physical exercise. If anything was certain this was that there was few of the rulers of the Indian States whom the Prince cannot count as his devoted and affectionate friends.

As to the effect which the tour may have had on the Prince himself, one can say but little. But much less receptive intelligence than his hand draws great profit from smaller occasions. Yet, however his outlook may have been changed or widened by his four months' sojourn, he could not assured when he left his country that he had done a great and lasting work.



GUILDHALL BANQUET SPEECH.

N October 20, 1922, the Prince of Wales drove in State from St. James's Palace to the Guildhall to receive from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Commons of the Corporation of London an address of congratulation and welcome on his return from the third of his Empire tours. At the luncheon held in the Guildhall the toast of the Prince's health was proposed by Mr. Lloyd George. The following is the text of the Prince's speech in reply :—

It is always an ordeal to speak in the Guildhall, but it is even more difficult to-day because this is no less than the third occasion on which I have attempted to interest you and your distinguished guests with a narrative of my world travels and some of my experiences and impressions gained during my journeys overseas. As the Prime Minister has just said, it is rather like a lesson in geography, and I certainly have come to feel rather like a lecturer on these occasions and that I should have brought my map and a long pointer.

I must first say how very happy I was to get back to England and London again last June, and how grateful and touched I am by the warmth of my welcome home, not only in this, our capital city, but all over the United Kingdom. I have also to record a debt of gratitude that I owe to the nation which made it possible for me to undertake the last long voyage in H. M. S. RENOWN, which for the last three years I have come to look upon almost as my second home.

As you know, I left England on October 26, 1921, and my first port of call was Gibraltar, where, thanks to the Governor, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, I was able in twenty-four hours to see a portion of the historical fortress and the majority of the population of "the Rock." Two days in the Mediterranean brought me to Malta, where I was entertained for two days by another great soldier who became famous in the war as the Second Army Commander, Lord Plumer. The Navy and the Army and the hospitable Maltese made my stay a pleasant one, and I was privileged to inaugurate, in the name of H. M. the King, the new Constitution granted to this island people, whose patriotism, thrift, and industry leave no doubt that they will acquit themselves worthily of the trust which the gift of responsible Government imposes on them.

The RENOWN is the largest ship ever put through the Suez Canal

which was not new ground to me, because I spent several weary months of the war in 1916 sitting on the Canal Bank, with British, Australian, New Zealand, and Indian troops. Our passage through the Red Sea terminated at Aden, the outpost of our Empire in the East, where I spent the inside of a day inspecting the garrison and visiting the Crater and the famous tanks. Four and a half days later I reached Bombay, the gateway of India, where I landed on November 17.

Before speaking of India I would like to say how grieved I was this morning to hear of the sudden death of the High Commissioner for India, whom I have seen quite recently. Sir William Meyer, whom we had expected to be with us to-day, was a distinguished public servant, and in his death India loses a true and valued friend.

Speaking at a dinner at 10, Downing-street, shortly after my return I explained the main objects of my visit to India, the chief of which was to learn as much as possible of that great continent, for India is a continent, the latest partner in the British Commonwealth of Nations, who has won her place by her progress under our rule and her sacrifices for the common cause in the Great War. My second object was to thank the Princes of Indian States and the people of British India for their services during those four and a half critical years, and also to see India's fighting forces, and to inquire into the conditions of the lives of India's ex-Service men. In order to fulfil these aims I visited three Presidencies—Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta, the capital of Bengal, which has expanded through our commercial activities from a mere fishing village to the second city of the British Empire. I spent a week at Delhi, the seat of Government, with Lord Reading the Viceroy. There I took part in some interesting and important ceremonies. I naturally went to the four great Provinces—the United Provinces, the Punjab, the Central Provinces, and Patna, the capital of Bihar and Orissa. For a fortnight in January I travelled in Burma, visiting Rangoon and Mandalay; and I spent almost my last days in India in the North-West Province, where the Army has made history for many years by its vigilance in blocking the roads on the frontier which have guided India's invaders in the past.

I stayed for a week in Nepal, the Independent country in the North whence the sturdy Gurkhas come to join the Army. And during my four months I visited the great Indian States of Baroda, Udaipur, Jodhpur, Bikanir, Bharatpur, Benares, Mysore, Hyderabad, Indore, Bhopal, Gwalior, Patiala, Kapurthala, and Kashmir, where I was entertained by the ruling Princes of these States and many others, some of whom were attached to my staff. I must here record with regret the death of the Maharajah Sir Pertab Singh, the Regent of Jodhpur, who was the trust-

ed friend of England and of my family, and one of the finest of soldiers and sportsmen that ever lived, and the Maharajah of Jaipur, who was on a bed of sickness when I was in India, which was the only reason why I did not pay him a visit in his State. Of their devotion and loyalty to the Throne and to the Empire and the wholehearted effort that they made for our cause in the Great War, by serving in person, and by lavish help with troops and money, I cannot speak too highly, and I am personally grateful to them for the splendid hospitality and sport that they offered me.

To see something of military life in India was naturally a side of my tour to which I was greatly looking forward. I can assure you I was not disappointed. I was naturally brought into close contact with units of all arms of the British and Indian Army and the Imperial Service troops wherever I went, and I was able to take part in both their work and their play. I had daily proof of their efficiency, particularly in the North-West Frontier Province, where our troops are living in active service conditions and having a very hard time indeed. I talked to many hundreds of Indian officers, and it was a source of satisfaction to me to find that provision is being made for the education of their sons, and that I was able to associate myself with this movement by laying the foundation stone of the Kitchener Memorial at Delhi. I could not talk about India, and still less the Army, without dwelling for a moment on the splendid sport which the great continent offered. I had the good fortune of sampling all kinds of sport—pig-sticking, polo, racing and shooting, and so was able to see why India is such a fine training-ground for young soldiers.

While I am speaking of the Army, you will surely want to hear what is being done for the Indian ex-Service officers and men. Great parades of pensioners were a special feature of my tour, and these included many of the old pre-war pensioners as well as the younger men who fought in the Great War. This problem is a difficult one in India because there are no Indian ex-Service organizations such as exist in this country, so that relief and help devolve entirely on the Government, which, I was thankful to hear, does all in its power to assist them, particularly those who are disabled.

In the same way that I was brought into daily touch with the Army, so it was with the Civil Services, and I had full opportunity of realizing how very complex and difficult is their work. Here I must also mention the Indian police, and all those who are in Government employ. One has to go to India to be able to understand the trying conditions under which white men and their women and children live. Besides their strenuous and often dangerous work they have the exhausting climate,

with its great heat and fever to contend with. There is some leave, and there are hill stations, but I am sorry to say that under existing conditions only comparatively few can afford these respites from work which are so necessary for their health. I talked with the leaders of all parties in the new Central and Provincial Legislatures, and met many of those who are working to make a success of the new reformed Constitution. I was very glad to find that public health and sanitation, so necessary to the well-being of the community, were two of the main reforms occupying their thoughts.

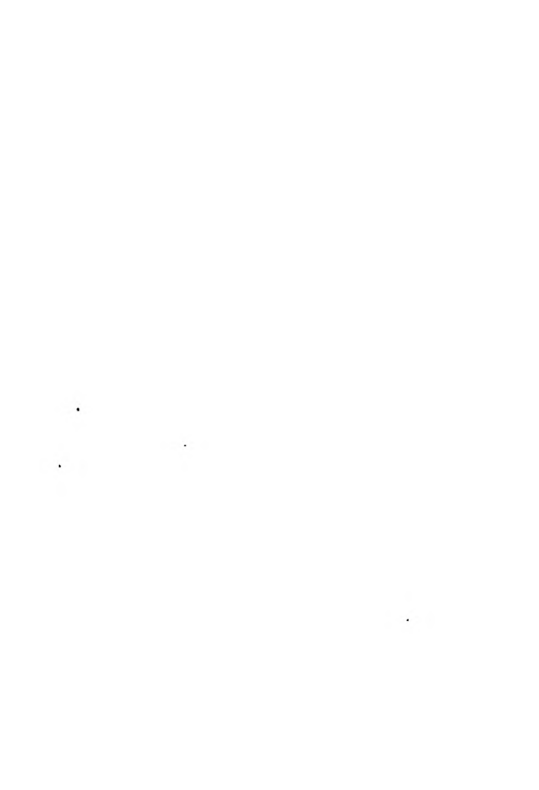
There is, unfortunately, another section who have set themselves in opposition to this new Constitution, who were active while I was in India; but conflicts of ideas are inevitable in that vast country, which has a population of over three hundred millions, and which contains all races and all creeds, and where the masses are so uneducated. But despite everything, the bulk of the Indian people are desirous of peaceful progress and advance for India within the British Empire on constitutional lines. They are being helped by the Viceroy and they are being helped by our Services, who are placing their valuable experience and technical knowledge at the disposal of those who are tackling administrative work for the first time.

I see no reason why India should not become a manufacturing as well as an agricultural country. Provision must be made for the energy of the youth of India, and they must be taught to look on business and commerce as an honourable profession. It is to the industries of India, with its untold possibilities of development, that I look for the moral and material progress that we wish for the peoples of that great land. As I said at Downing-street, I am an optimist and I am encouraged in my optimism by two matters of great moment that have happened in India since my departure. First, during the past few months India has generally enjoyed freedom from internal disturbance and unrest; and, secondly, India has had a good monsoon. *I sincerely hope that this peace and promised prosperity will create a favourable atmosphere for progress in the future.*

It was with genuine regret that I sailed from Karachi on March 17--regret that my four months' visit was over; four months of wonderful and varied experiences, during which time I realized that I was only able to skim the surface so to speak of all that India is and contains, and still more of life in India. I sailed away filled with a great hope, that has in no way decreased, that I may some day be able to return to India.

[Note.—The remainder of the Prince's Guildhall speech dealt with his journey farther East and to Japan with which this volume is not concerned.]

APPENDICES.



APPENDIX A.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SPEECHES IN INDIA.

BOMBAY.

On landing at Bombay on the 17th November 1921, the Prince of Wales read the following message from the King:—

On this day, when my son lands for the first time upon your shores, I send through him my greetings to you, Princes and people of India. His coming is a token and renewal of the pledges of affection which it has been the heritage of our house to reaffirm to you. My father, when Prince of Wales, counted it his privilege to see, and seeing, to understand, the great Empire in the East over which it was his destiny to rule, and I recall with thankfulness and pride that, when he was called to the throne, it fell to me to follow his illustrious example.

But I have the same hope and in this same spirit my son is with you to-day. The thought of his arrival brings with welcome vividness to my mind the happy memories I have stored of what I myself have learned in India, its charm and beauty, its immemorial history, its noble monuments, above all the devotion of India and its faithful people, since proved as if by fire in their response to the Empire's call to the hour of its greatest need.

These memories will ever be with me as I trace his steps. My heart is with him, as he moves among you, and with mine the heart of the Queen-Empress, whose love for India is no less than my own. To friends whose loyalty we and our fathers have treasured he brings this message of trust and hope. *My sympathy is all that passes in your lives is unending.* During recent years my thoughts have been yet more constantly with you.

Throughout the civilised world the foundations of social order have been tested by war and change. Wherever citizenship exists it has had to meet the test and India, like other countries, has been called to face new and special problems of her own.

For this task her armoury is in the new powers and new responsibilities with which she has been equipped. That with the help of those aided by Lord Reading's guidance of my Government and its officers, you will bring those problems to an issue worthy of your historic past and of happiness for your future, and that all disquietings will vanish in well-ordered progress is my earnest wish and my confident belief.

Your anxieties and your rejoicings are my own. In all that may touch your happiness, in all that gives you hope and promotes your welfare, I feel with you in the spirit of sympathy. My son has followed from afar your fortunes. It is now his ambition by his coming among you to share good-will into a yet fuller understanding.

I trust and believe that, when he leaves your shores, your hearts will follow him and that by his stay with you our link the more will be added to the golden chain of sympathy which for these many years has held my throne in India. And it is my warmest prayer that wisdom and contentment, growing hand in hand, will lead India into ever increasing national greatness within a free Empire, the Empire for which I labour and for which, if it be the Divine will, my son shall labour after me.

Replying to the Bombay Municipal Address the Prince of Wales said:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—Let me first thank you for the very warm welcome which you have extended to me. I need not tell you that I have been looking forward to my visit, and have been eagerly awaiting the opportunity of seeing India and making friends here.



APPENDIX A.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SPEECHES IN INDIA.

BOMBAY.

On landing at Bombay on the 17th November 1921, the Prince of Wales read the following message from the King:—

On this day, when my son lands for the first time upon your shores, I send through him my greetings to you, Princes and people of India. His coming is a token and renewal of the pledges of affection which it has been the heritage of our house to reaffirm to you. My father, when Prince of Wales, counted it his privilege to see, and seeing, to understand, the great Empire in the East over which it was his destiny to rule, and I recall with thankfulness and pride that, when he was called to the throne, it fell to me to follow his illustrious example.

But I have the same hope and in this same spirit my son is with you to-day. The thought of his arrival brings with welcome vividness to my mind the happy memories I have stored of what I myself have learned in India, its charm and beauty, its immemorial history, its noble monuments, above all the devotion of India and its faithful people, since proved as if by fire in their response to the Empire's call in the hour of its greatest need.

These memories will ever be with me as I trace his steps. My heart is with him, as he moves among you, and with mine the heart of the Queen-Empress, whose love for India is no less than my own. To friends whose loyalty we and our fathers have treasured he brings the message of trust and hope. My sympathy in all that passes in your lives is unabating. During recent years my thoughts have been yet more constantly with you.

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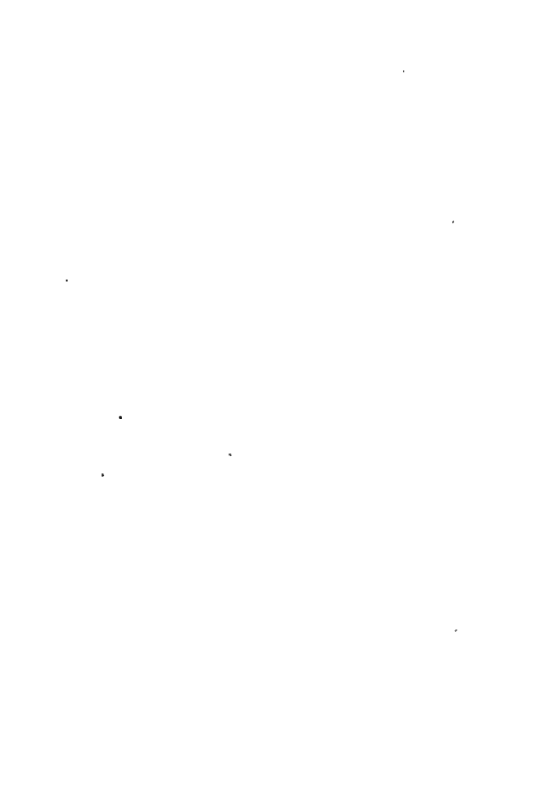
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the Great War came from many diverse parts of the Empire, but they had only one aim. They fought to vindicate justice and right and to secure freedom, happiness and peace in the world for their fellow-citizens in the Empire. For this cause they were prepared to make any sacrifice and even to lay down their lives. They trusted each other, worked with each other. Personal considerations and feelings, likes and dislikes, were laid aside. They all laboured together with patience and endurance on a single purpose, guiding them to a single goal. The sacrifices which these men made were not in vain. The cause for which they worked prevailed. They won freedom, happiness and peace for their fellow-men in the Empire. The days of peace have now come. The work which lies before you is instinct with no less noble aim than that for which the comrades in the Great War fought, for the same qualities of unselfishness and sacrifice, of patience and endurance and of mutual trust which helped those men to make good. May you be fortified by their example and may your work for the welfare of the people of this Presidency be crowned like theirs with success.

Gentlemen, I thank you once again for the good wishes with which you speed me in my task. The encouragement which I have received from public bodies in Bombay strengthens me at the outset of my journey. I trust that my experience as I proceed will help me to know and love India better and enable me to carry to His Majesty a gratifying account of the progress of this great country.

Replying to an address presented by the Parsis of Bombay, the Prince said :—

Gentlemen,—I thank you for your address of welcome and for the kind expressions you have used regarding myself. I am glad to have had the opportunity of meeting some members of the Parsi community. The business ability of your race has brought you to the fore, but you are even more widely and more deservedly known by your devotion to public duties and by the open-headed charity and benevolent philanthropy which you practice. You have, I know, been largely responsible for the growth and prosperity of this great city, and of those parts of this Presidency which you have made your country by adoption. You have produced some of the greatest among those who have from time to time led the political life of the country. Men like Dadabhai Naoroi, so aptly termed the Grand Old Man of India, and Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, are an honour to any race and community. It is with pleasure that I learn that you are to-day treading the paths which they marked out, that you are intent on combining the growth of political freedom with that respect for law and order which is the mark of those nations which have contributed most to the evolution of successful self government. No less than you, I am convinced that the British rule in India stands and has stood for ever based on justice and I regard it as a matter full of hope that a race so cosmopolitan and so distinguished for moderation and common-sense as the Parsis, should stand firm in loyalty and devotion, and should look forward to taking an increasing share in the business of the great Empire of which India is so important a member.

I thank you again for your good wishes, and I shall convey to Their Majesties your expressions of loyalty.

To the address presented at the special Convocation of the University, the Prince replied as follows :—

Gentlemen,—I want to thank you for the very kind things which you have said about myself, but I more especially prize your reference to my father and mother, and I am deeply gratified and touched by the thought that you appreciate their life of unselfish public service. If I can one day prove worthy of their high example, I may justly deserve all the kind expressions you have used with reference to me. It will give me great pleasure to convey to His Majesty your loyal expressions, homage and devotion.

I must also thank you for giving me the opportunity of getting into touch with the students of your University to-day through you, and the remarks which I now make are addressed to them in particular. In my journey about the Empire, it has been my special desire to meet and mingle with youth in each country. I want to understand what is passing in their minds. I want to know to what they are looking forward. I should like them also to have some

I want to appreciate at first hand all that India is and has done, and can do. I want to grasp your difficulties and to understand your aspirations. I want you to know me, and I want to know you.

Coming from the West to the East as a young man and a stranger to this ancient and vast country, I feel some awe at the difficulty which I may experience in getting to know India, but I am fortified by the thought that sympathy begets knowledge, and my sympathy with India has been aroused since my childhood.

I was brought up in the tradition of the great love which Queen Victoria bore to this land and its peoples. King Edward, prompted by that love, visited this country as Prince of Wales, and the knowledge which he gained of Indians during his tour made him till his death their understanding friend. My father and mother have twice visited India, and I think you know well what a deep affection they feel towards India, and how close to their hearts your welfare lies.

It is in this atmosphere of sympathy that I set foot on the shores of India, and your warm welcome will help to ripen this sympathy into knowledge.

I envy you, gentlemen, your responsibilities. The duties of the Bombay Municipal Corporation are, I feel sure, no light burden, but they are a task in which you may well take pride. I look forward to seeing your schemes for the development and improvement of this great city. The position which Bombay occupies is unique. Other towns in India may challenge your city's pre-eminence in trade or industry. They may dispute her title to excel in progress and efficiency. They may boast to surpass her in antiquity or in historic interest. They may even claim to be more richly endowed by Nature or by art; but round Bombay a halo of romance floats which none can wrest from her.

This is the gateway of India and through this gate a stream of men have passed who knit the East and West together and made a place for India in the British Empire.

I look back with admiration on the many Indians who have left this port for England, to learn what the West could teach and returned again to Bombay to give India the fruits of a larger experience and a wider knowledge.

It is to this port that hundreds of the sons of Great Britain have come to help India on in the path of progress, prosperity and peace. It is on the lights of Bombay astern that they have looked when, after long years spent in India, they have returned ever to unfold to the people of Great Britain the tale of her advance and development.

The Empire will not forget that it was Bombay which gave God speed to thousands of India's soldiers who left her docks to fight the battles of the Empire in the Great War, and that it was Bombay which received and tended them, war-worn or wounded, on their return, and I take this opportunity of thanking the citizens of Bombay for all their help in the war.

For these reasons, gentlemen, your city has a very special connexion with India's place in the Empire, and with the advancement of this great country, and the welfare of Bombay will always secure my closest sympathy and interest.

I thank you, again, for your very cordial welcome. I shall convey to H. M. the King-Emperor your expressions of loyal greeting. I feel sure that I shall take away with me the most pleasant recollections of your beautiful city.

The Prince received an Address of Welcome from the Bombay Legislative Council at the Durbar Hall, Government House, on the 21st November, to which he replied:—

I thank you for your warm welcome and for the kind terms in which you have alluded to me. I will convey your loyal expression of homage to His Majesty the King-Emperor. Your position and duties connect you in a direct manner with national progress in India. You may rest assured of my deep interest and sympathy in the advancement of this great country. It is my earnest prayer that your efforts in this behalf may prosper and that right instincts and true inspiration may guide you to secure the well-being of the people of this Presidency.

You have mentioned my experiences in the war. If I tell you something of the impressions which I took away from the struggle, I think it may have a bearing on your task. My comrades and

the Great War came from many diverse parts of the Empire, but they had only one aim. They fought to vindicate justice and right and to secure freedom, happiness and peace in the world for their fellow-citizens in the Empire. For this cause they were prepared to make any sacrifice and even to lay down their lives. They trusted each other, worked with each other. Personal considerations and feelings, likes and dislikes, were laid aside. They all laboured together with patience and endurance on a single purpose, guiding them to a single goal. The sacrifices which these men made were not in vain. The cause for which they worked prevailed. They won freedom, happiness and peace for their fellow men in the Empire. The days of peace have now come. The work which lay before you is replete with a no less noble aim than that for which the comrades in the Great War fought, for the same qualities of unselfishness and sacrifice, of patience and endurance and of mutual trust which helped those men to make good. May you be fortified by their example and may your work for the welfare of the people of this Presidency be crowned like theirs with success.

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insight into the ideas which I hold in reverence. As years advance, experience enlarges, and greater practical responsibilities fall on our shoulders. It is important that we should know enough about one another to be able to march together in sympathy towards the common goal and that we should have mutual understanding as to what we hold to be honourable and true. You are particularly fortunate in your equipment for the tasks of life. You have University training. You have drunk at the fountain of knowledge. You have learnt the value of work. You have lived in institutions where order and discipline are part of the system. You have experienced their advantages. You have joined together with each other in games which promote friendly rivalry and in which individual play must be combined to work for the success of the side. All that your University career gives you will be part of the service of each of you, both as men and citizens. The qualities you have acquired here will make for success in a great city like Bombay. They will be of inestimable advantage in commercial and civic life and in wider spheres of the political life of this Presidency. They are qualities on which the British Empire has set the seal of approval and in the exercise of which its unity and strength rests assured.

It is the privilege of youth to be able to some extent to mould the future. Let us make a beginning here now and see that, as years go on, the ardour of youth is preserved and sustained in the practice of those high qualities. Let us keep undimmed our love, fearless, hard work, discipline and order and friendly co-operation. Let us have our bond of brotherhood in our common enthusiasm to serve our country and our King.

Gentlemen, I thank you again for your address. May the years to come strengthen the ties of sympathy, of trust and of understanding between us. I wish the University all success. May it prosper in its mission for the promotion of culture, good will and concord. May it help the youth of this historic land to the realization of what India, the home of ancient civilization and learning, may accomplish for the Empire and mankind.

The Prince, in presenting Colours to the Duke of Connaught's Own 7th Rajputs, said :—

The presentation of Colours is at all times a memorable event in the history of a regiment and the solemnity of this ancient ceremony is increased when the Colours constitute visible emblems of regimental tradition cherished, as yours has been, for more than a hundred years. I am very glad that this opportunity has fallen to me so soon after my arrival in India of giving Colours to a battalion which bears the name of my uncle, a name well known and revered in India.

In memory of comradeship on the field of battle, the exploits of your regiment in Egypt and your services in the Sikh Wars and in two expeditions in China are recorded on these Colours. To these have to be added your arduous campaign in Mesopotamia during the Great War. May the proud recollection of hardships and sufferings unflinchingly endured in that country stimulate your resolution to maintain that reputation for steadfastness and gallantry which your predecessors so amply earned. I entrust these Colours to your keeping and exhort you to remember that they bear silent witness to the loyalty and devotion you owe to your King Emperor and serve to remind you all, from the recruit when he takes the oath of allegiance on these Colours to the grey bearded veteran of many fights, that you will give place to none.

POONA.

Replying to the Poona Suburban Municipal Address, the Prince said :—

I thank you for your loyal address of welcome. It gives me great pleasure to visit Poona. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught has often spoken to me of his long association with Poona and of the very pleasant memories which he retains of his stay among you. I am glad to hear of the efforts which you are making under the able guidance of your Committee to develop the areas in your charge. I thank you for your kind wishes and I shall convey to Their Majesties your message of loyalty and devotion.

The Prince's speech at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Mahratta War Memorial is as follows :—

Your Excellency, Princes, Chiefs, Officers, Men of the Mahratta Regiments.—This ceremony appeals to me with particular interest, because this is the first war memorial to the men of the Indian Army of which it has been my privilege to lay the foundation stone in India. This memorial is not confined to any caste or creed. The Mahrattas and Mahomedans, Maras, Berads, Bazaris, all will find in it a common object of enduring pride. It is right that this memorial should stand in this hill country of the Western Ghats—the cradle of the fighting races of the Bombay Presidency. Poona is the house of Shivaji's boy-hood who not only founded an Empire but created a nation. By his influence this country's peasant population was transformed into a race of soldiers. Around us stand the hills which bred the hardy footmen in those times, and the river valleys from which horses came for their forage. The echoes of the great crisis in which the latest descendants of these races gave highest proof of their manhood have only lately died away, and we are assembled here to-day to lay the foundation stone of the memorial which enshrines the great traditions of valour worthily maintained for many centuries and the Continent saw the brave deeds and held the remains of brave men whose memories we perpetuate here. In unknown countries and amid the horrors of modern warfare and the rigours of an alien climate, these men remained true to their salt even to death. They upheld the honour of the army in which they served, and the race from which they sprang. May the pillar which will be erected here stand to inspire the future generations with their courage and devotion.

Laying the foundation stone of the Shivaji Memorial the Prince said :—

Your Excellency, Your Highnesses, Ladies and Gentlemen,—It gives me great pleasure to lay the foundation stone of this memorial to one of India's greatest soldiers and statesmen. A few minutes ago I laid the foundation stone of the memorial to Mahratta soldiers who laid down their lives in the Great War, men who proved that the spirit which animated the armies of Shivaji still burns bright and clear. From this spot the statue of the founder of Mahratta greatness will look with pride at the pillar across the river which commemorates the latest exploits of the abiding valour of his people, and what could be more fitting than that these monuments of glory of the past and of to-day should be inaugurated in the presence not only of the representatives of the house of Shivaji, but the soldiers and the statesmen of the Empire which he founded.

It is with special pleasure that I learn that you intend to associate the name of Shivaji with important educational institutions and that your aim is to make the Mahratta people no less renowned in the arts of peace than in those of war. It is my earnest prayer that the Maratha people will be fowed ready and eager to make use of the advantages of education by the aid of which alone they can hope to maintain in the modern world, the position to which they are entitled by their present importance their past glory and their innate qualities of sturdy commonsense and self-reliance. I will convey to H. M. the King Emperor the loyal sentiments which His Highness the Maharaja of Kolhapur has expressed on behalf of the Princes and Chiefs and the people of the Maratha race.

BARODA.

H. H. the Gaekwad proposed the health of the Prince at a State Banquet at Baroda. In reply the Prince spoke as follows :—

Your Highness, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am very grateful to Your Highness for the warm and courteous manner in which you have proposed my health. I shall take away from Baroda the kindest recollections of Your Highness' hospitality. I have long looked forward to seeing in their own States, surrounded by their ancestral dignities, the Princes of India, to whose loyalty and devotion the Crown and the Empire are so indebted, and my visit to Baroda is of special interest to me because here I follow in the footsteps of my grandfather King Edward, who visited this State as the Prince of Wales in 1875, and had the felicity

at another royal reception requested by Your Highness on that occasion, and enjoying a much welcome which you are extending to me now.

The connection of the British State with the French Crown has been long and honourable. Since the late sovereign treaty concluded in 1803, Your Highness' State has been associated with France in accordance with the terms of the Treaty of Commerce. The French Empire will not forget how, in the last days of the French Army, the very Emperor Napoleon has stood staunchly by the British and fought in numerous wars and battles in Europe. This tradition has been nobly followed by Your Highness and Your Highness may look with pride on the record of the all triumphs of your State in the last war.

I am so pleased to find that the long and honourable connection with the British Crown has brought advantages to the State of the British State. Several of protection from external enemies to which the State of the British State. Your Highness' people have been enabled to enjoy the fruits of the peace and war.

I am so pleased to find that the Government of India have afforded assistance in building up the State of the British State. The enlightened policy of Your Highness has now perfected the system of which France is a model. Under these new relations the State of the British State is the first case of the State of the British State. Your Highness' people are enabled to enjoy the fruits of the peace and war. Your Highness' people are enabled to enjoy the fruits of the peace and war. Your Highness' people are enabled to enjoy the fruits of the peace and war.

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DISPER.

The Prince made the following speech at the Udaipur State Banquet:—

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I need not recount in detail the services rendered by Your Highness during the Great War, which has recently been brought to a victorious issue. But I cannot forget to mention the contribution by your State of over Rs. 21 lakhs, of which Your Highness may justly be proud. For the rest, Your Highness bears on your breast the token of what your services have been and of the esteem in which the King-Emperor has held them.

I will not detain you longer. I must again thank Your Highness for your warm welcome. I shall carry away with me the most pleasant recollections of Mewar so abundantly embellished by Nature and art and so rich in history and tradition.

I will now ask my fellow-guests to join me in drinking to the speedy restoration to health, long life and prosperity of our host, His Highness the Maharaja Sir Fateh Singh Bahadur.

AJMER.

Replying to the Ajmer Municipal Address, the Prince said:—

I thank you very heartily for the warm welcome which you have extended to me in your interesting address. My beloved mother, the Queen-Empress, retains vivid recollections of her visit to you in 1911 and of the historic charm and beauty of your ancient city. I have been looking forward to my visit, and my only regret is that the length of my tour does not permit me to stay more than one day in Ajmer, when there is so much to appreciate and admire. It is a great pleasure to me to be able to express my thanks to-day to those who helped in the noble effort which Ajmer-Merwara made in the Great War. I see before me some of those who devoted their energies to secure its success, and I look forward to meeting this afternoon the pensioned Indian officers and men who played their part in the great struggle. I shall gladly renew my acquaintance with those whom I saw helping us to victory on many fronts. I hope that my visit, brief as it is, will assure you of my interest in your City and Province as the British centre of Rajasthan, and will tend to strengthen the bond of mutual esteem, regard and goodwill between India and Great Britain.

After having presented prizes to the pupils of the Mayo College, the Prince made the following speech:—

I am very grateful for the enthusiastic and loyal welcome which Mayo College has extended to me. I have been looking forward particularly to my visit to Ajmer because I knew I should catch the glimpse of the Eton of India of which I have so often heard. I have met several of your old boys during the past few years in England, and I have felt that I should like some day to see the College of which they speak with such affection and pride. I can well imagine the lasting impression which the school life in these fine buildings, and among these beautiful surroundings, must produce on the boys who are privileged to come here, and the States which have founded and endowed this institute with the help of the Government of India, may well be proud of what has been done. It is true, as your Principal has said, that your College lacks the antiquity and inherited standards of Eton, but its life has been a long enough built upon sound tradition and high ideals of its own nobility. Both is a marked out to play a part worthy of your ancestry. Rajasthan is the home of chivalry and has splendid pages in its history. Everyone of you here can not only make your College worthy of your own family annals, but can also inspire its life with the influence of those glorious Rajput traditions which surround you and in which you have been brought up.

JODHPUR.

At the Jodhpur State Banquet, the Maharaja proposed the health of His Royal Highness. The Prince said in reply:—

I must thank Your Highness very cordially for the warm terms in which you have proposed my health. Before I came here, I began to study the history of Jodhpur in the Imperial

Gazetteer. I have a quarrel with the author of that work who records that Jodhpur, as its other name, Marwar, or the region of death, implies, is an inhospitable tract. Your Highness has, however, taken care that I should see a good deal of life at Jodhpur and enjoy the most unbounded hospitality and, whatever the learned author of the volume in question may say, I shall take away with me from Marwar nothing but the kindest recollections.

It has been a great pleasure to me to visit the premier Rathor State in Rajputana. The Rathors, from the days of Asoka, have never been among those who are content to sit still and wait for opportunities and events. All through the centuries they have acted on the belief that men with stout hearts, strong swords, and swift steeds can make history and have carved their name in characters which can never be effaced in the annals of the Deccan, and of Rajputana.

In 1818, the Jodhpur State concluded a treaty with the British Government and from that year the State and its Rulers have honoured that tie with the most unwavering loyalty and devotion. To a fine record of assistance in the Indian Mutiny and of fighting for us on the North-West Frontier of India in 1897-98 and in China in 1901 the States have now added the glorious character of their work in the Great War. The late Ruler of the State, His Highness the Maharaja Sumter Singh, threw himself with enthusiasm into the cause. Needs in men, money and other contributions were not only met, but were forestalled ere they arose. He proceeded to the front himself.

I had the pleasure of meeting him in France. After his lamented death, the Council of Regency carried on the work with similar vigour. For five years the Jodhpur Imperial Service Lancers served at the front in many fields with honour. I had the honour of inspecting this gallant regiment which won distinction early at Halla, where Major Thakur Dalpat Singh, M. C., met his death at the head of his regiment.

I take this opportunity of paying a tribute to the men of the Jodhpur State, who fought and died for the great cause. True to Rathor tradition these men bled honour and bravery to be dearer than life itself. Years will pass away, but the memory of their brave deeds will never fade.

I am deeply gratified to have Your Highness, the Ruler of this State and the Heir to these great traditions, attached to my staff during my Indian tour. I congratulate Your Highness on your being made an Honorary Captain in our Forces. I much enjoyed seeing your famous Rials with you this afternoon. I know that they will keep up their reputation under Your Highness' leadership.

I also meet here to-night an old and trusted friend of my family. His Highness the Maharaja Sir Pratap Singh. His Highness gave up his own gadi to watch and guide the fortunes of Jodhpur during the successive minorities and to lead its rulers in those traditions of Rajput loyalty and gallantry in which he holds so high a place himself. Few men can hope to place behind them so many years honourably spent in the exercise of such high qualities. I need not assure you, Sir Pratap Singh, what a very real pleasure it is to meet you once more.

I trust I have not taxed your patience too long. I give Your Highness my most sincere good wishes for a long and prosperous career as a ruler of your splendid heritage which I shall watch with the keenest interest. I will now ask my fellow-guests to join me in wishing to the health of His Highness the Maharaja Umar Singh and also the health of Maharaja Sir Pratap Singh.

BIKANIR.

Speaking, in reply to the toast of his health, at the Bikanir State Banquet.
Prince said :—

I thank Your Highness very warmly for the kind and eloquent words in which you have proposed my health and for your lavish hospitality. I shall gladly convey Your Highness' loyal message to the King Emperor. I must ask Your Highness to be so good as to thank your Legislative Assembly for their kind resolution of welcome. I need not assure Your Highness that I have been looking forward keenly to my visit to Bikanir from many motives. In the first place, I desired to renew and strengthen my deep personal friendship for Your Highness by

my visit to you in your home, and in the second place I wished to have the privilege of seeing the capital of this State and to try to judge for myself what is the magic of this desert environment which makes loyalty to my house flourish here like a green bay tree and stimulates a friendly rivalry with other States to stand first in the service of the Empire.

The services rendered by the Bikanir State and its rulers are too well known to you all to need embellishment at my hands. Time disintegrates most things, but while the treaty which beguins our connexion has passed its centenary, the friendly relations which it established defy time and still flourish with the pulse of vigorous and lively youth and, thank God, bring us closer together. Even before Your Highness' time the British Government had ample proof of the loyalty of your State and the help given in the Afghan War and the Sikh campaigns and the gallant conduct of the Maharajah Sudar Singh, who sheltered the British in the Multree and co-operated against the rebels in Hamir and Hissar, stood out to show the construction which the Bikanir State placed on their treaty obligations.

After your accession Your Highness let no opportunity pass of showing that the British Government ought to rely implicitly on the traditional loyalty of your State and on your personal attachments to the Crown and the Empire. Your Highness' Camel Corps served with distinction in China, and it again took the field strengthened by three extra Companies at the outbreak of the Great War and worthily maintained the Rajput tradition of staunchness and fidelity. Your Highness' speech and my inspection this afternoon have recalled to me my pleasant associations with this Corps on the Suix Canal during the war, when they were helping to guard the highway to our Eastern Empire.

Your Highness served in person in the China campaign and in three continents in the Great War and only the request of the Viceroy, who required Your Highness' advice and assistance in weighty matters in India, prevented Your Highness from following our fortunes in the field to the finish. I need hardly refer to the fact that generous contributions to every kind of war purpose have proved that, in so empty phrase, the resources of Bikanir had been placed at the disposal of the King-Empire. Your Highness' services at the War Cabinet are part of history, and it was a fitting conclusion to a splendid record that you were chosen as one of the signatories to a peace after victory, which Your Highness had sacrificed so much to secure.

It is indeed a pleasure to me to be able to offer in person to night my congratulations on this splendid tale of unwearied service and loyalty. We are now passing through a period when problems of resettlement seem almost as complex and dangerous as those of the struggle from which we have successfully emerged. At such a time I am happy in the thought that we may place our trust in Your Highness' support and rely unflinchingly on the high qualities which you possess as statesman and administrator. Your Highness has been working in the expansion of the resources of your State and in the establishment of those amenities which tend to promote the welfare of your subjects in Bikanir. The foundations of representative institutions have been laid and Your Highness' wise hand guides a wholesome and gradual development.

I cannot close without a reference to Your Highness' services to your order and your efforts to enhance the welfare and position of the Indian States generally. Your Highness may look back with satisfaction on the part which you played in the establishment of the Chamber of Princes, of which you were the first Chancellor and on your work on the Princes' Committee, for the modification of the political practice and improvement of your relations with other States. In these matters Your Highness has characteristically taken a long view and is alive to the immense importance of our identity of interests. Each of us has a single aim to the improvement of our country, the strengthening of the Empire and the progress to humanity and civilization in the world. This war has taught us that no unit in modern conditions can hope to stand alone, that it is only by a close association in the united effort to promote these aims that we can hope for their realisation. I need not tell Your Highness what a very great pleasure it is to have your eldest son, the Maharaj Kumar, attached to my Staff.

I have dwelt on the public aspects only of Your Highness' life, but my account would be incomplete without a reference to Your Highness as a sportsman and a host. The polo ground has known you and amid your numerous pre-occupations, you have found time to score a century against the tiger. Your own grouse and duck can testify to a keenness of eye, which no swiftness of flight can elude. As a host Your Highness is an expert in all that hospitality can do to interest and entertain.

APPENDIX.

BHARATPUR.

The Prince's speech at the Bharatpur State Banquet was as follows:—

I must thank Your Highness for the kind manner in which you have proposed my health. I count myself fortunate in having been able to pay a visit to Your Highness and to enjoy the princely hospitality and unalloyed sport which you have provided for me and my staff. I had often been told of the warm welcome that awaited me at Bharatpur, but my expectations have been more than fulfilled.

The Jats of Bharatpur have won a fair name in the past centuries for tenacity and valour. I recollect that one of our first encounters with them was when Lord Lake, after successfully carrying the fortress of Deeg, assaulted Your Highness' present capital in vain. Equally fierce was the resistance when twenty years later the capital fell before Lord Combermere's attacks. These events were, however, of happy augury for Bharatpur as they resulted in the installation of Your Highness' ancestor, Maharajah Balwant Singh, on the gadi. Since then, I rejoice to think, the relations of Your Highness' State with the British Government have been of the friendliest nature. While Bharatpur has enjoyed the protection and assistance of the British Government, the latter has been able on all occasions to rely implicitly on the unwavering loyalty of Bharatpur.

In the Great War Your Highness' State lost no time in coming forward with help in men, money and other directions to the utmost of its resources. The Bharatpur Imperial Service Infantry and Transport Corps won a fine reputation at the front and the State took a very high place in the recruiting records for Rajputana. Your Highness' Infantry sailed with the first Expeditionary Force to British East Africa and did not return till that campaign ended in victory four years later. They earned the special thanks of the Army Council. The Transport Corps served in France, Gallipoli, Salonika and Mesopotamia. I have heard that, amid the terrible carnage on the Gallipoli beaches, this Corps brought up the ammunition to the firing line as coolly as if they were executing a ceremonial parade. True to their tradition, your subjects have once more shown where the way to valour lies and, though many a fox to his cost has found them slow to leave the field, none have found them laggard to seek it.

Though Your Highness was invested with powers only in November 1918, I have heard of the keen interest which you took in the direction and details of all that Bharatpur did throughout the war. The services of Your Highness and Your State have been recognised on several occasions, but I must add my meed of congratulation on the very high reputation which Bharatpur has achieved. I should also like to refer to the magnificent work carried out by Your Highness' mother, the Maji Sahiba of Bharatpur, whose noble efforts have been recognised by His Majesty the King-Emperor by the high distinction of the Order of the Crown of India. I take away from Bharatpur the most pleasant recollections. I shall long remember Your Highness' historic capital and your martial people. It has been most gratifying to me to make Your Highness' acquaintance and I thank you once again for your hospitality and the splendid sport which you have shown me.

LUCKNOW.

The Lucknow Municipal Board presented an Address of Welcome to the Prince on his arrival to which he replied in the following terms:—

I thank you for your loyal address. I will convey to His Majesty the King-Emperor your expressions of devotion to His throne and person. It is a great pleasure to me to visit Lucknow. I have heard much of your city from my grandfather, King Edward, and my father. The associations connected with this city are of no ordinary nature. Your city can claim to have been the focus of interest at all the important periods of India's history. Legend ascribes its foundation to the brother of the renowned Ramachandra. It was occupied by the great Muhammedan dynasties in succession ending with the Mughals. It grew into prominence as the splendid capital of the Nawabs of Oudh. It is now one of headquarters of an important British Province of our Indian Empire. There is hardly any quarter of the town where some building does not supply a link with the great men and events of the past. Lucknow is indeed

rich in tradition and interest and nature and art have also combined to establish it with no signally hand. Further as the largest city in the United Provinces, as one of the largest cities in British India and as a University centre, Lucknow has an additional claim to attention. Gentlemen, I envy your task in the care of the civic amenities of this city. You have wisely taken up the question of town development in time. Future generations will reap the fruits of your labours, I feel sure that you will spare no effort to render this city worthy of its proud past and of the great position it now occupies in India and secure the well-being and comfort of your fellow citizens. Gentlemen, I thank you again for your warm welcome. I know that I shall take away with me the most pleasant recollections of your ancient city.

In reply to an address presented by the United Provinces Legislative Council at Lucknow, the Prince said:—

I am glad, on the day of my arrival in this province, to have this opportunity of meeting you, the chosen representatives of the people. I thank you for your resolution and for the appreciation of my work which you have expressed. I have learnt that, though the life of your Council has been a short one, yet in its brief span you have given abundant promise of great performance. These are times in which we cannot afford to stand still. We must let no occasion pass for improving the conditions under which we live. You are here to watch and further the interests of all classes in this province. The people of towns and the people of rural areas alike look towards you to promote their welfare and study their needs. In thanking you for your loyal welcome I can wish you no better wish than this, that you may be successful in advancing the lot of millions of your fellow citizens whose well-being and happiness are under Providence entrusted to your care.

The Prince's reply to the address presented by the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Lucknow is as follows:—

I thank you very warmly for having afforded me an opportunity of meeting the students of the Lucknow University to-day. It gives me pleasure to be able to distribute prizes to those who have won the events in sports. As I explained at Bombay I take a great interest in the rising generation in the Empire. I want to know all about the influences which guide their up-bringing, the lines on which they receive education and the games and sports and other conditions which help to mould their character. It is therefore in accordance with my special desire that my meeting with you to-day is taking place.

You rightly dwell, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, on the importance of sport in the formation of gentlemen. Games ought to be played in the right way to develop those very qualities which we most closely associate with them. No one will succeed at games unless he works hard; no one can play games properly if he is selfish or jealous or inconsiderate or is not prepared to join with others and sink his own preferences in order to bring success to his side. Lastly the delicate combinations of points in the character of the true sportsman must be seasoned with the spirit of determination and courage. These qualities produce an *esprit de corps*, a spirit which helped the Empire to win the war and which will carry us through many of the difficulties of life. For this reason I gladly consent to the association of my name with the shield for sports by which you are kindly commemorating my visit.

I need not remind you that the Lucknow University is not only an important centre of learning, it is in addition a crucible in which the character of a nation is receiving its alloy. I pray that all the metal which your University sends forth into the world may ring true. I wish the students of the University all success in work and play.

The Talukdars of Oudh presented an address to the Prince, to which he replied as follows:—

I thank you most warmly for your address of welcome and for your expression of devotion to the person and throne of His Majesty the King Emperor to whom I shall convey your message. I had long ago heard of the loyalty of the Talukdars. I am gratified to find that time has brought no change to those feelings and you have again given voice to them to-night with the nobility of sentiment characteristic of the high position occupied by your class in these provinces. I must

also thank you for the beautiful entertainment which you are giving me in this palace of lights which rivals the wonders of the Arabian Nights. The splendours which pass before my eyes cannot easily be forgotten. On a memorable occasion Lord Curzon, to whom your order owes so much, observed that generous and trusting rule was the surest way to make loyal and dutiful people. It is in this spirit that the British Empire has been built up and it is in this spirit that I trust and pray it will be maintained. Your class has great position and great responsibilities. May what the future has in store for you in no way fall short of your glorious past. I am convinced that you will discharge the burden of your obligations worthy of your status and of your class. I trust that you will devote yourselves with increasing energy to the development of your resources and to the promotion of the well-being of your country and the people in your estates, on whose prosperity your position, wealth and influence depend. Gentlemen, I thank you again for all your kind wishes and for your splendid hospitality. May the years to come bring you nothing but happiness.

ALLAHABAD.

The Prince received an informal address from the Allahabad University to which he replied:—

Although this is only an informal meeting, I cannot leave it without thanking you for your kind welcome, and for the album of photographs which you are giving me. I like to have the pictures of a place where so many of India's rising generations are receiving their education. I think you know my deep interest in Indian students, and all that concerns their life. I wish the University all success in this important work of providing for the education, and of moulding the character of young men who are making India's future.

In reply to the address presented by the Municipal Committee of Allahabad, the Prince of Wales said:—

I thank you for the warm welcome which you have extended to me in your address. There are many reasons why I would not willingly have missed a visit to Allahabad. The traditions which gather round this city make a strong appeal to the imagination. I look with reverence on the spot which the junction of great rivers has, for centuries, consecrated as a holy place for the Hindu community, and to which millions from all parts of India make pilgrimage. It is with no common interest that I see towns where centuries ago Asoka gave forth his edicts, where Akbar created a centre of a provincial government and built his great fort, and where Jehangir lived before he ascended the Imperial Throne of the Moguls.

More than 50 years ago this was the scene of Queen Victoria's famous Proclamation, the Magna Charta of India. The principles then announced have been repeatedly affirmed in the messages of my grandfather and my father to their people in India, and the policy they inaugurated is now bearing its harvest in the realization by India of the progressive advance to Self-Government in the Empire. To-day, Allahabad occupies a proud position, being the headquarters of the civil administration of the United Provinces and the centre of many aspects of these provinces.

These facts contribute to make the work of your Municipal Board responsible and onerous and extend and multiply your activities. You have not only to serve the civil interest of the permanent residents of your city, but also to watch the needs of many travellers from all parts who visit the headquarters of the province on business. I feel sure that you work together harmoniously to secure the well-being of all who have a claim on your ministrations.

Gentlemen, I thank you again for your address, I know that I shall not be disappointed in what I see at Allahabad.

BENARES.

On receiving at Benares the Degree of Doctor of Letters from the Hindu University, the Prince said:—

I thank you for asking me to accept this ceremony to-day and for the high honour which you are

about to confer on me by giving me the Degree of your University and making me one of yourselves. I might enlarge on the theme of the great responsibilities of those who are entrusted with the good government of this University and of the staffs whose teaching will mould the future generations of India, but not so many years have passed since I was in the University myself, one of the taught and not one of the teaching, so it is to the students in particular, in this great function, that I will address my remarks. This city has an honoured name for learning. But your University differs from the older Universities like Oxford and Cambridge, because they have centuries of fair traditions behind them. The latter can claim, despite the changes that time and fashion have established, an atmosphere which still attracts the young men of Great Britain and the Empire in each succeeding generation, which is justly regarded as setting a special stamp on the mind and character. If I can communicate to you to-day something of what I felt as an under-graduate about my University, it may help you in your careers and make you still prouder of your University, which, I am sure, you are already proud of. I think all English University men look back to the time when they left behind them for the first time the sheltered care of home and the narrow discipline and the limited experiences of school life. They are for the first time out in the world. It is a world full of interest, full of splendid possibilities. The mind and the spirits are in their most enthusiastic receptive stage unhampered by doubts. They can definitely pronounce each thing as good or bad and take or leave it. They readily receive direct appeal to the imaginations, fine ideas or high standards of character and conduct. They have a delightful intimacy with hundreds of young men similarly situated, out of which lifelong friendships spring up. As the terms went by, we under-graduates began to feel the unseen presence of those who had left our College and made good in the world. Their influence was with us in our daily round. Hundreds of them, men who had been under-graduates like ourselves, who had played in the same parks, who had rowed on the same river, who had attended the same lecture halls, who had worshipped in the same chapel, they had left the College and the Varsity. They had gone out into the world and become great statesmen or soldiers or patriots or writers or divines, men of science or learning, pioneers of industry or commerce. These were men who had helped to make the Empire and helped to make us proud of it. This gently company spurred us on. We made up our minds that no act or omission of ours should lower these great traditions. We knew that not everyone can be good at books or good at games or popular as leader in the College, but we also knew that everyone can try his best to do all or some of these things and we resolved that one who tried should be honoured and respected by his fellows whatever their tastes, because he was keeping up the tradition of the College and the University. We went further and determined that the men who did not try were of no use to their College or the University. I think that this self-imposed standard, which we had inherited from countless previous generations of under-graduates, enabled us to get the best out of University life. I believe that it is these influences which give distinction to the Universities in the world or in the Empire.

A University Degree commands respect, but taken alone its value is only relative, for there are other ways of acquiring knowledge and other tests of efficiency than a degree. If, however, a degree is coupled with the certainty that the man has had a University life of the right kind as well, its value is infinitely enhanced. Then, whatever your attainments may be, your fellow-men feel certain that you have a standard of character and conduct which wins through any walk of life, in danger or difficulty, whether in private life or as a citizen of the Empire. They can rely on you to apply the clean tests and not to shirk the issue. You, students of this University, are to-day making traditions. To-morrow, I trust that you may be able to feel about your University what I felt about mine, and that this feeling may be a source of strength and comfort to you in your lives and help to place your University among the great Universities of the world.

The Prince was entertained at a State luncheon by the Maharaja of Benares at his palace at Ramnagar. The following is his reply to the toast of his health :—

I am very grateful for the kind terms in which Your Highness had alluded to me during my visit to Benares. My tour in India would, indeed, have been incomplete without this visit. I feel myself highly privileged to have been able to see this ancient beautiful city, to set foot in this spot held so sacred by generations of Hindu orthodoxy. I regard with deep interest the streets

and ghats, to which millions of Hindu subjects of the King-Emperor from every province and district of India make a pilgrimage. I am stimulated by the thought that this is the centre of that ancient religion which guides and aways so important a portion of the people of the Empire and that from this city and the sacred waters which wash it millions can take away a feeling of reverence and peace of mind to strengthen their lives. May this influence continue to prove an inspiration to the Hindu community and aid them to make the future of India worthy of its ancient traditions and history. May it enable them to strive ever to make her nobler and greater and keep for her a high and honoured place in the British Empire.

Your Highness has wide responsibilities as a ruler and a great landowner. It is a pleasure to me to hear with what scrupulous efficiency they have been discharged. The British Crown has no more loyal adherent than Your Highness. In Benares itself the foundation and endowment of public institutions are the direct result of Your Highness' benevolence and charity. In your own State and estates, Your Highness has ever kept in mind the welfare of your subjects and the material progress and prosperity of your tenants.

I take this opportunity of thanking Your Highness for the assistance given to the British Government in the great war. I note with pleasure that part of your efforts was directed towards the alleviation of the suffering which that terrible struggle inevitably involved. Your Highness shared in the scheme for the hospitalship, which was so appropriately called *Loyalty*, and raised two sections of Imperial Service Ambulance Corps. Further, you equipped and maintained the Miat House as a war hospital. There can be no nobler work than the care of those who were disabled in so just a cause, and I can assure Your Highness that these services have won you the approbation of the King-Emperor and the thanks of the Empire.

The following message was sent by the Prince to all units of the Indian Army serving outside the limits of India and Burma whom he did not see during his Indian tour:—

I find that, during my tour in India, I shall not be able to see all units of the Indian Army, so some of them are still serving their King-Emperor outside the limits of India, across the seas in Mesopotamia, Palestine and other countries. I much regret that I shall not have an opportunity of meeting the latter, and I desire to convey to them my disappointment at not being able to see them in India and to assure them that my thoughts are with them in the varied and responsible duties which they are so efficiently performing in the cause of the Empire. All that I see of the Indian Army in my tour in India strengthens the admiration which I have always had for all ranks of the Indian Army from the days when we were comrades in arms in the Great War. I am confident that they will continue worthily to uphold the glorious traditions of our fighting forces.

PATNA.

In reply to an address of welcome from the Patna Reception Committee, the Prince said:—

I thank you most warmly for the kind address which your Committee, representing so many varied interests and communities in this province, has presented me. I shall convey to His Majesty the King-Emperor the expression of your loyal devotion. I am very glad to have been able to visit Patna. Though your province is the youngest province in India, Patna and Raigyh are connected with the mists of ancient history and the dawn of old civilisations and empires. The sacred places of Bodhi Gaya and Jagannath recall associations with two of the dominating systems of religious belief in the East, while in the public library at Patna is stored a treasure of literature dealing with the religion and history of the Muslim peoples of the world. Of historical and religious grounds, therefore, your province occupies a position of more than common interest. Apart from these features, my visit makes a special appeal to me, because Patna was visited by my grandfather and my father, and it is by my father's command that this province took its present shape as a separate entity and that Patna became the metropolis of a Local Government.

In addition to this, I am gratified by this visit to a province where, till recently, no Indian ruler

distinguished career in India and in England and after rendering conspicuous service to the Empire in the war, held the high position of Governor. I am proud to think that Lord Sinha stood marked out by the confidence of His Majesty's Government as the head of the local administration in the ranks of those who are next to and only below His Majesty the King-Emperor's Viceroy and Governor-General in India. It is with deep regret that I have heard of Lord Sinha's illness and resignation, and it is a great disappointment to me not to have been able to see him here in his own administration and at the head of his own province. I deem your province fortunate to have been the first to receive the most signal proof of that trust in the people of India and that desire to associate Indians more closely with the Government in India which has been repeatedly announced and affirmed by His Majesty the King-Emperor.

This province is possessed of vast resources and wealth. I need only mention a few of its products—the output of white sugar, the lace industry, the mineral deposits in iron, steel, coal, copper and mica and the manufacture of country cloth.

Under the Reformed Constitution the future of this fair province lies to a large extent in the hands of the enlightened classes among the people themselves. It is my prayer that you may be rightly inspired to develop and improve your resources and promote the well-being of your fellow-citizens in Bihar and Orissa. I know that I shall take away the most pleasant recollections of my visit to Patna, and you may count on my warm interest, with which I shall always watch and follow the future history and fortunes of your province.

CALCUTTA.

The Prince in reply to the address from the Calcutta Municipal Corporation, said:—

I thank you for your loyal and hearty greeting on behalf of the citizens of Calcutta. This city has extended a warm welcome to my father and my grandfather and other members of my family, grateful recollection of which is still treasured. I can assure you, gentlemen, that I have been looking forward with special interest to my visit here. I have seen many cities in the Empire, but few cities can vie with the interest which centres round Calcutta. The expansion of a small fishing village into a great manufacturing and commercial city, with a port full of shipping and a vast exchange mart in daily touch with the Far East and America on the one side and with Europe, Australia and Africa on the other, forms a memorable chapter in our Empire's history. Of which both Great Britain and India may well be proud. The greater part which this city has played in the history of India itself makes a powerful appeal to the imagination. Whether viewed as a stronghold of the European commercial community, as the capital of Bengal and the chief city of our Bengalee-speaking subjects, or in the more restricted but important aspect of a great student centre, Calcutta arrests attention and is invested with an importance peculiarly its own.

Further, if we add to the city proper suburban municipalities and Howrah with which it is connected with continuous lines of roads and buildings, Calcutta can claim that, with the exception of London, no city in the Empire has a larger number of inhabitants while few, if any, have a more cosmopolitan and heterogeneous population. Gentlemen, you have alluded with becoming modesty to your responsibilities and the spirit in which you discharge them. It is, however, patent that the vast area and population entrusted to you are no light burden. That you arrange efficiently for water-supply, lighting, communications, drainage, sanitation, food supply, health, and medical relief for this vast chaos amid the special difficulties and complexities which are absent in the case of other large towns and with a taxation figure per head of moderate amount has also been done in town-planning and improvements by your sister body—the Improvement Trust. With great schemes still before you to lead through to a successful issue and the vast projects of the Port Trust, public life in Calcutta offers a fascinating field indeed to those who are ready to devote their energies to the improvement of the welfare of their fellow-citizens.

That the citizens of Calcutta of various races and creeds have worked together in the Corporation in the past with such harmony and efficiency and shown such admirable results, is of bright augury for the British in India as a whole. If the gradual development of self-governing institutions in India is attended and inspired by so happy a spirit of united effort to secure the

well-being of the people as animates your Corporation in municipal affairs the future is indeed full of hope, I thank you once more for your address and your kind wishes. I am confident that I shall take away most pleasant impressions and recollections from your great city.

Speaking at a lunch given by Sir William Marris, the Governor of Assam, at Calcutta, the Prince said :—

I am much obliged to Sir William Marris for having so kindly asked me to lunch and given me an opportunity of meeting you all. I received your kind message of welcome from Assam on my arrival in India and it is very gratifying to me to be able to express my thanks for it in person to-day. It is a permanent regret that I am unable to pay a visit to your province. My tour in India is, as you know, very short and much has to be fitted into it and you must not blame me for not including a visit to Assam in my tour. The fault, or misfortune rather, lies with you, for while the great rivers which run through your province and lovely hills and mountains which encircle it give Assam the peerless beauty all its own, they make it difficult of access. Some day, I trust, it may be my privilege to visit your province and see for myself that it is not only distance that lends enchantment to the beauty of Assam. I know that warm and loyal hearts beat in your valleys and highlands, and I shall watch with keen interest and sympathy the progress of the province which, though not numbered among the larger provinces of India, made a notable effort in the great war. Assam is fortunate in possessing as her first Governor one who, for many years, has made a close study of large administrative and imperial problems and has valuable experience of other parts of the Empire. I feel sure that the wide knowledge and breadth of view which he brings to his task will help you to maintain worthily the fine traditions of your province.

Your Excellency, I thank you again for your kind hospitality, and I ask you to be so kind as to convey my greetings to the people of your province and my expressions of regret that I am unable, during my present tour, to visit them in their own country.

CALCUTTA.

On receiving the Degree of Doctor of Laws from the Calcutta University, the Prince said :—

I thank you for the very high honour you have conferred on me by granting me the honorary degree of your University. My father, His Imperial Majesty the King Emperor, received this honour at your hands in 1906 and six years later recalled the pleasure which the ceremony had afforded him in his reply to the loyal address presented to him by the representatives of your University and on the latter occasion His Majesty dwelt on the ideals which should animate the universities in India and his confidence that the labours of your governing body would be inspired by these noble standards and that you would shoulder your responsibility with a courage which would command success. At the same time His Majesty's deep interest in the cause of education was shown by his special commands to his Governor-General regarding the expansion and improvement of education generally in India. I am gratified to hear that his wishes in the latter respect have borne fruit. It will be of interest to His Majesty to learn from me that his confidence in you was not misplaced and that in the rapid expansion of educational facilities which has occurred, one of the most important features has been the co-operation of bodies, such as your University, in measures calculated to extend and improve the system of higher education in India in proportion to the expansion and progress which is taking place in other departments of education in this country. That this co-operation is cheerfully given, in the face of financial and other difficulties, redounds to your credit.

Gentlemen, I will not detain you longer. I trust that the honorary degree with which you have presented me to-day will form a real bond of union between me and the University of Calcutta.

Before opening the Victoria Memorial at Calcutta, the Prince of Wales said :—

Of the ceremonies in which I am called upon to take part in India none can make a closer appeal

to me than this ceremony. My father laid the foundation-stone of this memorial and I feel that it is a great privilege to follow in his footsteps to set the seal on the completion of the great work among many, and as the great-grandson of the Sovereign whose name and era this beautiful and stately monument so worthily perpetuates, preside at this opening ceremony and give posterity an edifice which ennobles her memory and contains works of art and of interest peculiarly connected with her reign. Let me recall to your memory some of the words spoken by His Majesty at the inauguration ceremony. His Majesty said:—"It is right and befitting that there should be memorials in all parts of India in memory of one who, though she was never privileged to see her Indian subjects in their own countries, seemed to have the peculiar power of being in touch and sympathy with all classes in this continent. But it is still more befitting that there should be one memorial in India as a symbol of the unity and concord which came from her all-embracing love for her people and as an enduring token of the affection which all Europeans and Indians, Princes and peasants, felt for Queen Victoria." These words are of special interest at the present time. In the two famous Proclamations of 1853 and 1856 Queen Victoria, with her keen sympathy for Indian aspirations, announced those principles which have since guided our government in India. I need only recall the following well known words of the former Proclamation about Indian peoples:—"In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward" are the keystone of the edifice of 1856, which was unity of the Indian Empire. The most signal expression of the realization of that unity has been given by India's united effort and support to the Empire in the great war and at the earnest desire of the British Government to secure the contentment of her people she has received abundant proof in the recently inaugurated reforms by which they have been directly associated with the work of government by gradual development of self governing institutions and have begun their march towards the progressive realization of responsible government within the Empire. It is fitting that this memorial to the great Queen Empress should be opened at a time when her dreams for her Indian Empire have come true. I congratulate the Executive Committee and the Trustees of this great All India Trust on the manner in which they have performed the great work which they undertook and I fully associate myself in the tribute which Your Excellency has paid those who under their guidance have so efficiently played their part in bringing this splendid scheme to fruition. I had seen photographs of the design of that eminent architect whose absence to-day I join with you in deploping, but the reality is another matter and I am struck with the size and beauty and proportions of the executed conception. The description which I shall be able to give His Imperial Majesty will, I feel sure, be a source of gratification to him and will convince him of the worthy manner in which the great trust imposed on you has been discharged. I should like to thank all donors, whether of money or exhibits, for their help, which has made the execution of this project possible. I associate myself with you in your tribute to Margaret Carson. The magnificent monument owes its inception to that faithful and devoted servant, the last Governor-General of Queen Victoria. I know that you realize as I do in how great a measure the first beginnings were the result of his unswerving energy and organizing power. Though he left India before the work could be completed, he laid the basis of the progress of the scheme has never lagged. It will be a pleasure to him to hear that the great monument and its contents, which are the outcome of his artistic and historical vision, have in day become the heritage of ages.

I thank Your Excellency for your tribute of loyalty to His Imperial Majesty the King Emperor and Queen Empress and for the kind words in which you have alluded to myself. I can assure Your Excellency that I am deeply grateful to you for having been given the opportunity, which I have embraced with thankfulness and zeal, of presiding at the opening ceremony of the memorial to that great Queen whose reventured name has been a household name to us since my childhood. I now declare the Victoria Memorial open.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales made the following speech at the unveiling of the Calcutta War Memorial:—

In one sense the brave men to whose memory I have the privilege of unveiling this memorial to-day need no memorial, for, together with all those who made the supreme sacrifice in the great war, their name lives for evermore. But it is right and fitting that in this great centre of commercial activity, there should be a memorial to honor the great traditions and traditions for which death's dark tale had no terror. And the strongest reminder

tions of life in this city, men may pause here for a while in reverence and take away inspiration to strengthen their lives. They will find here an enduring monument to nobler instincts and purer influences than those with which the daily round of existence brings them into contact; for this memorial will testify our gratitude to those who died that we might live. It will remind the generations that come after of the loyalty and devotion to the Empire which these men placed above all other claims. It will stand as a witness to the supreme expression of those qualities of self-sacrifice and courage on which we Britons pride ourselves.

BURMA.

Replying to the Rangoon Municipal address, the Prince said:—

I thank you very warmly for the address of welcome which you have presented to me. The name which your city bears, the city of peace, or more literally the end of war, is an appropriate testimony of what the *Pax Britannica* has done for Burma and Rangoon. No more romantic page in the annals of the development of the Empire can be found than the history of the growth of a small town of thatched huts, which passed under British occupation in 1852, into this vast metropolis and prosperous port of to-day. Where yesterday wilderness, mud, labyrinths and hovels met the eye, the fair capital of the richest province of the Empire to-day lifts up her proud head. Here railways and craft of the two great river valleys of Burma deliver up the spoils of your mines, your oil-fields, your rice plantations and your forests to the factories and docks of this city. The shipping of all lands seeks your port to carry your product to the four corners of the world.

There is romance, too, in the many nationalities which throng your streets and docks. At the first sight, amidst the multiplicity of creeds and tongues of your citizens, the only common tie would seem to be the bond of adherence to the British Empire under whose protection they live and prosper. In spite of such diversity of elements, your city is essentially a part and parcel of Burma and in a true sense the capital of Burma, for in your midst stands the great pagoda, the oldest of all holy places of that religion, which claims a larger proportion of followers among the human race than any other, and this building is the supreme expression of the genius of the Burmese people. The fortunes of your city are entirely bound up with those of the province, for, as the main outlet for the riches of Burma, on her growing prosperity and welfare rests your increasing strength.

The great position which this city has attained in the Empire owes much to those among you who laboured in civic affairs and to the successful efforts of your Port Commissioners and your Development Committees. Great opportunities and responsibilities still lie ahead of you. I feel sure that they will be met in a spirit of mutual co-operation for the welfare of Rangoon and Burma which has animated you in the past.

Gentlemen. I thank you again for your address. I know I shall take away from Rangoon the most pleasant recollections of my stay.

The Prince's reply to the Mandalay Municipal address was as follows:—

Gentlemen,—I thank you for the warm welcome which you have extended to me. It is a very great pleasure to me, following the footsteps of Their Imperial Majesties, to visit the chief town of Upper Burma. Their Majesties will be interested to hear of the progress and expansion of your city and the prosperity and welfare of your province. I have been looking forward to my visit to Mandalay—the city of Sunshine and Pagodas. When Englishmen think of Burma and Burmese, their thoughts at once turn to Mandalay. Rangoon is the great cosmopolitan port and the city of the province. But it is to Mandalay we all wish to go to understand and enjoy all that charms us in the people of Burma. It is here that we feel that we can get to know the Burmese and show our liking for them. It is here that we can succeed in understanding the real influence of the serene outlook in life and look to the warmth of nature as joyous as their own sunshine. It is here only that we can hope to appreciate at its true value their delicate art and talent which has had an effect of pushing beyond the limits of Burma itself. Measured in years the connection of Burma with Great Britain has been a short one, but it has not been too short for the vigorous growth of strong mutual esteem and regard. It has not been too brief to give birth to a firm trust in each

other's qualities and capabilities and confidence in each other's power for good. I know that we hope that under our guidance the Burmese will be enabled to give expression to all that is best in Burma and raise themselves to the fullest extent, and I feel sure that in return the Burmese will repose trust in our power to promote their fortunes and welfare as lines sympathetic to their national character and aspirations. Gentlemen, I envy you for your responsibilities in the charge of the civic affairs of this beautiful city and wish you all success in their discharge. I thank you again for your kind address of welcome.

MADRAS.

In reply to the address presented by the Municipal Corporation of Madras, the Prince spoke as follows:—

Gentlemen,—I thank you most heartily for your kind address. As I entered the harbour to-day, of which my grandfather laid the foundation in 1875, and passed the stone which commemorates the landing of my father in 1905, and saw Madras and Georgetown before me which gave such a cordial reception to my uncle last year. I felt I was among old associations: and your kind welcome has made me feel I am among friends.

I have been looking forward to my visit to Madras, the birthplace of British India. Historic buildings and famous names link your city with the great men and events of the past.

Time has sped since the inauguration of your Corporation in 1885 and since the days when your members enjoyed the exclusive privilege of using umbrellas and riding on horseback in old Fort St. George; but, in spite of these old-time associations, your Corporation has not stood still; and the years that have passed have been years of steady advance and progress. To-day with your modern institutions and elected council and women suffrage you may challenge comparison with the most up-to-date municipalities in the world.

I am much interested in town improvement, and am gratified to hear that you have large schemes in hand for the extension and development of your ancient city. You are fortunate in possessing a priceless asset for your task—fresh air and open spaces. I feel confident that your efforts will be wisely guided and that you will strive to secure, by every means in your power, the welfare and health of your fellow-citizens.

Some jealous person once described Madras as a withered beldame brooding on ancient fame. Even if her beauty is of the old-world type, I think I shall fall a victim to it. You are naturally proud of your old history. But I know also that Madras with all her manifold activities, both in war and peace, has been making history every day, and that your city will remain in the forefront in moulding that great destiny which the future holds in store for India.

Gentlemen, I thank you again for your kind welcome. I shall convey to the King-Emperor your message of loyalty and devotion.

An address of welcome was presented by the people of Madras. To this the Prince replied:—

Gentlemen,—I thank you heartily for your warm welcome and for the kind expressions which you have used concerning me. I receive your address with special pleasure because it represents the sentiments of the many castes and creeds which go to make up the people of this great Presidency. I shall gladly convey to the King-Emperor your message of devotion.

While, with the advance of civilization, conflicts of ideas are inevitable, it is to me an inspiring thought that personal loyalty, such as yours, provides a ground on which every community can unite.

You have your aspirations and your desires to advance. I welcome such aspirations and sympathize with them. You would be but a lifeless people if you were not stirred by such feelings. I shall watch your progress with keen interest. I feel sure that you only need that co-operation and goodwill to which you have referred, to ensure the brightest future for the Madras Presidency.

My only regret is that my time with you is short. As the home of the old Davidian stock, Madras appeals to me as the most Indian part of India. As a student of history I am

fascinated by a land whose story begins in the mists of ancient times when Rama came here to seek his bride. Through the history of great kingdoms, great names and great events, one passes to the years which first saw on this soil the dawns of the Indian Empire of to-day.

From the struggles of the early days of our connection with Madras, my thoughts turn to the recent great war. In that struggle you stood by our side and played a noble part. You shared in that common sacrifice which bound the Empire together. Great Britain will not forget these services; and I have come here to see again some of those who went forth from this land to serve that cause. Peace has now come; but the Empire still has need of you. Your words carry weight in her councils; and, if I mistake not, the high mental qualities of your sons mark out for you a high place in the destinies of this great land.

Gentlemen, I thank you once more for your warm welcome. The future progress of the people of Madras will always command my sympathetic interest. I much appreciate your kind thought in associating my name with the hospital which you are generously erecting for the children of Madras.

The following is the Prince's reply to the address presented by the Madras Legislative Council:—

Gentlemen of Madras Legislative Council,—I thank you sincerely for the welcome which your President has extended to me in such graceful terms. It is a great pleasure to me to meet all the members of your Legislative Council and to see the Chamber in which the deliberations of the Council of the oldest presidency in India are carried on.

Only a year has passed since my uncle, the Duke of Connaught, as representative of His Majesty the King-Emperor, inaugurated your new reformed constitution. I am informed that, in this brief space, under the able guidance of your President, you are justifying the extension of the wide powers which have been given you under the Reform Act and are making an advance by wise and gradual steps to your goal of full responsible government. I am sure that you realise the heavy responsibilities which rest on you as representatives of the people of this presidency and I feel confident that you will always act with steady purpose and balanced judgment to secure the progress and prosperity of all classes and communities.

It will give me great pleasure to convey to His Majesty the King-Emperor your message of loyalty and devotion. I wish you all success and assure you that I shall follow your future with all the greater personal interest after the visit that I have paid you to-day.

An address of welcome was presented by the Madras University. The Prince's reply was as follows:—

I thank you most warmly, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, for the cordial welcome which you have extended to me on behalf of the members of the Senate and students of the University of Madras. It gives me great pleasure to meet you all here to-day.

Mr. Vice-Chancellor, you are proud and justly proud of the fine scholars which your University is sending out into the world; and indeed the reputation for learning and good scholarship borne by the University of Madras has already spread far beyond the confines of the Presidency. I join with you in the confident hope that in the near future this institution will become as even greater centre specially equipped for research and the diffusion of new learning.

I have now to perform the very pleasant task, which you have entrusted to me, of conferring rewards on selected Pupils who, by their exceptional merit, have earned this recognition of their scholarship and of their deep knowledge of Oriental lore. I take this opportunity of congratulating those who have been selected for this signal distinction.

The Prince made the following speech in reply to an address presented by the Madras Landholders' Association:—

Gentlemen,—I thank you warmly for your kind welcome. I shall convey your expressions of loyalty and devotion to the Emperor.

It has been a great pleasure to meet you, the chief landholders of this province, on my arrival here. Your position and status in the Madras Presidency fit you to take a leading part in directing its fortunes. Your aspirations are to progress and you wish for progress which will be combined with peace and order. Your hope is to advance; and you wish for advance along lines which will strengthen your ties with the British Empire. These sentiments, gentlemen, do you credit.

I thank you again for your warm welcome and wish you all happiness and prosperity in the future.

BANGALORE.

The Prince, replying to the address of the Bangalore Municipal Commission, said :—

I thank you for your kind welcome. I am gratified to receive the address which represents the sentiments of all communities and creeds in the important Military and Civil Station of Bangalore. I am glad to have been able to see this centre of British administration in Southern India which was visited by my father and which has so many associations with my House. I wish you all success in your labours to provide for the civic needs of this city and station. I trust that the citizens of Bangalore will have their share in the peaceful progress and growing prosperity which I feel confident awaits India in future.

MYSORE.

The Prince received an address from the Mysore City Municipal Council to which he replied :—

I thank you for your loyal address of welcome. I am gratified to have been able to follow in my father's footsteps and pay a visit to Mysore. I have heard with pleasure of the progressive spirit in civic affairs which has been shown by your Council and of your efforts for the well-being of the inhabitants of Mysore City. Your ideal to make your capital city worthy in all respects of His Highness the Maharaja and this important State is deserving of the highest praise. I am sure that I shall take away with me the most pleasant recollections of my visit to Mysore.

The Prince's speech at the Mysore State Banquet was as follows :—

I must thank Your Highness for the very warm welcome which you have extended to me and for the loyal sentiments which you have expressed. It has been Your Highness' care to see that nothing should be left undone which could interest or entertain me.

My father, the King Emperor, visited Mysore in 1906, and it will be of great interest to him to learn from me what a fine edifice has been raised by Your Highness on the foundations which were laid during the administration of Mysore under British rule. In the 16 years which have passed since his visit, a notable advance has been effected in education, and Mysore now has a university. Great strides have also been made in material and industrial expansion, of which the Kannambadi Reservoir and Electric Power Installations are examples. Lastly, he will be gratified to learn of the close association of the people in the administration of this State by the institution of representative and elected assemblies and by the establishment of economic conferences.

Your Highness has often acknowledged the closeness of the tie which binds Mysore to the British Crown and the magnanimity which has distinguished the relations of our Government to Mysore and its ruler. Your Highness took immediate action to gratify on how real a base these sentiments of loyalty and gratitude rested. In 1906, during my father's visit, Your Highness spoke of your Imperial Service Troops working then hard to fit themselves for the front line of the army of the Empire. These words were prophetic. In October 1914, Your Highness' Imperial Service Lancers sailed from India for Egypt. They fought in Egypt where I had the pleasure of seeing them in 1916, and subsequently took part in the two years' desert campaign which ended in the capture of Gaza and the fall of

Jerusalem. In both the latter engagements they played a brilliant part. They then joined the famous 15th cavalry brigade and were active in advance in the Jordan valley and the final series of engagements which broke down the Turkish resistance and carried our arms into Syria. They distinguished themselves at Haifa, where they drove the enemy from strong positions on Mount Carmel, capturing seven guns and 300 prisoners. At the final action at Aleppo, they were again to the fore and in a fine charge against heavy odds they suffered severe casualties. They only returned to India in February 1920. The honours and decorations won by the corps and the frequent mention of the officers and men in despatches bear eloquent testimony to their courage and efficiency and to the excellent spirit and tone which prevailed in the regiment.

The Imperial Service Transport Corps proceeded to Mesopotamia in 1916, and continued on active service till the end of the war. It won the highest commendations from the General Officer Commanding in Mesopotamia. All praise is due to these gallant corps, and to the officers who helped them deserved and won high reputation. In addition to keeping those units up to their full strength, 5,000 of Your Highness' subjects enlisted in the units of the Indian Army. When I turn to the more prosaic but equally important question of the ways and means for the war, I find that the assistance given by the Mysore State has been of an equally high order. At the outbreak of the war, Your Highness offered Rs. 50 lakhs towards the cost of our Expeditionary Forces. You added a further gift of ten lakhs, and later another gift of 13 lakhs. Your State subscribed 14 lakhs to the Imperial Relief Fund and invested 105 lakhs in the war loans. The people of your State gave two lakhs to the war charities and invested 113 lakhs in the war loans. The contributions from Your Highness' States and subjects thus reached a total of nearly two crores of rupees. Besides this, the State was prominent in the supply of hides, timber, blankets and other materials necessary for the efficiency of our armies. The war record of Your Highness's State is, indeed, a notable one, and it is a great privilege to me to be able to offer my thanks and congratulations in person to-night to Your Highness on these achievements.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have detained you for some time, but I think you will feel with me that these gleanings from the pages of the annals of Mysore were worth hearing. I will now ask you to join me in drinking the health of the loyal and enlightened ruler of Mysore—Colonel His Highness Sri Sir Krishnaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, Maharaja of Mysore.

HYDERABAD.

Speaking at the Hyderabad State Banquet the Prince said:—

I thank Your Exalted Highness for the very warm terms in which you have proposed my health and for the princely hospitality which you have extended to me. I have been looking forward to my visit to Hyderabad, as it is my desire that the traditional friendship which exists between our House and the Ruler of Hyderabad may ripen, in my case by personal acquaintance, into close regard and esteem for Your Exalted Highness. History has recorded in no uncertain terms the ancient ties of friendship and alliance which have subsisted between Hyderabad and the British Government. From the earliest days of British rule in India, Hyderabad and its rulers acted almost uniformly in concert with our interests. The campaigns of the 18th and early 19th centuries against Tippu Sultan, Marathas, and Pindaris, are an eloquent testimony to the closeness of this tie, and the treaties and alliances which resulted from them went far to determine the subsequent history of India. The annals of more recent times have been a fitting sequel to this auspicious beginning. Within living memory, the two most important events affecting the British rule in India have been the Indian Mutiny and the Great War. Hyderabad, on both these difficult occasions, remained true to the old traditions. In the great upheaval of 1857, the staunch loyalty of Hyderabad did much to ensure the immunity of India south of the Satpura Range from those widespread disturbances which threatened our northern provinces. In the great war, now happily concluded, Hyderabad, under its present illustrious ruler, afforded such moral and material support as to leave no doubt of Your Exalted Highness' lively and practical conception of the true meaning of the title of "Faithful Ally of the British Government"—a title which has recently received the formal recognition of the King Emperor. Within the compass of my speech it would be impossible for me to review all the assistance which

has been rendered by Your Exalted Highness. I must content myself with reference to the more striking features.

First and foremost, I would place the maintenance in the field of your Imperial Service Lancers and of the 20th Deccan Horse throughout the war at a cost of more than a crore and a half of rupees. The fine record of the former must be a source of pride to Your Exalted Highness, and as regards the Deccan Horse, I need only say that, in view of their services, His Majesty the King Emperor last year conferred the title "Royal" upon them. Your Exalted Highness' personal interest as Colonel in this unit was shown in a most generous manner by arming the regiment. Financial aid was afforded in the most unstinted manner. Among other items I may mention the Rs. 164 lakhs subscribed to the war loans, £200,000 presented for anti-submarine campaign and for the provision of tanks and aeroplanes, £2,500 to the Silver Wedding Fund for the aid of the families of disabled soldiers, and Rs. 2½ lakhs to the Imperial Indian Relief Fund. Whether it was the Belgian Relief Fund or fund for the Disabled Officers, an appeal, even remotely connected with our cause, was made to Your Exalted Highness in vain. Your Exalted Highness' peace-offering took the appropriate form of a land colony for the establishment of soldiers who had fought in the war and for the families of the fallen. This was auspiciously named Sulahagar, or the abode of peace. In these and other directions, too numerous to mention, Your Exalted Highness has shown keen personal interest in our fortunes and an abiding friendship to our cause. Your Exalted Highness bears many tokens of His Majesty the King Emperor's regard and the historic title which has been conferred on Your Exalted Highness makes plain to the Empire the unique record of the Hyderabad State and the proud place which its ruler occupies.

NAGPUR.

The Prince received an address of welcome from the Central Provinces Legislative Council to which he made the following reply:—

I am very grateful to the members of your Legislative Council for their loyal address and for the kind words in which they have referred to me. Their Imperial Majesties visited Nagpur in 1912, and it is a pleasure to me to follow in their footsteps. I am glad to be able to learn something at first hand of the Central Provinces and its capital, and to meet the representatives of its people and Government.

The fact that only sixty years have passed since the Central Provinces were first constituted into a separate unit tempts me to compare the present conditions of this province with those which existed in the earlier part of the 19th century. In those earlier days much of the territories now included in this province were according to the records of those times, earned the reputation of being a backward and unknown tract with no metalled roads as yet, and no railways. Your province was entirely land-locked, bands of robbers had access to your country. It was an hazardous affair for pilgrims and more venturesome travellers brought back tales of vast areas covered with forest whose inhabitants lived in primitive and poverty-stricken conditions and of a country mainly dependent on agriculture, but often harassed by famine. The only hint of your mineral wealth was to be seen in the few loads of coal which found its way on pack animals to country boats on the Nerbudda and thence to the outer world. There were either no schools, or at best few schools where ignorant teachers taught. But our present record tells another story. Railways and roads have brought you into touch with other centres in this vast country. Your population has increased since 1866 from 9 to 13 millions. In the same period the area under cultivation has risen from 18 to 29 millions of acres. Good communication and the efforts of your Irrigation Department have mitigated the disasters of seasons of scarcity. Once unable even to assist your own districts you can now help other parts of India in time of want. Your cottons has deservedly a high reputation and passes through the looms of Nagpur, Bombay or Manchester to help clothe the world. Your forests, once unexploited, are an asset now, bringing in an annual revenue of over Rs. 21 lakhs and are a real service to the Empire by their supply of railway sleepers, grass for the army and valuable products such as lac.

Your mineral wealth is only partly developed, but already the few railroads have been replaced by 18 coal mines with an annual output of 500,000 tons. Forty-two manganese

mines produce nearly 60,000 tons of that valuable ore each year and your limestone deposits yield cement which rivals the famous product of Portland. Mills and factories and other activities give employment where at one time there were not even cottage industries.

If your material progress has been striking, your moral progress has not lagged behind. Where few students groped for learning nearly 5,000 schools to-day cater for 350,000 of the rising generation. An Act has been passed for the extension of primary education, and a university is on the anvil. The people of your province have made vigorous strides in the co-operative movement, which has been the salvation of the rural populations elsewhere.

A keen interest in local self-government has secured advance in this matter which other provinces in India may well envy. Lastly, your province once isolated, unknown and self-centred, took its share in the great war and assisted the Empire in its just cause. Your Government can look back with pride on the record of these 60 years. Your province is now at the starting point of what, I trust, will be an era of even greater prosperity. The first step in your progress to responsible government has now been taken. Your new council, I am informed, has made an encouraging start. I feel confident that the real sense of responsibility will guide its deliberations hand in hand with the real power in this splendid field for its labours. You may rest assured of my abiding sympathy with all that concerns the good of this province and the welfare of its people.

INDORE.

Speaking at the Indore State Banquet, the Prince said:—

I thank Your Highness for the kind terms in which you have proposed my health. I have been looking forward to visiting Indore and making Your Highness' acquaintance. I am deeply interested to see the headquarters of the Holkar State which has played such a prominent part in the history of India and to be at Indore which became the capital of this State and the permanent seat of the Holkar family in 1818, when the treaty between the British Government and the Holkar State, which still governs our relations, was concluded. I am also gratified to be able to thank Your Highness in person for the assistance given by your State in the great war. At the outbreak of the war Your Highness, with praiseworthy and characteristic loyalty, put the whole resources of your State at the disposal of the King-Emperor. Your Highness' Transport Corps had the distinction of serving on three continents and on five fronts—in France, Gallipoli, Salonica, Egypt and Mesopotamia. In every field this Corps won the warm commendation of the General Officers in whose command it was included. In addition, Your Highness' Mounted Escort did good service in Mesopotamia. I desire to add a special word of thanks and praise for the gallant officers who commanded these units—Sirdar Bahadur Major Lutfullah and Major Bhaurai Singh. These officers and their Corps won a reputation for the Indore State of which Your Highness may well be proud.

In addition to these achievements in man power, Your Highness was lavish in other forms of assistance. Contributions in money, which Your Highness made to help us to victory in various directions, reached a total of over Rs. 22 lakhs. Among many items I single out for special mention the contribution of Rs. 8½ lakhs to the hospital ship *Loyalist* and a sum of Rs. 11 lakhs given at different times to various relief funds. These acts were worthy of the high position occupied by Your Highness' State and of the firm trust in your loyalty to the Crown which the British Government has ever reposed in you.

There have been great names in the past history of the Holkar State, such as Malhar Rao, whose valour in arms brought the State into prominence in the eighteenth century and the famous queens alluded to in Your Highness' speech, whose name remains a by-word in Central India for justice and wise administration. The improvements which Your Highness has carried out in the administration of your State, the material progress which has been secured and the keen personal interest which you take in the welfare of your subjects, set out Your Highness as one who strives to be guided by history and tradition as well as by modern honours place than that of your illustrious forbears. That your wish may bear fruit in my earnest desire, and I feel assured that no wise act on Your Highness' part will be left undone which may enable you to emulate and surpass the traditions of the past or to stand even higher in the esteem with which the King-Emperor regards you.

I must thank Your Highness again for your kind words and lavish hospitality. It has been a pleasure to me to renew, by my visit, a friendship which has long existed between my family and the House of Holkar. I shall convey to His Imperial Majesty Your Highness' assurance of devotion and attachment.

At the durbar held in Indore for the reception of ruling Princes and chiefs of Central India, the Prince delivered the following speech:—

It gives me great pleasure to be able to follow in the footsteps of my father and visit Central India. I thank the rulers of the States of Central India for the very warm welcome which they have extended to me. Your Highnesses and Your Highnesses' States have given many striking proofs in the great war of your traditional loyalty to the Crown and Empire, and I can assure Your Highnesses that your efforts and devotion have been noted by the King-Emperor with heartfelt appreciation and gratitude. More than a century ago this part of India was the scene of recurring strife and bloodshed. I rejoice to think that this distinguished gathering to-day is the symbol of unity and concord which now prevails in Central India. It is a source of pride to me to reflect that this peace is the outcome of the relations which have been established between Your Highnesses' States and the British Government. May the years to come hold a no less tranquil future, increasing the prosperity in store for your States and strengthening our ties of mutual trust and regard.

I regret that want of time has prevented me from exchanging ceremonial visits with Your Highnesses individually. No one attaches more importance than I do to the maintenance of old ceremonial customs. These ceremonies are hallowed by tradition and sentiment, and their omission on this occasion, which is the result of causes beyond my control, forms no precedent for the future. I trust that, whenever it is possible, Your Highnesses' privileges in these matters will be fully respected, and I thank your Highnesses for having waived your ancient rights during my present visit out of consideration for me. It is a source of great pleasure to me to have been able to meet so many representatives of the Ruling Houses of Central India to-day. I trust that the personal acquaintance now made will bring to each of us that closer perception, better understanding and more instinctive sympathy which is the outcome of fuller mutual knowledge. If my hope in this respect is fulfilled, our gathering to-day will indeed have had the happiest issue.

BHOPAL.

The Prince, speaking at the State Banquet at Bhopal, said:—

I am deeply touched by the warm and loyal greeting which Your Highness has extended to me. It has been a great gratification to me to visit Bhopal and to make the acquaintance of Your Highness, whose devotion to the Crown and services to the Empire are so well known. In Your Highness my House and the British Empire have a friend whose loyalty is founded on the firm basis of ancient tradition and personal conviction. More than a century has passed since your ancestor, Nazim Muhammad, invoked the aid of the British against his foes and in return promised to help the British with his forces and co-operate in the suppression of the Pindars. No obligations were ever more faithfully discharged. Later, the trial of the great Mutiny came to the Bhopal State as an opportunity again to justify the trust reposed in it, and the illustrious lady, who was then at the helm of Your Highness' State, rendered signal services to the British Government at that time of perplexity and peril.

The next great crisis in our history was the outbreak of the great war. Your Highness at once placed all the resources of your State and the services of your troops and your family at the disposal of the King-Emperor. Your Imperial Service Cavalry, which were established by your revered mother and named after the Great Queen Victoria, were employed in our service in India and later fought on the Wazir Frontier. It would be no easy task to relate in detail the various kinds of support which Your Highness and your State afforded in the cause of the Empire in the great struggle. Amid the many needs which Bhopal supplied I may mention a few items from the long list, the provision of artillery, drivers and horses of the cavalry, remnants of aeroplanes and of sanitation workshops. Your Highness joined in the laudable project of the hospital ship, the *Loyalty*, to which you subscribed Rs. 2 lakhs.

After an initial gift of Rs. 1 lakh to the War funds, and Rs. 3 lakhs to the Relief funds, Your Highness, at a time when the worldly pleasures of the war seemed unprofitable, offered Rs. 50,000 a year to help us to carry on long as the operations went on. Your Highness' family, having no poor noble example, actively and ably assisted our cause both in their public and private capacity. Your eldest son participated in active service and among the generous donations of the family I may mention the gift of his turban and his army purposes by your son, Nawabzada Humayun Khan. The amount of staunch loyalty and untiring service to the Crown and the Empire is one in which Your Highness and your State may take pride, and it is a great privilege to me to be able to add to the list of my thanks in person to Your Highness.

I cannot close without reference to the action in which Your Highness is held as a war and distinguished ruler and to the personal service which you ever display in favour of the well-being of your subjects. The scheme which Your Highness has announced in your speech today of announcing your subjects more closely with your Government, is a great proof of the interest. I am convinced that this scheme will evoke the warmest gratitude in the hearts of your people. During your own State, Your Highness has been indefatigable in attending conferences with the Viceroy has called together from time to time and in offering your valuable advice in all matters connected with India and the Empire, in which it was thought of you had that it could amount, and you I remain direct as regards as expert of Your Highness' work in which you stand close and have to work. I allude to Your Highness' service to the cause of India as the only rule of their own life in the vast continent. Your Highness has rightly led the cause which the masses of India have upon you, and Your Highness' personal efforts to lead to their enlightenment, to promote their welfare and improve their happiness have been successful. I know the close appeal which the aspect of Your Highness' life has made to my mother, the Imperial Majesty the Queen-Emperor. It has been a very great pleasure to me to have Your Highness' son, Nawabzada Humayun Khan, attached to my Staff in India. This has drawn the ties which bind my House and Your Highness' together still closer.

GWALIOR.

The following is the speech made by the Prince at the opening of the King George Park, Gwalior:—

I thank you warmly for your address and take this opportunity of thanking the citizens of Gwalior for the kind welcome which they gave me this morning. Although this is my first visit to Gwalior your lively recollections of the visits paid to your city by His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor and by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught make me feel that I do not come among you as a stranger, and I am glad that the occasion should be celebrated by opening this beautiful Park. You may rest assured of the sympathy of my House in all that concerns your lives. It is my duty to be able to understand the people of India and to sympathize with their hopes and needs that I, following in my father's footsteps, have undertaken this journey to India. You in your State are fortunate in being ruled by one who both sympathizes with the needs of his subjects and possesses intimate knowledge of their conditions of life. In presenting this Park to your city His Highness has not only given another example of his generosity, but has also shown his realisation of the need we all have of open spaces, fresh air and healthy exercise. I feel sure that you will enjoy these gifts and that your enjoyment will repay His Highness' munificence.

Speaking at the Gwalior State Banquet, the Prince said:—

I must thank Your Highness for the kind and loyal terms in which Your Highness has proposed my health and for your princely hospitality. It is a special pleasure to me to visit in his own home that trusted friend of my House, whom His Majesty the King-Emperor holds in such high esteem and well-deserved are the honours which have been conferred on Your Highness and very high is the position which you have won for yourself and your State.

I have cast about for the secret of this success and think that I have found it. Your Highness has but one simple aim and object and applies to all problems only one simple test.

DELHI.

In reply to the address of welcome presented by the Delhi Municipality, the Prince said :—

I thank you for the welcome you have extended to me in your address. With feelings of deep interest, I find myself within the gates of your historic city. Few cities can hold out the vivid appeal which Delhi makes to me. Delhi has been connected with the Crowns of India since the dawn of time. Whatever changes and vicissitudes took place in the history of India, it was written on the fate of Delhi to be the Imperial City. From the days of the Pandavas to the times of Prithwi Raj, a Hindu Empire held sway here. From the 12th century to our own times, successive Mahomedan dynasties, ending in the spacious days of the Imperial line of the Great Moghols, chose Delhi as their capital. The scene of successive Imperial assemblages in British times, Delhi was to rise again as an Imperial City by the pronouncement of His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor, by which the seat of the Government of India was transferred to your ancient capital.

Last year, with the inauguration ceremonies which were performed here by His Majesty's command, your city became associated with another greater event in history. It is now the headquarters of the Central Government, in which Hindus and Mahomedans alike, and, indeed, all classes and communities in the Indian Empire have a direct share and take a definite part. I shall enjoy my visits to the historical buildings in and about Delhi, which recall great names and events of the past and perpetuate the taste of skill of art of bygone days. I am anxious to see the fine buildings which are being erected in the new capital area to the south of your city.

But these are a part of the past, of the future, and I am no less keenly interested in what belongs to the present and is essentially your domain—the Delhi of to-day. I have heard much of the labours of your Municipal Committee. I have learnt how you have worked to better the conditions of life in your city, how you have improved the streets and communications, how you have embellished the town with public buildings and have striven to advance education and public health. I have heard of your work in the planning of the city extensions, also in connexion with the housing of the poor and relief of congestion. There can be no nobler task than this to work together in harmony keeping the welfare of your fellow-citizens before you and having as your goal, to make your city worthy of the great past and fully equipped for its great position in the future.

Municipal duties are in some ways a thankless task. When your schemes do not materialise as rapidly, or do not in all respects operate as they were expected to do, there is often undeserved blame. When they succeed there is too often the lack of appreciation of effort and organisation which they involved. I sympathise with the difficulties which you must experience in your complex and arduous task. I trust you are fortified by the thought that the eyes of India are turned towards the capital and that the good results which you can achieve here have as effect which passes beyond the limits of your city itself. You may feel assured that His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor continues to take very warm interest in the progress and well-being of this city and that I shall always watch your achievements with keen attention and sympathy. Gentlemen, I thank you again for your kind address. May your labours on behalf of Delhi prosper.

The Prince made the following speech before unveiling the Equestrian Statue in memory of King Edward VII :—

Your Excellency,—The words which I have just heard have recalled memories of my grandfather the late King-Emperor. His Majesty was essentially the friend of India. He was the son of the first sovereign to bear the Imperial title. He was the first of my House to visit India, and, by his desire to be acquainted personally with Indian aims and aspirations, to show that deep and abiding interest which we feel in the princes and the peoples of the land. I deem myself fortunate to be able to-day to take part in the unveiling of this memorial of which my father laid the tablet stone and to display to you this statue to King Edward's memory to which thousands of persons in India in loyal devotion have subscribed.

special tie. I come before you to-day as one who is anxious to ripen and perfect the acquaintance which has already been pleasantly begun. I have had the honour of meeting a number of the members of the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly during my tour in the Provinces and my visits to the Legislative Councils in the Provinces and my talks with the members of these bodies, who look to you for example and inspiration, have taught me something of the problems lying before not only the Provincial Legislative Councils, but also the Central Bodies, on which you serve as the representatives of the peoples of India. In my journey through India nothing has struck me with greater force than the vastness of your task. In the aftermath of the war, legislative bodies all over the world are passing through a difficult time. Even our British Parliament, with centuries of experience and tradition behind it, with all its stores of gathered strength, of achievement and its firm foundation on the confidence of the people, has not found these new problems simple of solution, or these new needs easy of adjustment. I realise how infinitely more difficult is the task before India's Imperial Legislatures which were only created last year. The vast extent of your field of labour, the complexity of interests and diversity of the peoples and creeds of this great country would render your responsibilities specially onerous. In any case a journey along an untrodden road towards the new goal would, taken by itself, be no easy adventure. But, in addition to these perplexities, you have a formidable burden of new difficulties which are taxing the powers of highly trained and experienced legislative bodies in other countries.

Gentlemen, I have heard with appreciation of the ability and sense of responsibility which has characterised the debates of the Imperial Legislature. I have been pleased to learn of the energy and patience with which you have begun your work. I sympathise with and admire, and I know that the British nation sympathises with and admires, the courage with which you are facing your work. You may count on me as one who knows your difficulties, rightly to appraise the results which, by the help of Providence, your good intentions of fortitude will secure. That you may be rightly guided to secure the well-being and prosperity of the people of India, whose interests you represent, is my earnest prayer.

Laying the foundation stone of the Kitchener College in New Delhi, the Prince said :—

We are assembled here to-day to lay the foundation stone of a memorial to Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, one time Commander-in-Chief in India, a great soldier and a great man. This memorial will take the form of a College to be called the Kitchener College, which will provide education for the sons of that splendid body of men who form the backbone of the Indian Army—the Indian officers. I am glad that it should be my privilege to undertake this ceremony, because I have taken real interest in the Indian Army and the Indian officer ever since they were my comrades-in-arms in France, and also because Lord Kitchener has always excited my warm admiration. I am confident that no memorial to his name could have appealed to him more closely than the College at which the sons of officers will obtain an education to fit them to carry on the high traditions of the Indian Army. The details of Lord Kitchener's career are familiar to most of you. The key-note of the great success which he achieved in Egypt and South Africa was the untiring effort which he made to secure that. Every detail of his organisation was thorough and complete. His work in South Africa was hardly finished, when he was appointed your Commander-in-Chief in India. He filled this post with the highest distinction for 7 years in this country. Also he brought his talents to the task of reorganisation and training of that splendid army which fought during the great war with other armies of the Empire on many fields of battle. The magnificent work done by the Indian Army in the great war was in no small measure the direct result of his untiring labours. The concluding words of his farewell order issued on the eve of his departure from India are worth recalling. The words were, "I bid farewell to the Army in India, both British and Indian, with regret, but with full confidence in its future." How well that confidence was justified all the world knows. When the war cloud burst on the world in 1914, the country again turned to him. We may leave it to history to appraise the true value of his services. But the following facts are beyond all question. He was the first to see the vastness of the task which lay before our Empire and her Allies. He foresaw a war of years and armies of millions when lesser men were thinking in months and thousands. Again, by the magic of his name, he created armies which won for themselves and their King-Emperor imperishable glory on the battlefields of France. He died, as you all know, in the sinking of *H. M. S. Hampshire* by enemy mines. His moral

remains lie in one of his King's ships beneath the waves of that sea upon which is based the strength of the Empire which he served so well. These incidents in his career point a lesson which every boy who aspires to greatness in any walk of life must learn and learn thoroughly. That lesson is that success can only be won by hard work, and by careful preparations for the coming struggle. The first stage in that preparation is education. In years to come generations of young soldiers will look on this College which bears the name of so great a soldier of the Empire. I hope that they will labour as all soldiers' sons should do, to fit themselves to serve their King and their country.

The *Chamars* (depressed classes) presented an address to the Prince at Delhi to which he replied :—

I thank you very warmly for the very kind and enthusiastic welcome which you have given me on two occasions at Delhi. I much value your good wishes. I wish the communities whom you represent all prosperity and well-being.

While in Delhi the Prince was entertained at a banquet by the Ruling Princes and Chiefs of India. On behalf of the hosts, H. H. the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior proposed the health of the Prince

Replying to the toast, the Prince said he felt grateful for having been entertained that night for several seasons. In the first place he had an opportunity to see again the members of an order whose devotion to the Crown he valued so highly and among whom he might claim many personal friends. In the second place he was pleased to dine with those Princes whose invitation to visit them in their homes he could not accept owing to the shortness of his time in India, thus mitigating in part the disappointment which he experienced through the necessity of declining their invitations. The Prince, in thanking them for helping him in his task of knowing the Princes and peoples of India, said : "I can now say that I feel that I know in a measure at least the Rulers of Indian States and their peoples and that I understand their difficulties and sympathise with their aims and aspirations. I hope that they also have begun now to know me and that out of our meetings fuller understanding has sprung up, which is the permanent foundation of mutual trust and regard."

The Prince said he would, after leaving India, often remember the hospitality of Princes and his thoughts would turn with even deeper feelings of satisfaction to the sacrifices of their order in the war for an Empire which had, for many years, preserved their States from external dangers and maintained in their integrity their privileges and rights. He thanked their Highnesses for their splendid hospitality and said he would convey their message of loyalty and devotion to Their Majesties who would deeply prize and treasure their kind words.

In acknowledging an address of welcome from the Anglo-Indian and Domiciled European Association, the Prince said :—

He would have been reminiscence, indeed, if he had come as far as Delhi without informing himself regarding their community. On landing in Bombay he was so deeply impressed by the warmth of the welcome from their community that, before leaving that city, he made special enquiries from the Governor about the community. He received much valuable information regarding the careers open to them, their success in various ranks, their record of military service. They could rest assured that he had now understood the conditions under which they lived in India and the useful and honoured place which they filled as citizens in the Indian Empire. Their aims and aspirations had his sympathy. Their devotion to the cause of India did them credit. He concluded :—"I shall watch the progress of your community with the closest attention. You may be confident that Great Britain and the Empire will not forget your community who are so united in their devotion to the King-Emperor and who gave such unmistakable token of their attachment to the Empire by their great sacrifices in the war."

PATIALA.

In reply to the toast of his health proposed by the Maharaja of Patiala at the State Banquet, the Prince said:—

I am very grateful to Your Highness for the warm terms in which you have proposed my health. I thank Your Highness for having extended to me the princely hospitality for which the Patiala State is justly famous. I have been keenly looking forward to my visit to Patiala because of my previous acquaintance with Your Highness, which began in 1911, when you visited England. I saw you again at the War Conference and renewed my acquaintance at the period of comradeship on service on the Canal Plateau and by subsequent meetings. I knew that a warm welcome awaited me here, and that Your Highness would give me the best sport and hospitality.

But apart from personal grounds for my satisfaction, it is a great pleasure to me to be able to visit the capital of the premier State in the Punjab and the leading Sikh State in India. I need not refer to the past history of the relations of the Patiala State with the British Government, which date back from 1809 and have been of the happiest nature. To a loyal and capable statesman such as Your Highness, the crisis of the Great War came not as a trial, but as an opportunity. Immediately on its outbreak Your Highness offered your personal services and the resources of your State to the Empire. You proceeded post haste to the front, though regrettable illness compelled your return. Your Imperial Service Troops, Cavalry and Infantry, went on service and continued in the field, rendering conspicuous assistance till the end of the war. In addition, Your Highness raised in the State and maintained a Camel Corps and two Corps, which were of great value to our forces. I believe that Patiala State can boast to be the only State in India which raised from its own subjects and maintained from its revenues, separate complete corps. In addition, when, in 1918, the Premier called for special efforts in the Empire, Your Highness set a noble example to your brother Princes by your offer to raise in the State three battalions of infantry, in addition to maintaining the flow of recruits to the Imperial Service Troops and the Indian Army. The total number of Patiala subjects who enlisted in these forces amounted to 25,000, a contribution in man power of which the State may well be proud.

Your Highness did memorable work in the War Conference in 1918, and subsequently visited the various fronts in Belgium, France, Italy and Palestine. Your Highness must have felt gratified in the latter country to see your own Imperial Service Infantry Regiment already covered with laurels and about to win more in Lord Allenby's famous advance in September, 1918.

It was a great privilege to me to be able to see Your Highness' fine troops here and inspect the ex-service men of your State. In money contributions Your Highness was equally lavish. The total expenditure on the State was services amounted to Rs. 82 lakhs, and including the contribution to war loans, to one and one-third of a crore.

There are many other matters I might mention, but I think that the varied tale which I have set forth will show that Your Highness and your State have in no respect fallen short of your glorious traditions of loyalty and service. Few States can show such a record. It is indeed a fortunate chance that in this crisis the Punjab had Your Highness as its premier Prince, and the Sikhs had you as their most prominent leader. I feel proud that my House possesses such a true and devoted friend, and I am happy to be able in person to-night to offer my thanks and congratulations for this record of unwearying service and loyalty. May the years that pass draw our ties still closer.

I need not say what pleasure it was to me when Your Highness expressed a desire to be attached to my staff in India.

I must thank Your Highness again for all your kindness and hospitality. I have thoroughly enjoyed my visit to Patiala, which is the home of the sport of polo and of pig-sticking. I must leave the latter pastime behind me in Patiala with regret, but as regards polo, I do hope that I may some day be able to show my friends in England that the Patiala Polo Team does not belie my accounts of it.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I ask you to join me in drinking prosperity to the Patiala State, and long life and happiness to its illustrious ruler.

JULLUNDUR.

In laying the foundation stone of the Military School at Jullundur, the Prince said :—

As one who had the privilege of serving in the field in the Great War, I feel I may address as comrades those gallant soldiers who are gathered here to-day. It is a very real pleasure to be among you again and to stand here in the centre of a civil district and division which contributed so many recruits to help the Empire to success in the great struggle. India supplied a total of 700,000 combatant recruits during the War. It is to the abiding glory of this Province that half of these came from the Punjab and it is to your lasting credit that all classes in this neighbourhood responded to the call. While pride of place for enrolment of the largest percentage of this community in this neighbourhood rests with Mehtars, actually the largest number of recruits was furnished by Jai Sikhs. Out of the total male population of a million, the Sikhs enlisted 90,000 men. That is one-fourth of the total number of the combatants furnished by the Province and one-eighth of the total number furnished by India as a whole, in which the Sikhs formed but one per cent. of the population. The response of other classes as well, who, before the Great War, had few, if any, inherited traditions of military service, was no less remarkable. I wish also to express my appreciation of the response to the call made by humbler ranks of people, followers and sweepers and others, whose service was of such value to our forces and earned repeated praise. But great as was your contribution in men, it was the spirit which animated them which shed the greatest glory on your community. Far from their homes, in three continents and in many countries and fronts, in strange and rigorous climates, amid hourly dangers of death, mutilation and disease, the men who were bred in these plains and hills showed the highest proof of the sturdy qualities of their race and of the depth of their loyalty to their King Emperor and their salt. A well-known story of gallantry in Gallipoli of the famous Sikh regiment recruited in this neighbourhood is typical of the tenacity and valour which inspired you all. This regiment, on the 4th and 5th of June, 1915, fought an attack on Achibaba continuously for 24 hours, losing one British Officer, 11 Indian Officers and 380 men out of a total force of 543 of all ranks in action. They left the field at last, choked with the enemy's dead, without having given an inch of ground.

Many Indian soldiers have pleaded for better educational facilities for their children. Their plea reached the ear of my father, the King Emperor, who commanded that the monies of the King-Emperor's Patriotic Fund should be devoted to the building of special schools for the sons of Indian soldiers and that these schools should be called King George's Royal Indian Military Schools. It is my privilege to lay the foundation stone of the first of these schools to-day. I hope that the descendants of soldiers who come to learn in this school will carry three simple facts in their minds as they daily pass this stone. Firstly, that this school was built by the desire and at the command of the King-Emperor as a token of his admiration and regard for the military classes in India and in gratitude for their loyalty and devotion. Secondly, that this stone was laid by me in loving memory of the comrades in the Great War; and thirdly, that the noblest use to which they can turn the education received here is the upholding of the great tradition of the loyalty, patriotism and service which was handed down to them by their fathers.

LAHORE.

An address of welcome was given by the Punjab Legislative Council at Lahore. To this the Prince replied :—

I am touched by the warmth of the welcome to which you have given expression on behalf of the members of this Council. I am deeply gratified by the glowing tribute which you have paid to my father and mother. No one knows better than I do what deep love they cherish for India and they will be rejoiced to find that their love finds echo in the hearts of this Council. In one sense you are right, for you have referred to my visit as my first visit to the Punjab. In another sense you are right for this is the first time I have set foot on the Punjab soil. But in another sense you are

wrong, for I began to visit the Punjab in spirit long ago, from the day the stalwart Punjabis of the Indian Expeditionary Force landed in France and in the years that came after when I shared their daily life as soldiers in many countries. My thoughts went forth to the plains and hills of the Punjab, my heart was with the fathers and brothers who had bid God-speed to these men when, in loyalty and devotion to their King-Emperor, they went forth as comrades-in-arms to distant and unknown lands. When one of my comrades fell, in sympathy and sorrow I was with you in your homesteads and I shared in your pride and rejoicing when your dear ones returned safe once more to your hamlets at the end of the War. Gentlemen, you have honoured me by calling me brother-in-arms of the gallant Punjabi in war and I am proud of the title. Now that days of peace have come, I want to feel that I still have you as trusty comrades in the tasks that lie before us. We, the British, and the Punjabis, have travelled the road of friendship together for many years. We have passed many milestones on that road. I for one wish to tread no other and I want to take you all along that road with me right to the very end.

Gentlemen, I have come here to-day to make your acquaintance, members of one of the young Parliaments of the Empire. As representatives of those whom I call my comrades, you have special claims on my regard. I sympathise with your aspirations. New political problems are arising as the result of world changes. You have your difficulties and dangers before you just as we had in the war. In that great struggle, patient training, trust, co-operation and courage led us to success at the end. I pray that Divine inspiration may guide your efforts in the same way to preserve and maintain the well-being of the people of the Punjab.

JAMMU.

The Prince's speech at the Jammu State banquet is as follows:—

I thank Your Highness for the very kind terms in which you have referred to me. I count myself fortunate to have had an opportunity of visiting Your Highness' territory as my father and grandfather have done before me. The large State of Kashmir, with its frontier abutting on Afghanistan, China and Tibet, occupies a position of primary importance in the Empire. I will not dilate on the history of the relations of this State to the British Crown as they are well known to you all. Suffice it to say that in the past the spirit of mutual respect and affection has linked Kashmir with the Crown. The tradition of loyalty has burnt with undimmed lustre in your territories. Kashmir has ever proved worthy of the trust reposed in it and in Your Highness, the British Government is fortunate in the possession of the staunchest of friends who can be relied on to assist to the utmost in the event of an emergency.

Never have these qualities been subjected to sterner test or more triumphantly displayed than in the Great War. During that ordeal the devotion of this State, as all who know Your Highness would have confidently predicted, was never seen to falter or to waver. It would take a long time if I were to recount the generous assistance which was poured out in the way of money and material. But there are one or two points which I must mention. The Kashmir Imperial Service Troops were maintained at a strength of 60,000 men. Throughout the war they fought with marked distinction in East Africa and Palestine and won the highest tribute from Generals who had the good fortune to lead them. I hope to have the pleasure to-morrow of seeing these fine troops and of meeting many of those who won for Kashmir an undying halo of military renown.

In addition to this, Kashmir State with its Feudatory State of Poonch was conspicuous in supplying recruits to serve in many fields in the Indian Army. Over 31,000 of Your Highness' subjects enlisted in our forces. I am glad to be to-night in that province of Your Highness' territories which is particularly connected with Dogras in order to testify to their unflinching martial spirit and their splendid achievements. The war history of Kashmir is indeed one of which Your Highness and your State may feel justly proud.

I must congratulate Your Highness on the well-merited honours and distinctions which Emperor has bestowed upon you. I am happy to have the privilege to-night of being in person on behalf of the King-Emperor the great service of the Kashmir thanking Your Highness and your subjects for the signal loyalty which you need not assure Your Highness, that it has been a great pleasure to me to have met his heir, General Raja Sir Hari Singh, who commands your State forces.

staff during my visit to India. It will remain a permanent regret that the short time allotted to my tour prevented me from visiting the J&K province of Kashmir whose borders and beauties are the envy of all lands. Much has been done by Your Highness to develop the resources of your territories and ensure the welfare of your people. I feel convinced that this State has before it the brightest of futures under Your Highness' administration and I fervently hope that it may share in unstinted measure in the progress and prosperity of the British Empire in years to come. I am sure it will cement even more firmly the traditional relations which exist between it and the paramount power and I know that they will deepen the feelings of personal friendship which I have for Your Highness.

JHELUM.

In laying the foundation stone of the King George's Royal Indian Military School at Aurangabad Serai, the Prince said:—

I have served in more than one theatre of war with Indian soldiers and I am glad and proud to be among so many of my old colleagues here to-day. It is a great pleasure to me to be able to visit this part of the Punjab, which is the centre of the area standing second in none in the Empire in its contributions of fighting men during the war, while all classes in the districts in this neighbourhood answered the call. This is essentially a Mussalman recruiting area and you may take just pride in your share of the total of 170,000 Mussalman soldiers, who joined the colours from the Punjab. The Jhelum District, which stands first among the districts in this part of the Province, had, at the end of the war, one man in nine of the total male population serving in the Army and under the voluntary system of territorial recruitment, by which they were enlisted in some villages more than 50 per cent. of the male population had joined our forces.

This splendid record needs no words of mine to embroider it, nor need I embellish the tale of the gallant manner in which these men did their duty far from their homelands in distant fields of war. The world knows that story already and it will live. I am proud to think that I am to be more intimately associated with the Punjab and with you through the representative Punjabi regiment—the 92nd Punjabis—which is so closely connected with the Jhelum District and will, in future, be known as the Prince of Wales' Regiment. We here speak of heroes of armies of to-day and yesterday, but we must not forget to-morrow. The sons of our soldiers must some day take their stand in the ranks of the armies of India. It is to their right hand that India looks to guard her in her need in future. The question of providing for the education of soldiers of the future and the sons of soldiers of to-day, has been engaging the attention for sometimes of my father, the King Emperor, whose thoughts are ever with his Indian troops. By his command, the moneys of the King Emperor's Patriotic Fund are to be devoted to the provision of school houses and hostels for the sons of Indian soldiers, and these schools are to be known by his name. The teachers will be officers of the Indian Army. The education given will be of a sound general character, to fit a man to take a worthy place in civil or military careers and to be a good citizen of the Empire.

It is my privilege to lay the foundation stone of one of these schools on this spot. I trust that I may, at the same time, communicate to the school, which will grow up here, those traditions of courage, loyalty and devotion which inspired my comrades-in-arms from the Western Punjab in the great war.

PESHAWAR.

An address of welcome was presented to the Prince at Peshawar. His reply thereto was as follows:—

I am most grateful to you for the kind words in which you have addressed me and so the people of this Province and City whom you represent for the very warm welcome which I have received on every side. It is now more than three months since I landed at the main gateway of India and that period has been filled with some of the most varied and interesting experiences of my life. But I feel that those experiences would have been incomplete without

a visit to the great inland gateway of India, the home of the warlike Pathan and of the staunch chieftains who have, for so many years, shared with us the burden of protecting the border. I have seen only a small section of the Frontier, but it has been enough to impress me most strongly with the interest of your problems and with the charm of your country and your people. During the Great War I made the acquaintance of some of the brave soldiers who came in such numbers from this Province to fight for the British Empire and I look forward to meeting some of these again when I visit the Ex-Service men to-morrow. It is a great pleasure to me to learn of the progress which has been achieved of recent years in more peaceful spheres of education. I trust that peace on the border may enable you in future to devote even more effort and energy in these directions. I will gladly convey your message of loyalty and devotion to His Imperial Majesty the King Emperor. His Majesty has always taken a special interest in this corner of the Empire and will, I know, be gratified to hear from me of your progress and welfare.

RAWALPINDI.

An address was presented to the Prince by the citizens of Rawalpindi in reply to which the Prince said :—

I am very grateful to you for coming here to-day to offer me so warm a welcome on behalf of the inhabitants of Rawalpindi Division. I have heard with pride and admiration how the innate martial spirit and sense of loyalty was at once aroused in the people of this division of the Punjab at the outbreak of the Great War. You have fully earned for your division the name of the fighting division of the fighting Province. You stood first among the divisions in the Punjab in the number of men enlisted in the Army during the War. You stood first in the number of men who served with the Colours during the War. You were first in the number of casualties, first in the number of military decorations and first in the donation of cash and gifts in the War funds. From this division went to France the first contingent, the first Indian Volunteer and the first Indian holding the British Commission. Both were mentioned in the despatches dealing with Indian Forces. The first Indian to win the Victoria Cross came from your division. This record speaks for itself and it is a very real pleasure to meet you to-day and express the gratitude and appreciation of the Empire for your splendid efforts and to see the name of so many of my comrades in the great war. I will convey to His Imperial Majesty the King Emperor your expressions of loyalty and devotion. I know that your message will be treasured as coming from races whose brave deeds form a chapter of honour in the annals of the Empire. I wish the inhabitants of Rawalpindi division all prosperity in the years to come. They may rest assured on my abiding interest in their welfare.

KAPURTHALA.

The Prince spoke as follows at the Kapurthala Banquet :—

Though this is an informal occasion I cannot let it pass without thanking you for the cordial manner in which you have drunk my health and for the very kind expressions which Your Highness has used about me. I can assure you that it is a great pleasure to me to visit Kapurthala and to renew my acquaintance with Your Highness and to meet the members of your family. I esteem it a privilege to be able in person to congratulate Your Highness and your State on your ready help in the great war. The Kapurthala Imperial Service Regiment served with distinction in East Africa for nearly four years. During this period its strength was raised to 1,000 men, and everything that could be done was done to keep it in a state of efficiency. After the conclusion of its work in East Africa, it again saw service in Sistan, Mesopotamia and Afghanistan. Your Highness' third son, Maharaj Kumar Amarjit Singh Sahab, set a good example by serving with the Indian Contingent for more than a year. Your Highness and Your Highness' State did their utmost to help us to victory. I know that Your Highness has ever kept and will keep the simple but glorious motto of your House before your eyes and that service to King and country will be your inspiration and the main spring of all action in the Kapurthala State. I thank Your Highness very warmly for all your kindness and hospitality during my all too brief visit to your State.

DEHRA DUN.

The Prince, in opening the Prince of Wales' Indian Military College at Dehra Dun, said:—

As your Excellency^a said, the services of the Forces of India in the Great War have won for the rising generation of Indians a right to hold the King's Commission, and the path to the highest ranks in the Indian Army is now open to India's young men. Never has a fairer or more honourable field been displayed before them and I look with confidence to young India to prove worthy of the great opportunities won for them by the soldiers of an older India in the hour of supreme trial. From my own experience I may say that it is the first few blows on the anvil of life that give the human weapon the set and temper which carries it through life's battles. It is the pride of English public schools that they have supplied the early training of those British Officers who, with the aid of the gallant body of Indian Officers, have for years led and guided the fighting men of India to victory on many fields. It is in order to give you the same opportunities and advantage that this College has been established. Young men of India, who wish to go later to Sandhurst, who aspire to hold the King's Commission, who receive their early training here, I trust that those who are responsible for the administration of this College will keep before them not only the great ideals of the public schools of England but will also further and maintain the fine old Indian spirit of mutual reverence which bound together the Guru and his Chela. To those who aspire to the honour of a King's Commission, I say, work hard, play hard, live upright and honest lives, maintain unshaken the great martial traditions of India's fighting men, keep unswayed the chivalry and honour which has been handed down to you as a heritage by the Indian Princes and warriors of old, by the Indian Officers of the past and by the British Officers who have trained the Indian soldiers in peace and led them in war. I shall always follow with interest the fortunes of a College which is to bear my name. I hope that its future record will make me proud of it.

^aThe Commander-in-Chief, represented by Sir Claude Jacob.

Presenting Colours to the Royal Military School, Senawar, the Prince said:—

I should feel proud to belong to the College which was founded by the brave Sir Henry Lawrence, which was built and started by the gallant Major Hodson and to which my father gave the name of Royal in recognition of the services of its old boys during the Great War. To the boys belonging to this College I need not explain the meaning of Colours. All soldiers' sons take pride in Colours such as their fathers have served under. Your old Colours will now hang in your chapel to remind you of the record of your old boys. Your new Colours I entrust to your keeping. Cover them with glory and honour.

May they be an inspiration to you to serve your King and Country as faithfully as John and Henry Lawrence did in the hour of need.

KARACHI.

The Prince, replying to the address of the Karachi Municipality, said:—

Gentlemen,—I thank you for the warm welcome which you have extended to me and for your good wishes. I am glad that I am able to pay a visit to Karachi before I leave India. My father and mother will be interested to hear from me of the great progress and expansion which has taken place in this city and port since their visit years ago. It is a special pleasure to me to see your city because of the prominent part which it played in the War and its close association with the fine work of India's fighting forces. I entered India by one of its oldest gateways. It is fitting that I should leave it by one of its most modern. For the rapid growth of your city and population, your ever expanding export trade and your growing importance as a focus of communications, are the direct result of one of the most striking achievements of British rule in India. Your expansion is the outcome of the

triumph of engineering and colonizing skill which transformed millions of acres of desert into the granary of India, which added in no small measure to the world's stock of food-grain and clothing and peopled a waste place with a happy and prosperous peasantry.

I read in this the symbol of good which united effort can secure in India, and in your rapid growth I find good augury for that high position which India may fill in the commercial world of the future. Your civic duties are onerous and important. Increased work and responsibility will be your lot as rural prosperity increases in Sind, Punjab and Rajputana. I know that, in the task which lies before you the welfare of the people of this city will be your first care. My visit to Karachi has been one of no common interest for me. Gentlemen, I thank you again for your kind words. May Karachi prosper.

Unveiling the Baluchi War Memorial at Karachi, the Prince said:—

I deem it a great privilege to unveil this memorial to our one thousand officers and men of the Baluchi group of Indian Infantry who laid down their lives for their King and country in the Great War. Three of these regiments are closely connected with my family by specialities. Whether duty called them in France, Egypt, Palestine, East Africa, Persia, Waziristan or on the Afghan Frontier, the men of all these units, one and all, fought with characteristic courage and upheld the glorious traditions of their regiments and of the Indian Army to which they belong. Among the many distinctions won by officers and men I may mention the two Victoria Crosses which were won by the 129th Baluchis and treasured with pride. This memorial has been erected by the men of the regiments to the honour, and in memory of, their own brave comrades. There can be no more fitting memorial for soldiers. In unveiling it, I trust that it may long keep their name, their sacrifice and their brave deeds before the future generations. May it inspire those that come after to work for their King and country in that spirit of loyalty and devotion which has always animated the Baluchi Infantry Regiments.

FAREWELL TO INDIA.

The following telegram was sent by the Prince of Wales to the Viceroy, dated 17th March, 1922:—

I bid farewell to India to-day with feelings of the deepest regret. I praise the bond of friendship which India has extended to me and shall ever treasure the memories of my visit in future years. By God's help I may now hope to view India, her Princes and people with an understanding eye. My gathered knowledge will, I trust, assist me to read her needs aright and will enable me to approach her problems with sympathy, appreciate her difficulties and appraise her achievements. It has been a wonderful experience for me to see the Provinces and States of India and to watch the machinery of the Government with interest. I have noted signs of expansion and development on every side. It has been a great privilege to thank the Princes and people of India for their efforts and sacrifices on behalf of the Empire in the Great War and to renew my acquaintance with her gallant fighting forces. Finally my warmest thanks are due to your Excellency, to the officials of your Government and to the Princes and peoples of India by whose cordial assistance I have been helped at every stage of my journey to secure my cherished ambition. I undertook this journey to see and know India and to be known by her. Your Excellency's welcome at the outset and the encouragement which I have constantly received on all hands since landing in India has given me heart for my task. I have received continuous proofs of devotion to the throne and person of the King-Emperor and on my return to England it will be my privilege to convey these assurances of loyalty to His Imperial Majesty. I trust that my sojourn in this country may have helped to add some grains to that great store of mutual trust and regard and of desire to help each other which must ever form the foundation of India's well-being. On my part, I will only say that if the memories which I leave behind in India are half as precious as those I take away, I may indeed feel that my visit has brought us closer together. That India may progress and prosper is my earnest prayer. I hope it may be my good fortune to see India in the year to come.—EDWARD, P.

APPENDIX B.

The following is a list of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's staff during his Indian tour :—

The Earl of Cromar, K.C.I.E., C.V.O.—*Chief of Staff.*
 Vice-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., C.B.—*Comptroller of H. R. H.'s Household.*

G. F. deMontmorency, Esq., C.I.E., C.B.E., I.C.S.—*Chief Secretary.*
 Colonel-on-the-Staff R. B. Worgan, C.V.O., D.S.O., 20th Royal Deccan Horse.—*Military Secretary.*

Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., C.V.O.—*Private Secretary to H. R. H.*
 Captain Dudley North, C.M.G., C.V.O., R.N. }
 Captain the Hon'ble Piers Lush, M.V.O., O.B.E. } *Equerry to H. R. H.*
 Lieutenant the Hon'ble B. A. A. Ogilvy, M.C. }
 Lieut.-Colonel F. O'Kinealy, C.I.E., I.M.S.—*Chief Medical Officer.*
 Lieut.-Colonel C. O. Harvey, C.B.E., M.V.O., M.C., 38th King George's Own Central India Horse.—*Assistant Military Secretary.*

H. A. F. Metcalfe, Esquire, I.C.S.—*Assistant to Chief Secretary.*
 D. Petrie, Esquire, C.I.E., C.B.E., M.V.O., Indian Police—*Police Officer.*
 Surgeon Commander A. C. W. Newport, M.V.O., R.N.—*Personal Medical Officer to H. R. H.*
 Captain E. D. Metcalfe, M.C., 3rd Skinner's Horse. }
 Captain F. S. Poynder, M.V.O., M.C., 9th Gurkha Rifles. } *Aides-de-Camp.*
 Lieutenant the Lord Louis Mountbatten, M.V.O., R.N.

INDIAN PRINCES.

The following Ruling Princes and Members of Ruling Princes' families were attached to the Staff and were in attendance for the visits noted against their names. All of them met His Royal Highness on arrival in Bombay and bade farewell to him at Karachi :—

Major-General His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala—*Lahore.*
 Lieutenant His Highness the Nawab of Bahawalpur—*Lahore.*
 Captain His Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpur—*Ajmer.*
 Lieut.-Colonel His Highness the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur—*Ajmer.*
 His Highness the Maharaja of Dhar—*Indore and Poona.*
 Colonel His Highness the Maharaja of Rutlam—*Indore.*
 Captain His Highness the Nawab of Palanpur—*Bombay.*
 Captain Raja Sir Hari Singh of Kashmir—*Calcutta and Delhi.*
 Captain the Maharaj Kumar of Bikaner—*Lucknow and Delhi.*
 Nawabzada Haji Muhammad Hamidullah Khan of Bhopal—*Lucknow and Delhi.*

APPENDIX C.

LIST OF DECORATIONS.

The King was pleased, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to India, to give orders for the following promotions in and appointments to the undermentioned orders:—

ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA.

C.S.I.—Sir Godfrey J. V. Thomas, Bt., C.V.O.; Capt. D. B. N. Nork, C.M.C., C.V.O., R.N.; Col. R. B. Worgan, C.V.O., O.S.O., Indian Army (March 16, 1922).

ORDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

C.C.I.E.—Rowland Thomas, Earl of Cromer, K.C.I.E., C.V.O.

K.C.I.E.—Vice-Adm. Sir Lionel Halsey, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., C.B.

C.I.E.—Capt. the Hon. P. W. Lush, M.V.O., O.B.E., Grenadier Guards.

ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER.

M.V.O. (FOURTH CLASS).—Maj. Reginald Lindsay Benson, O.S.O., M.C., Military Secretary to the Governor of Bombay (November 22, 1921).

K.C.V.O.—Vice-Adm. Sir Hugh Henry Darby Tothill, K.C.M.C., C.B., Commander-in-Chief, East Indies Station (November 23, 1921).

M.V.O. (FOURTH CLASS).—Maj. Henry George Vaux, C.I.E., Military Secretary to the Governor of Bengal (Dec. 30, 1921); Com. Charles Ross Campbell, D.S.O., Commanding R.I.M.S. Dufferin (Jan. 12, 1922); Maj. Kenneth Oswald Goldie, C.I.E., O.B.E., Military Secretary to the Governor of Madras (January 17, 1922).

K.C.V.O.—Sir John Barry Wood, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Political Secretary, Government of India (February 21, 1922).

C.V.O.—Mr. C. A. Barron, C.S.I., C.I.E., Chief Commissioner, Delhi; Lieut.-Col. C. Kennedy Craufurd-Stuart, C.B.E., D.S.O., Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India; Maj. C. H. Gabriel, Deputy Secretary, Foreign and Political Department, India (February 21, 1922).

M.V.O. (FOURTH CLASS).—Maj. W. W. Muir, O.B.E., Comptroller, Viceroy's Household; Maj. W. H. Blood, D.A.Q.M.G., Royal Visit Section, Army Headquarters (Feb. 21, 1922); Maj. G. C. S. Black, O.B.E., Private Secretary to the Governor of the Punjab (March 1, 1922); Maj. J. R. C. Cannon, Assistant Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, India (March 11); Lieut. A. D. G. S. Batey, A.D.C. to the Governor of the United Provinces (March 15, 1922).

K.C.V.O.—Mr. G. F. de Montmorency, C.I.E., C.B.E., Chief Secretary to Punjab Government (March 16, 1922).

- C.V.O.—Rear-Adm. H. L. Mawbey, C.B., Director, Royal Indian Marine; Mr. D. Petrie, C.I.E., C.B.E., M.V.O., Deputy Inspector-General of Police, Intelligence Department, Government of India; Lieut.-Col. F. O'Kinealy, C.I.E., I.M.S., Chief Medical Officer to the Prince of Wales during His Royal Highness's Indian Tour; Lieut.-Col. C. O. Harvey C.B.E., M.V.O., M.C., Assistant Military Secretary to the Prince of Wales during His Royal Highness's Indian Tour; Mr. F. A. Hadow, Agent of the North-Western Railway, India, (March 16, 1922).
- G.C.V.O.—Maj.-Gen. the Maharajah of Patiala, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E. (March 17, 1922).
- K.C.V.O.—Lieut. the Nawab of Bahawalpur; Capt. the Maharajah of Jodhpur; Lieut.-Col. the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur, K.C.S.I.; the Maharajah of Dhar, K.C.S.I., K.B.E.; Col. the Maharajah of Rohtas, K.C.S.I.; Capt. the Nawab of Palanpur, K.C.I.E.; Capt. Rajah Sur Hari Singh of Kashmir, K.C.I.E. (March 17, 1922).
- C.V.O.—Capt. the Maharaj Kumar of Bikaner; Nawabzada Haji Muhammad Hamidullah Khan of Bhopal, C.I.E., Minister in charge of Finance and Department of Law and Justice, Bhopal (March 17, 1922).
- M.V.O. (FOURTH CLASS)—Mr. H. A. F. Metcalfe, Indian Civil Service (Political Department) (March 17, 1922).
- M.V.O. (FIFTH CLASS)—Rai Sahib Bhagwan Das, Deputy Superintendent of Police, Intelligence Department, Simla.
- K.C.V.O.—Rear-Adm. L. Clinton Baker, C.B., C.B.E., Commander-in-Chief, East Indies Station (March 21, 1922).
- C.V.O.—Mr. R. E. Holland, C.S.I., C.I.E., Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana; Lieut.-Col. W. F. T. O'Connor, C.I.E., British Envoy to the Court of Nepal; Col. T. G. Peacocks, C.I.E., Director General of Remounts Department in India (June 23, 1922).
- K.C.V.O.—Admiral Sir Alexander Duff (July 11, 1922).
- C.V.O.—The Hon. Herbert Mesde, Commanding the Resowra, Brigadier-General Woodroffe and Mr. C. J. Davidson, British Consul in Tokio (July 11, 1922).
- M.V.O. (FOURTH CLASS)—Captain Metcalfe, I.A.; Mr. R. B. Osborne, Private Secretary to the Governor of the Straits Settlements.

ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

- C.B.E. (CIVIL DIVISION)—C. Stead, O.B.E., M.V.O. (March 17, 1922).
- O.B.E. (CIVIL DIVISION)—Capt. F. S. Poynder, M.V.O., M.C., 9th Gurkha Rifles, I.A. (March 17); Mr. H. R. Kothavala, M.V.O., M.B.E., (March 17).
- M.B.E. (CIVIL DIVISION)—Mr. J. W. B. Gardner (March 16, 1922); Mr. V. Dev (March 16, 1922); Subadar Hara Singh, Rai Bahadur, Ind. Med. Dept. (March 16, 1922); Khan Bahadur Syed Ashtar Abbas (March 11, 1922).



